★ Dec. 5, 193

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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ONE-MONTH
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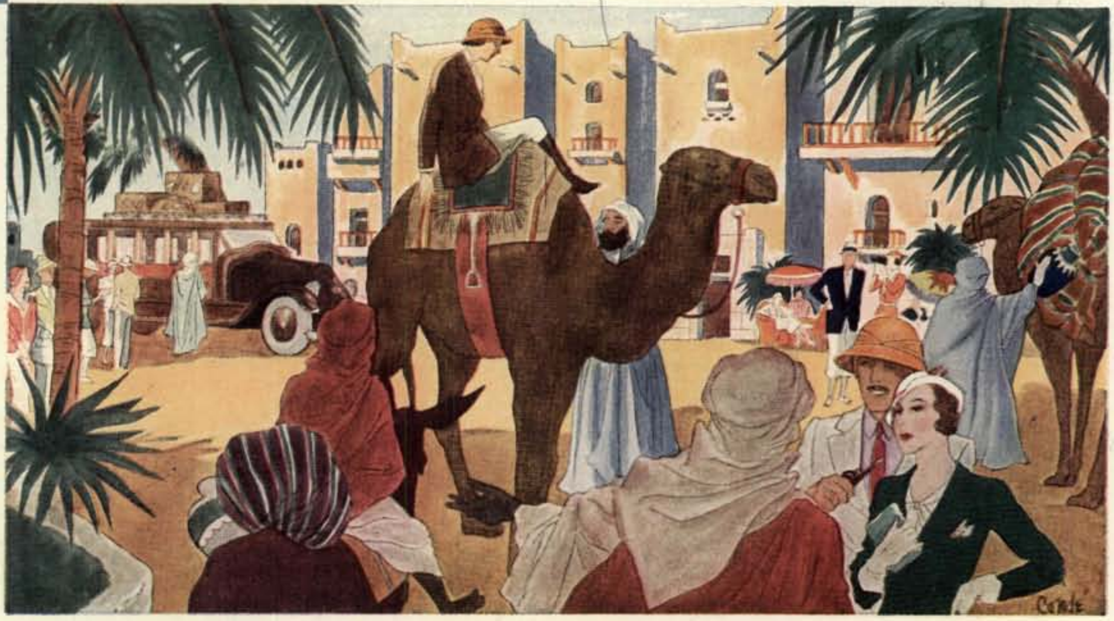

BRILLIANT LAND CRUISES *on the* **BARBARY COAST . . . SUPERB ROADS** *and* **HOTELS**

WHERE CAN YOU MAKE $16.50 A DAY GO FARTHER THAN to shed winter from you like a snowy cloak at Pier 57 on February 12 or March 18 and head across the bland Gulf Stream for the Canaries, Casablanca, Gibraltar, and Algiers? After a glimpse of Paris-in-Africa, the famous French Liner *Paris* (the aristocrat of the seas) will take you on to Naples, then to Napoleon's birthplace at Ajaccio in Corsica—then up to Monte Carlo, Cannes, Marseilles—each day ashore an inexpressible coloured moving-picture, with sound and smell and taste and overtone to fix it in your mind forever—each day afloat a lullaby directed by consummately skillful seagoing hosts. Your cabin will be typical of cushioned French Line comfort; you'll eat as if you were touring the greatest restaurants of France (with whatever American dishes you like best whenever you want them); you'll explore vintages that have long tantalized you; your odd moments will be diverted by a program of well-bred gayety typical of the French Line's genius for making you enjoy their cruise more than you ever enjoyed another anywhere. From Marseilles you'll either sail direct home by Majorca, Gibraltar and the Azores—or by train to Paris and Havre and the *Ile de France*, as you prefer. The *Paris*, on her first Mediterranean Cruises, proposes to take a company of nice people who know best how to defeat winter—who have the smart world's curiosity about North Africa and Cannes and Majorca—who cherish gayety and detest organized whoopee—and who (like most nice people) know how to make each dollar buy its utmost luxury. Old General Depression will not be allowed up the gangplank; these cruises are planned to make Time (which all the economists say is the cure) really *go to work for you!*

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COME
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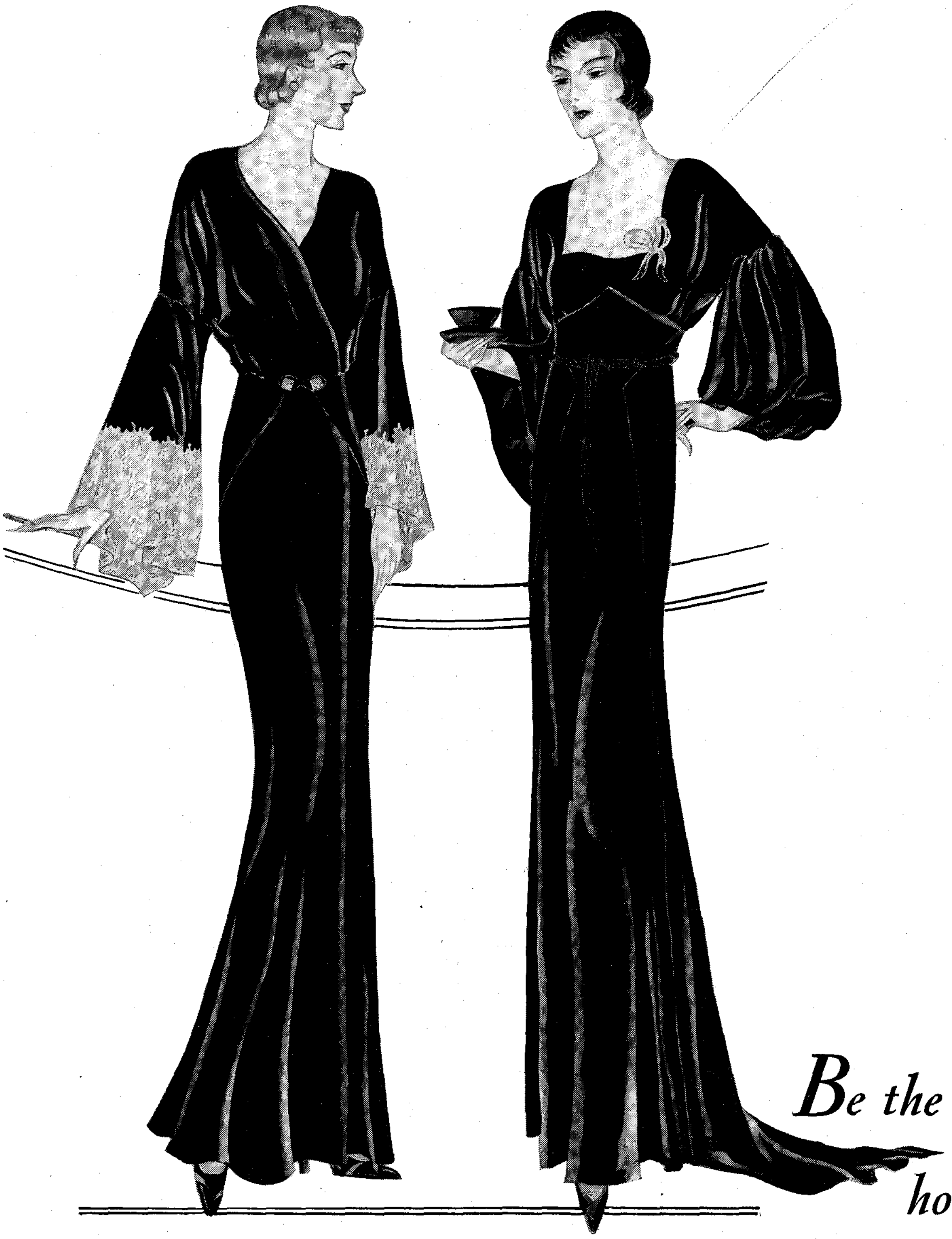
French Line



Be the perfect hostess . .

- It's practically impossible not to, in one of
- these perfect hostess gowns. Soft velvet—
- soft lines—they make you feel so festive,
- your mood spills over to everyone else.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH ST.

left — with wide sleeves finished with Alencon

$55

right — with puff sleeves, ermine bow, and a short train

$39

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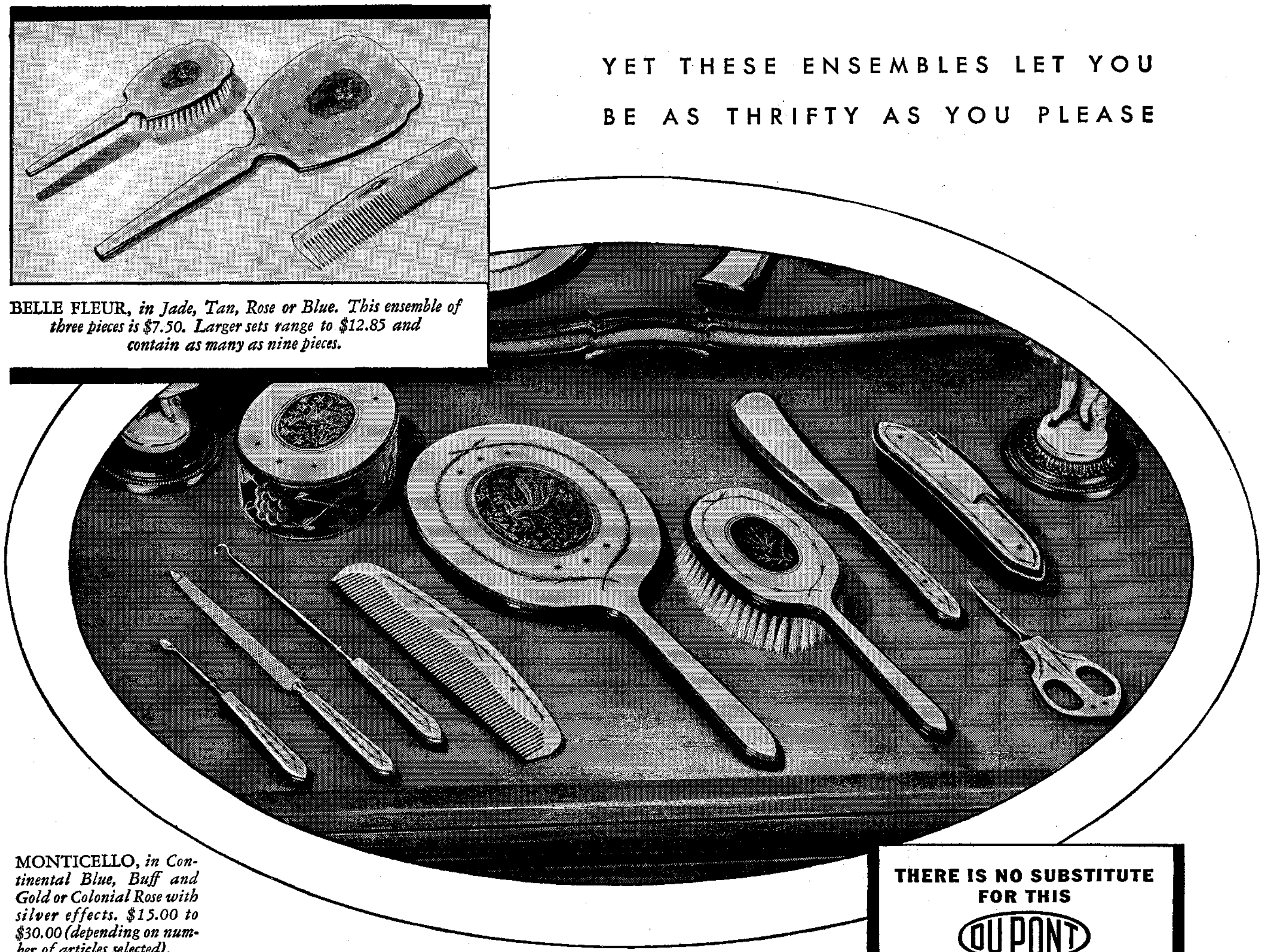
Second Floor

The Smartest Thing

IN BOUDOIR ACCESSORIES

YET THESE ENSEMBLES LET YOU BE AS THRIFTY AS YOU PLEASE



BELLE FLEUR, *in Jade, Tan, Rose or Blue. This ensemble of three pieces is $7.50. Larger sets range to $12.85 and contain as many as nine pieces.*

MONTICELLO, *in Continental Blue, Buff and Gold or Colonial Rose with silver effects. $15.00 to $30.00 (depending on number of articles selected).*

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THIS
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
IN CORRECT TOILETWARE

HERE is a gift that never fails to charm. And the joy of it is—du Pont ensembles fit into your Christmas budget.

Styled in every period pattern and in the modern mode by artists of international reputation, du Pont boudoir accessories are authentic, decorative . . . the smartest thing in toiletware. Made with the finest materials . . . the best selected mirror glass, the finest bristles for brushes, the best steel for manicure implements—they have every attribute of luxury but price.

Here is just the touch you need to lavish beauty on someone's boudoir. Why not your own? Remember, you can be as thrifty as you please.

You will find du Pont toiletware in leading jewelry, drug and department stores. It is always identified by the du Pont Oval. There is no substitute for this mark in correct toiletware. Du Pont Viscoloid Company, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Lucite REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. - *Pyralin* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. - *Arlton* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

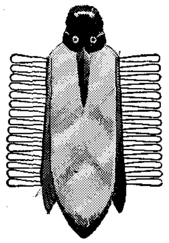
DU PONT ACCESSORIES FOR THE BOUDOIR

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 42, December 5, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

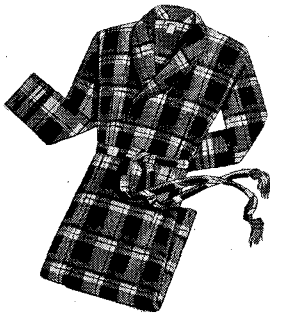
GIFTS

by

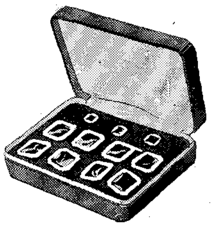
ROGERS PEET COMPANY



Neckties are held neatly in this tie rack. Hand carved, colored. $1. Others to $5.

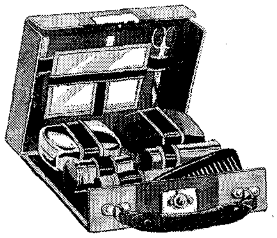


Wool gowns, 15 authentic Scotch clan tartans. Exclusive here. $25. Others from $7.50 to $35. In rayon silk, $10 to $45.

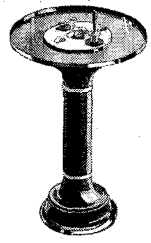


Studs, links, vest buttons. $5 to $71 Sport sets of links and tie clasps, with crystal sport scenes, $3.50.

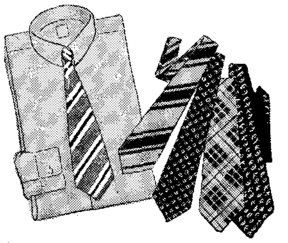
Christmas gifts from Rogers Peet! And generations have accepted their quality and value without question. As for variety, a wealth of distinctive and useful Yuletide suggestions awaits you at any of our shops. Gift Certificates★ allow recipients to do their own choosing . . . a help for the hard-to-please. Mail orders promptly executed.



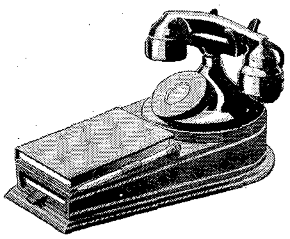
Fitted toilet cases, $5.50 to $75, according to number and style of fittings. Imported and domestic. (Case illustrated $25).



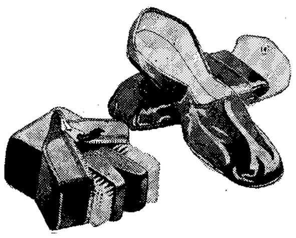
This smoking stand gives a light electrically, secretes ashes, and does everything but smoke itself. Walnut, chromium steel trim, $25.



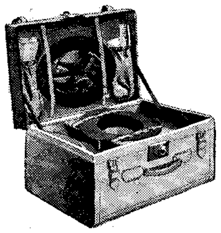
Shirts and ties! No man ever has enough—no man can have too many of our beautifully tailored varieties. Shirts $2 to $6. Ties $1 to $4.



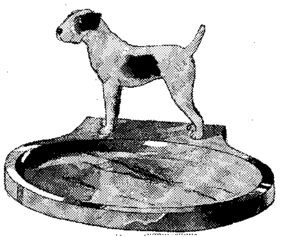
This new leather phone stand contains its own pencil, memo pad and number book. In colors to match your instrument, $10.



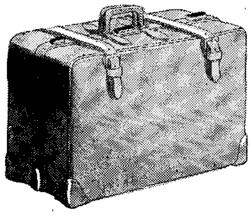
Military brushes in zipper case, $7.50; Pullman slippers, $4. Other brushes in leather cases, $3 to $15. Military brush sets, $3 to $25.



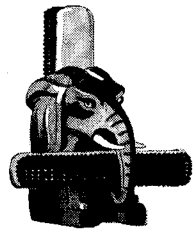
This hat box holds opera hat, silk topper, straw, derby, Homburg, rolled felt, hat brush and buffer. Of finest cowhide, $47.50.



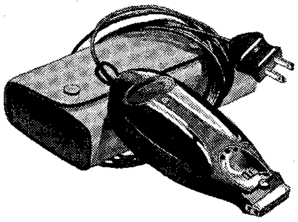
Onyx arogonite and marble ash trays, guarded by bronze dogs, elephants, ducks and seals, $6.50 to $35.



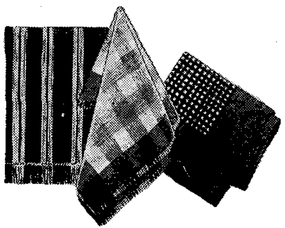
Leather hand baggage is always a welcome gift. Illustrated is the commodious Gladstone—English made, $65. Others $16.50 to $67.50.



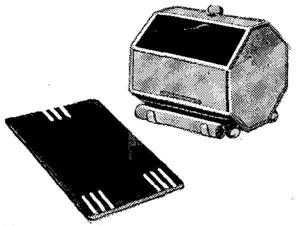
This hand carved wooden elephant never forgets to have clothes and hat brushes ready for service. $5. Dogs and birds, too, $1.25 to $5.



This electric shaver doesn't need blades, brush or lather. Attach to any light socket. $25, in leather carrying case.

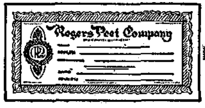


He'll be happy to add one of these mufflers to his collection. Knitted silks, $13.50 to $18.00. Silk squares, $2.50 to $15.



This metal box keeps cigarettes fresh; dispenses one at a time. $10. Others $2.50 to $20. Dress cigarette cases $7.50.

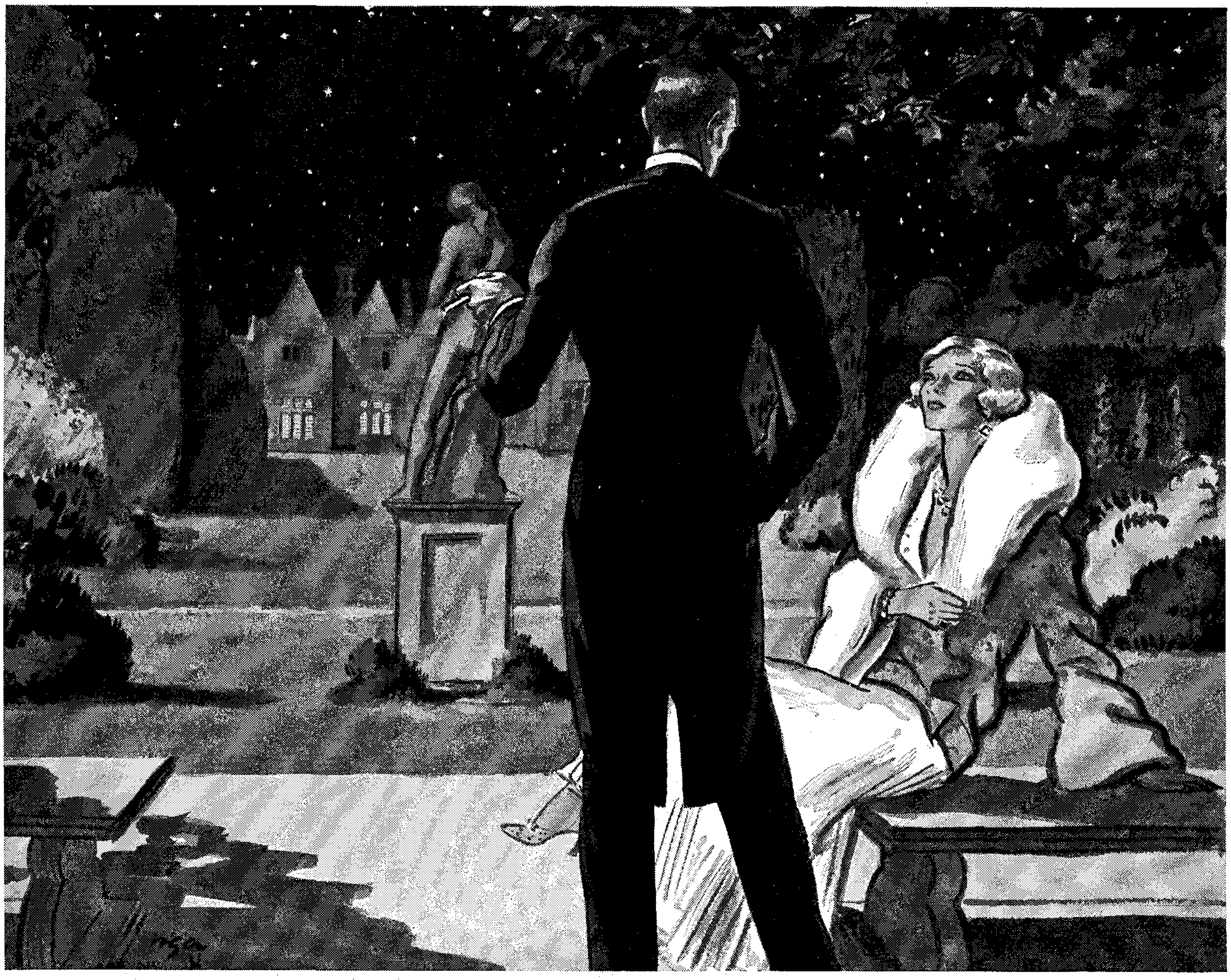
★



Rogers Peet Company

NEW YORK: **Fifth Avenue, at 41st Street, Broadway at 35th, 13th, Warren, and Liberty Streets**

BOSTON: **Tremont at Bromfield**



"Where blossom'd many an incense bearing tree."—COLERIDGE

ORCHIS
YARDLEY

YARDLEY'S *Orchis*

THE nightingales sing and the roses blow and moonlight silvers all the garden. And whoever stands at evening in an English garden will remember always its breathless, haunting beauty, its almost unearthly fragrance. . . . There is a perfume blended so subtly that it seems to recreate that summer loveliness; to imprison, in walls of glass, that evanescent magic. Orchis is the distillation of a hundred flowers, the incarnation of the wind across the violets and jasmin. Orchis is alluring, delicate and fine . . . a perfume for an age which has turned again to things romantic; which cherishes, once more, that charming legendary called the lady. . . . Orchis is seven dollars and a half to one dollar. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; also Toronto and Paris.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM SLOANE'S WILL COST NO MORE

★

USEFUL GIFTS will be very much in favor this Christmas. If they come from Sloane's they will be just as thrilling as any extravagant bauble of bull market days—and there's a special thrill and comfort for the giver in Sloane's modest prices, scaled down to fit your 1931 pocketbook.

CHAIRS are useful. We have handsome wing chairs, deep, loungy chairs, charming little chairs for the bedroom, side chairs of perfect period design—in fact, we have *the* chair your home needs (*and your family wants*) this Christmas.

TABLES are useful. Oddly enough, the little, inexpensive tables often are the most useful. How about a Queen Anne coffee table, or a dainty tripod table for your favorite lamp, or a carved tilt-top table for tea-time?

LAMPS are useful. We have a notable collection in pottery, porcelain, metal, and wood—selected in the best taste to sell at extremely reasonable prices. We also have lovely shades.

RUGS are useful. Our collection of Orientals is world famous—and the prices haven't been so low for over a decade. We have a lot of quaint hooked rugs from $8 upwards—and domestic rugs of the best weaves.

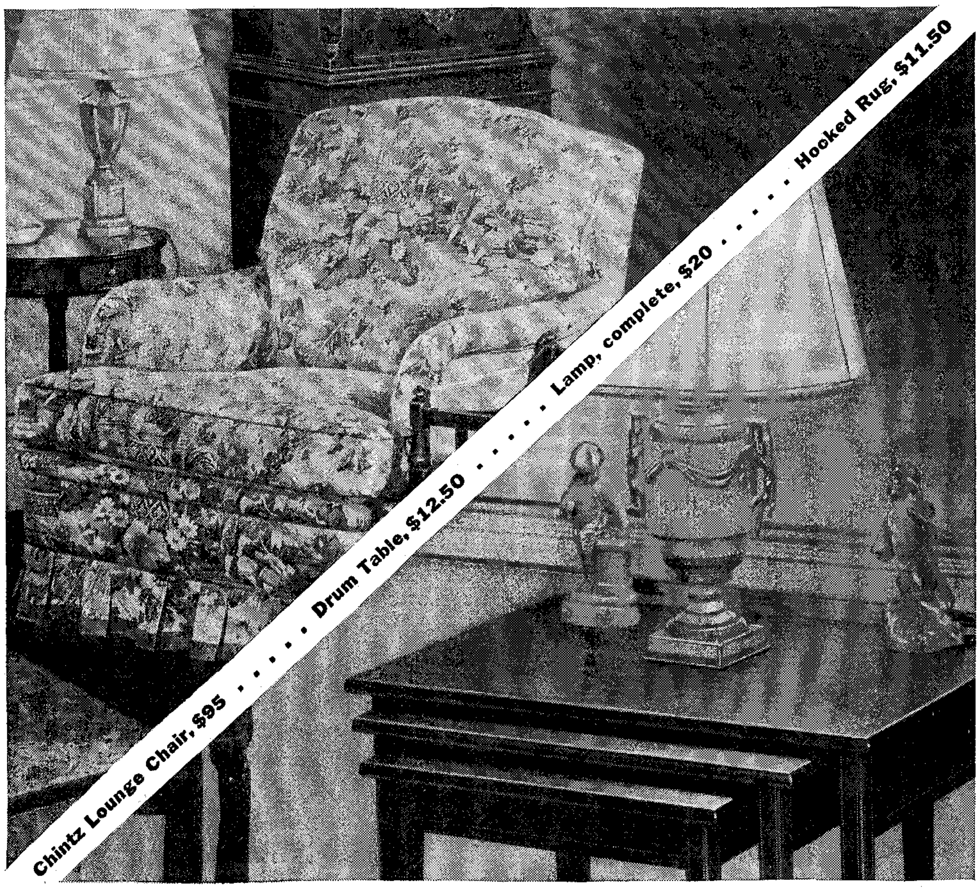
ANTIQUES are useful and a good investment as well. We buy the cream of available antiques, here and in Europe, for authentic reproduction by our own cabinet-makers. That is why we can afford to sell the originals so reasonably.

ART OBJECTS are useful. Here and there we pick up the unusual in old prints, ship pictures, figurines, cigarette boxes, useful silver pieces. Come and see them.

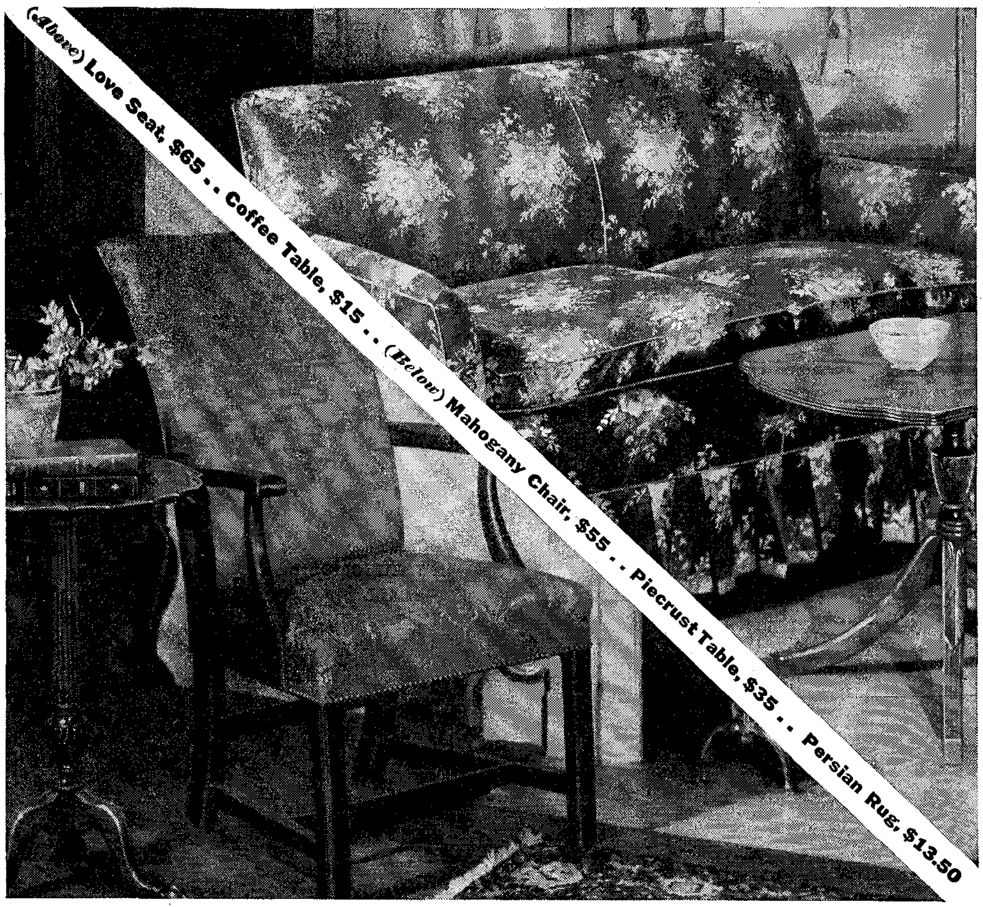
W & J

SLOANE

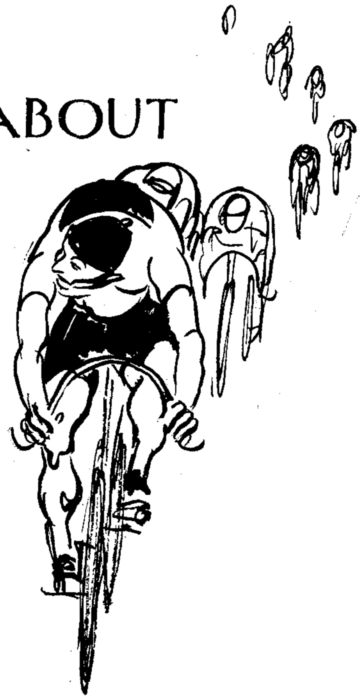
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 47TH STREET


Chintz Lounge Chair, $95 . . . . Drum Table, $12.50 . . . . Lamp, complete, $20 . . . . Hooked Rug, $11.50

Nest of Tables, $27.50 . . . . Lamp, complete, $29.50 . . . . Figurines (pair), $25


(*Above*) Love Seat, $65 . . Coffee Table, $15 . . (*Below*) Mahogany Chair, $55 . . Piecrust Table, $35 . . Persian Rug, $13.50

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell in a section of the early love life of Elizabeth Barrett with You-Know-Who. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

Brief Moment—What happens when a rich young man marries a girl from the night clubs. Not always exciting, but pretty nearly always intelligent and amusing. Francine Larrimore, Robert Douglas, Louis Calhern, and Alexander Woollcott are in it. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Counsellor-at-Law—Life in a law office, written with Elmer Rice's genius for detail. Paul Muni heads an excellent cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Cynara—How a nice, decent guy can be made to look like a bounder by one infidelity which he didn't particularly want. A good play, well done by Philip Merivale, Phoebe Foster, and Adrianne Allen. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The Good Fairy—Helen Hayes picks a husband out of the Budapest telephone directory. A mad, merry Molnár comedy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Grand Hotel—Thirty-six hours in a Berlin hotel, showing cross-sections of the lives of six or eight people. The cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, Sam Jaffe, and Albert Van Dekker. Last performances. (National, 41, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 5.)

The Left Bank—If you take this story of expatriates in Paris seriously, it is very naïve, but if you take it as kidding both banks of the Seine at once, then there are plenty of laughs. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Louder, Please!—The publicity side of the motion-picture business, which may sound a little excessive but which isn't. Lee Tracy is the guy who gets into all the trouble. (Masque, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Special Unemployment Relief benefit performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 6.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece, which is to say the modern masterpiece. Based on the Greek "Electra" brought up to New England of the post-Civil War period, this six-hour saga of revenge, incest, and sudden death may tire your spine a trifle but must be seen. The Theatre Guild has given it a magnificent production. (Guild, 52, W. Performances weekdays at 5:30 P.M. sharp; dinner intermission of one hour at 7 P.M.)

Reunion in Vienna—Whirlwind seduction by an archduke made incredibly gay by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

The Streets of New York—Dion Boucicault's old-time melodrama of Virtue and Vice kidded just a wee bit too much by an expert company of kidders, but delightful if you are not already tired of this sort of thing. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

The Wives of Henry VIII—Cornelia Otis Skinner, *all alone, skillfully portrays the six Tudor* ladies. This is *not* a play—it's a sequence of sketches. (Avon, 45, W. Nightly at 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

Note—William A. Brady will revive "Little Women," based on the Louisa M. Alcott story, with Jessie Royce Landis, Lee Patrick, and Joanna Roos, for matinées only on Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri., beginning Mon., Dec. 7. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

The Band Wagon—A beautiful show, fashioned by expert hands, containing much of the best stuff in town, to say nothing of Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, and Helen Broderick. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

The Cat and the Fiddle—If you like nice music, this Jerome Kern score will keep you delighted. There is not much else, except a nice production and a general air of refinement. (Globe, B'way at 46. Special Unemployment Relief benefit performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 6.)

Civic Light Opera Company—"The Firefly," with Ilse Marvenga, will be presented through Sat., Dec. 12. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

George White's Scandals—A great deal that is good and nothing much that is wrong make this highly satisfactory, if not distinguished, entertainment. With Ethel Merman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger. (Apollo, 42, W.)

The Laugh Parade—Ed Wynn, and Ed Wynn as funny as you have ever seen him. The show is good, too. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

•

Vaudeville—The bill at the Palace featuring Eddie Cantor and George Jessel continues. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

Dance Recitals—Jacques Cartier, in American Indian dances: Sun. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:40. (Booth, 45, W.). . . . Miriam Marmein, in a program of modern dances: Sun. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:30 (President, 48, W.). . . . Pauline Koner: Sun. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:40. (Guild, 52, W.)

For Children—The Children's Players, under the direction of Adrienne Morrison, in "The Reluctant Dragon": Fri. Afts., Dec. 4 and 11, at 4. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.). . . . The Clare Tree Major Company in "Alice in Wonderland": Sat. Morn., Dec. 5, at 10:30. Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Puss-in-Boots": Sat. Morn., Dec. 12, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify the dates.)

Bloody Laughter—A play from the German of Ernst Toller, with Maurice Schwartz and Helen MacKellar. Opens Fri., Dec. 4. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Passing Present—Hope Williams in a play by Gretchen Damrosch, with Morgan Farley, Cyril Scott, and Maria Ouspenskaya. Opens Mon., Dec. 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Springtime for Henry—A comedy by Benn W. Levy, with Leslie Banks heading a cast that includes Helen Chandler, Nigel Bruce, and Frieda Inescort. Opens Wed., Dec. 9. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Son of God—The Group Theatre's production of a play by Paul and Claire Sifton, with Franchot Tone. Opens Thurs., Dec. 10. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

After All—Dwight Deere Wiman's production of John Van Druten's play, with Helen Haye, Margaret Perry, and Humphrey Bogart. (Booth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—With Jeanne Aubert's singing and Veloz and Yolanda's dancing as the main attractions. Music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.*

Club Delmonico, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—A small, attractive room, with music by Will Osborne's orchestra.*

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Dances by Rosita and Ramon, and songs by Frances Maddux. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—High-hat Broadway; with George Olsen and his music.*

Empire Room, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Joe Moss and his orchestra playing for supper dancing. Must dress.

Georgian Room, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—After-theatre dancing to music by Sherbo's Continentals.*

The New Lido, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-2806)—Where Helen Morgan, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Charles Sabin and Mabelle Swor provide the entertainment. Henry King's orchestra.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Undersea decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Dances by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

Broadway Atmosphere—Two places that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580); and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-7767), with Cab Calloway's band; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630), are two of the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, and is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove; and El Flamenco, 15 Barrow; both at Sheridan Sq.

Russian Motif—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, featuring Russian food, and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Mme. Nicolina.

Notes on Dance Orchestras—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find Rudy Vallée and his band at the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000) . . . Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks are at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000).

MOTION PICTURES

An American Tragedy—Not as good at it should have been, but retaining enough strength from the original Dreiser work to make it appear distinguished among the year's pictures. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 4-6; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

Around the World in Eighty Minutes—Douglas Fairbanks in the kind of travelogue anyone would like. Mostly the Far East and the South Seas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

The Guardsman—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at last on the screen in Molnár's comedy. Very successful, too. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Sin of Madelon Claudet—Helen Hayes does a "Madame X" part and makes it seem reasonable and appealing. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

(Continued on page 8)

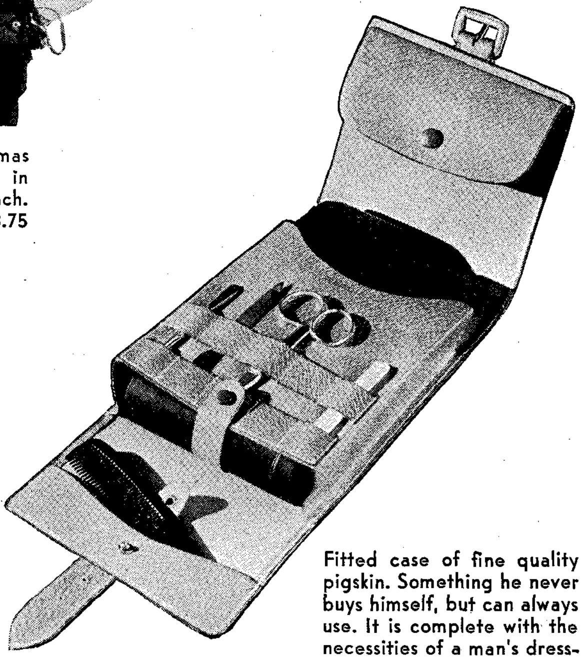
IS IT SO HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE A MAN?

A well designed robe for lounge wear. The material an excellent quality all-wool flannel maroon, blue or tan with contrasting Bellows Pockets. Sizes: small, medium, and large. 16.50

A luxurious faille silk dressing gown is unlined and has narrow pipings of contrasting color. Maroon, navy, or black. Sizes: small, medium, or large. 25.00

English coat style pajamas of washable radium silk in copen, white, or peach. Sizes A, B, C, and D. 8.75

The Lake Placid jacket will appeal to the Winter Sportsman. Mahogany wool gabardine laced at the side. Neckline adjustable with Talon fastener. 13.50



Fitted case of fine quality pigskin. Something he never buys himself, but can always use. It is complete with the necessities of a man's dressing table. 10.50

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

Branches at Garden City, Mamaroneck, East Orange, Boston

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—A good picture of speakeasy life. Especially for those who missed the original play. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Dec. 6.)

THE UNHOLY GARDEN—A lively Hecht-MacArthur study of some scamps in the Sahara, with Ronald Colman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWSREEL THEATRES—A potpourri of current events for a quarter. Programs change every Sat. Morn. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon. Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50, entrance on the left; continuous from 11 A.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Monkey Business," the Marx Brothers again and better than ever: "Susan Lenox," Greta Garbo, with Clark Gable, in a picture that is a triumph for all concerned.

OPENING OF NOTE

ARROWSMITH—Talkie version of the Sinclair Lewis book. Opens Mon. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45. (Gaiety, B'way at 46.)

ART

AMERICANS—The second annual sale of small things of leading native painters: 444 Madison, between 49 and 50. Open weekdays from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH MODERNS—Braque, Derain, Dufy, Lurçat, Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, and Rousseau, in a new gallery: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., Madison at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 5.

INDIAN—Heavily burdened with committees and sponsors, the poor Indian shows his homework. Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts: Grand Central Galleries. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

LAUTREC—Some famous drawings of the circus by Toulouse-Lautrec: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 12.

MATISSE—The Museum of Modern Art's comprehensive showing of the French master colorist: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 6.

MODERN—Some of the newer French and Americans, including Branchard, Gaulois, Hugo, Soyer, Wiltz, Schary, and Driggs: L'Élan, 50 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RENOIR—The Museum of French Art's exhibition, "Renoir and His Tradition": 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

SHEELER—One of the best of the Americans: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 5.

WHITNEY—A beautiful new gallery to house a permanent exhibit of the more recent Americans: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 E. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

BRUCE SIMONDS—A thoughtful and stimulating pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 5.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—One of the masters: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 5.

NINA KOSHETS—An able exponent of songs, mostly Russian: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 6.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Bach and Paganini by a master of both: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 7.

YVONNE GALL—Many kinds of songs by a clever interpreter: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 7.

ARTISTIC MORNING—Carlos Salzedo, Lucille Lawrence, and the Salzedo Harp Quintet; and May Peterson, soprano: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Dec. 10, at 11:30.

FRITZ KREISLER—Another recital by this historic violinist: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 11.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF—Second public appearance here this season by one of the greatest of pianists: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 12.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.]

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 11, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 5, at 11 (Young People's Concert); Sat. Morn., Dec. 12, at 11 (Children's Concert).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:45.

DON COSSACK RUSSIAN MALE CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 9.

YALE GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 12.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Mignon," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2; "Schwanda," Fri. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:30; "William Tell," Sat. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:30; "Manon," Mon. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:15; "The Flying Dutchman," Wed. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:30; "L'Oracolo" and "La Notte di Zoraima," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 10, at 2; "Aida," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Dec. 4 and 11, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra: Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, at 1:15, over WJZ.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting; full-length concert: Sat. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:15, over WABC.

GORDON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music: Sun. Morn., Dec. 6, at 11:30, over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, at 3, over WABC. . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Dec. 5, at 11, over WABC.

ROSA PONSELLE—Soloist in General Electric Program: Sun. Aft., Dec. 6, at 5:30, over WEAF.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., Dec. 6, at 10:30, over WABC.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Violinist, with concert orchestra: Mon. Eve., Dec. 7, at 10:30, over WABC.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Dec. 8, at 10, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting: Wed. Eve., Dec. 9, at 10, over WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Dec. 5: Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at 1:45, over WEAF and WABC.

INTERNATIONAL DEBATE—Oxford and Harvard, debating on the question of war-debt cancellations: Sat. Eve., Dec. 5, at 6, over WEAF.

HELEN MORGAN—Soloist, with Walter Winchell, in Gerardine Program: Tues. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:45, over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Kid Chocolate vs. Al Singer, Fri. Eve., Dec. 11; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat. Aft., Dec. 5—Unemployment Relief Tournament, Yale - Holy Cross - Brown - Dartmouth, Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Tennessee, for the benefit of the unemployed, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Navy, *Franklin Field, Philadelphia*, at 2 P.M.

Wed. Aft., Dec. 9—Unemployment Relief Tournament, Columbia-Cornell-Princeton-Pennsylvania, Yankee Stadium, at 1 P.M.

Sat. Aft., Dec. 12—Army vs. Navy, for the benefit of the unemployed, Yankee Stadium, at 1 P.M.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.—Americans vs. Chicago, Sun. Eve., Dec. 6; Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Dec. 8; Americans vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10.

WRESTLING—At Madison Square Garden: Steele and McMillen are among those taking part in the matches Mon. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SALON—Specializing in coachwork and the higher-priced domestic and foreign cars: Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 4 and 5, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 4 and 5.

PUBLIC BALLS—The New Masses Costume Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Dec. 4, at 10. . . . The annual December Ball, for the benefit of Grosvenor Neighborhood House: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Dec. 11, at 10:30.

FIRST EDITIONS—An exhibition of two hundred famous first editions: The Rosenbach Co., 15 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Thomas B. Clarke collection of furniture, rugs, porcelains, ancient glass, pewter, and other objects of art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 4 and 5, at 2:15. . . . The extensive collections of the late David Belasco: Tues. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 8-12, at 2:15.

At the National Art Galleries, Rose Room, Hotel Plaza—Seventeenth and eighteenth-century American furniture and contemporary decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 4 and 5, at 2.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

DANCE RECITALS—Mary Wigman: 46th St. Theatre, Dec. 13 and 20; Carnegie Hall, Dec. 27.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Yale vs. Dartmouth, Dec. 19; Yale vs. Toronto, Jan. 2; Toronto vs. Harvard, Jan. 9.

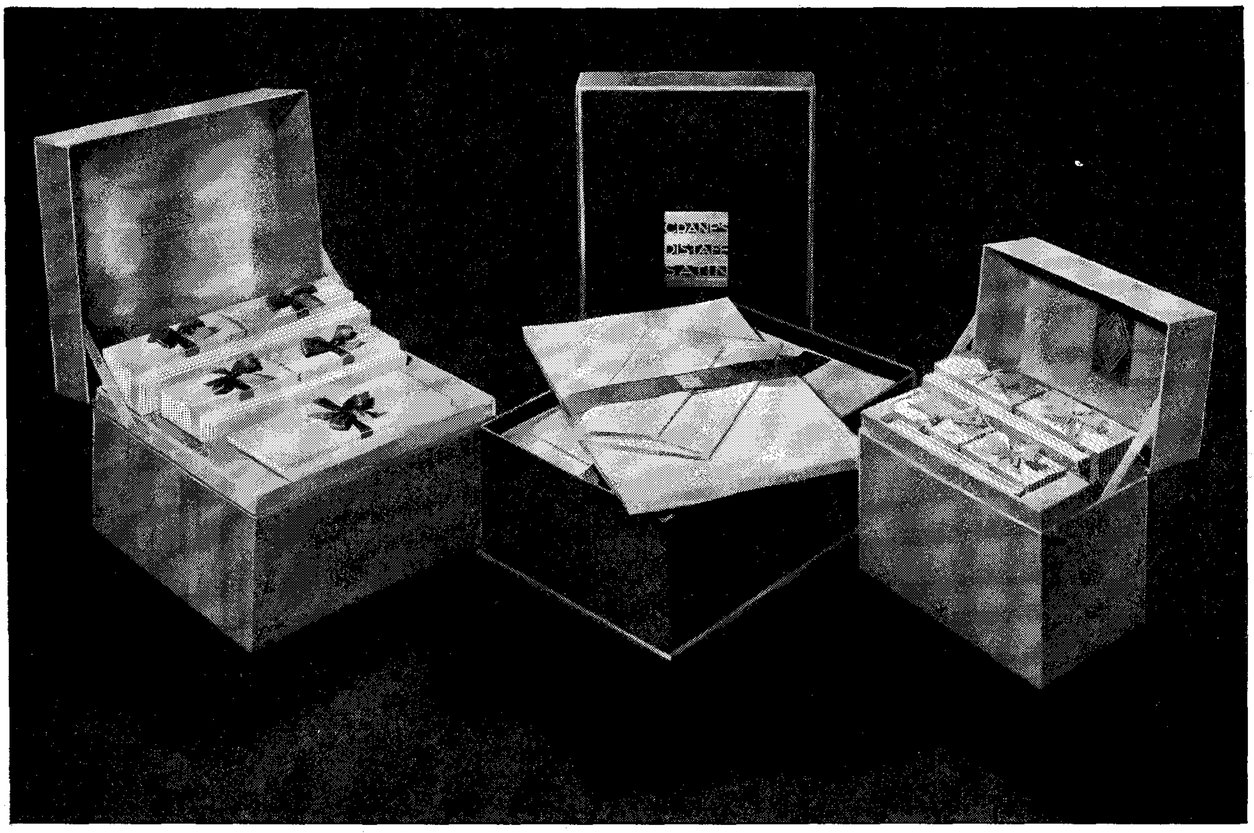
MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini conducting through Jan. 10; Bruno Walter conducting, Jan. 11-Feb. 28. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Jan. 5. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 7 and 9. . . . *Important recitals:* Lily Pons, Dec. 19 (Aft.); Percy Grainger, Jan. 16; Horowitz, Jan. 22; Paderewski, Jan. 25. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Of Thee I Sing," a musical show by Kaufman, Ryskind, and the Gershwins, with Victor Moore, Lois Moran, and William Gaxton: Music Box, Dec. 21. . . . "Hay Fever," revival of Noel Coward's comedy, with Constance Collier: about Dec. 21. . . . "The Little Racketeer," a Shubert musical, with Queenie Smith: 46th Street, Dec. 28. . . . "The Animal Kingdom," Leslie Howard in Philip Barry's new play: Lyceum, Dec. 28. . . . "The Tadpole," by Winchell Smith: John Golden, Dec. 29. . . . "Satan Passes," a play by Benn W. Levy, with Arthur Byron, Robert Loraine, Mary Nash, Basil Rathbone, Diana Wynyard, and Gladys Hanson: Selwyn, Jan. 11. . . . "Star Dust," a musical show by Cole Porter, Herbert Fields, and Ben Hecht, with Peggy Wood, Irene Franklin, and Lynne Overman: about Jan. 11.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Dec. 15. . . . Christmas falls on a Friday. . . . Big Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 9-16. . . . Beaux-Arts Ball, "A Pageant of Old New York," Waldorf-Astoria, Jan. 22. . . . Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 22-30.

THE GIFT OF PERFECTION

Signed by the Watermark of CRANE



Crane's Three-quire Cabinet Box; semi-note and regular-fold sheets . . . $5.00

Crane's Gentlemen's Distaff Satin, Three-quire Telescope Box; single, flat sheets and envelopes . . $5.00

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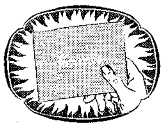
Tone and texture, flawless perfection of finish and form, express a desire, on the part of the giver, to command true fineness for the charming intimacies of personal correspondence. Such a gift reminds the recipient, in each exquisite sheet, as the light illumines the Watermark of Crane, that it was chosen because it was deemed truly worthy of the one to whom it was given. — Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Crane's

FINE LETTER PAPERS

Look for the watermark  *It's the mark of perfection*

SURRENDER✦

in time for Christmas!

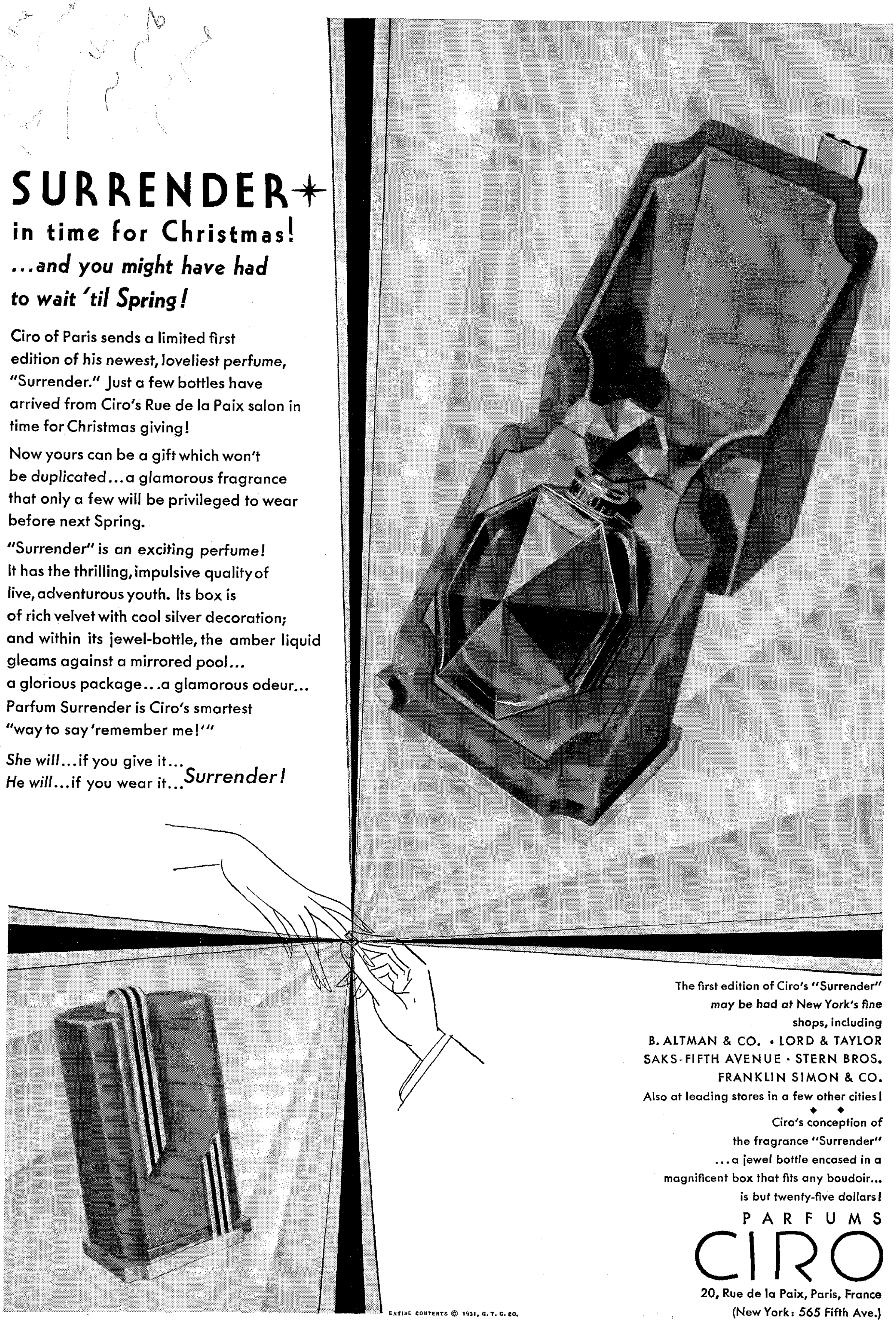
...and you might have had to wait 'til Spring!

Ciro of Paris sends a limited first edition of his newest, loveliest perfume, "Surrender." Just a few bottles have arrived from Ciro's Rue de la Paix salon in time for Christmas giving!

Now yours can be a gift which won't be duplicated...a glamorous fragrance that only a few will be privileged to wear before next Spring.

"Surrender" is an exciting perfume! It has the thrilling, impulsive quality of live, adventurous youth. Its box is of rich velvet with cool silver decoration; and within its jewel-bottle, the amber liquid gleams against a mirrored pool... a glorious package...a glamorous odeur... Parfum Surrender is Ciro's smartest "way to say 'remember me!'"

She will...if you give it...
He will...if you wear it...Surrender!



The first edition of Ciro's "Surrender" *may be had at New York's fine* shops, including

B. ALTMAN & CO. • LORD & TAYLOR
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE • STERN BROS.
FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.

Also at leading stores in a few other cities!

◆ ◆

Ciro's conception of the fragrance "Surrender" ...a jewel bottle encased in a magnificent box that fits any boudoir... is but twenty-five dollars!

PARFUMS
CIRO
20, Rue de la Paix, Paris, France
(New York: 565 Fifth Ave.)

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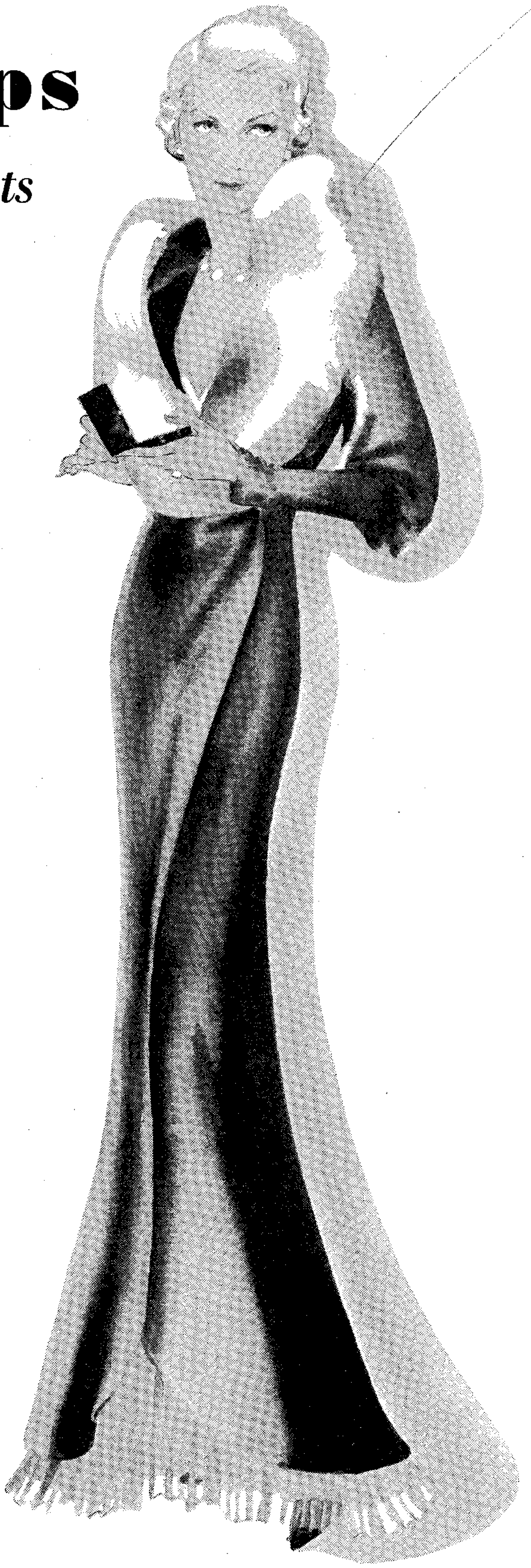
BONWIT TELLER • FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

Evening Wraps

for the debutante who wants a husband for Christmas



59.00

Transparent velvet, with white collar of Belgian hare. Slim, fitted body with new sleeve. In jet black — colors to order.

Members of the Husband Hunt Club who are finding competition unusually keen this year—due to the alarming shortage of eligible young males—can gain a decisive edge over the field and perhaps coax an early proposal from the chosen man, simply by wearing one of these irresistible new evening wraps which Bonwit Teller are now featuring.

Rich and slinky, their lines make the deb look ultra-smooth—in fact many of the season's most successful engagements have been promoted by evening wraps and gowns from our debutante department.

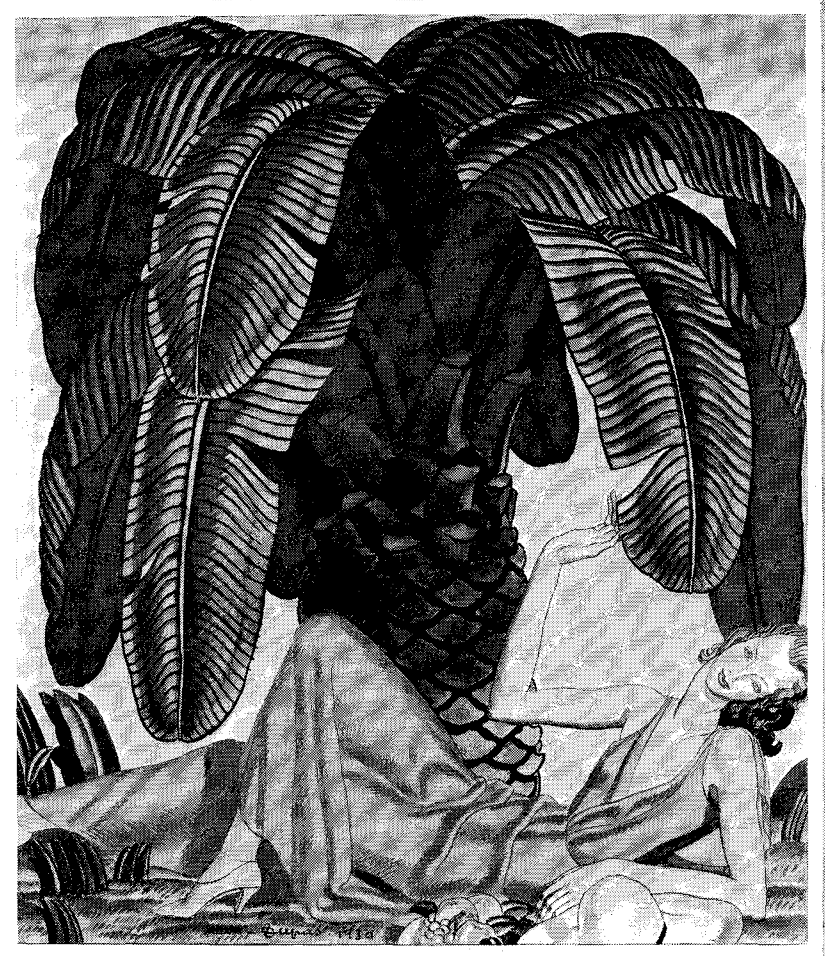
Evening Wraps 29.00 to 145.00
Evening Gowns 29.00 to 115.00

Debutante Department . . . Seventh Floor

BONWIT TELLER

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street

Saks-Fifth Avenue . New York . Chicago



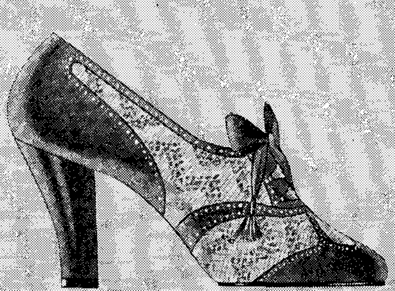
Famous Footwear Fashions
by Saks-Fifth Avenue

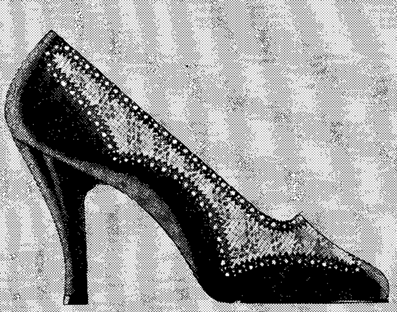
Introducing **Suva**

Tropical Shoes for Resort Wear

Suva . . a cool, fresh fabric that looks like stiffened linen, combined with kid in various colours, in a new chevron design

12.50





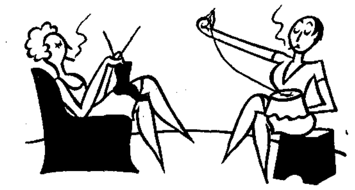
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

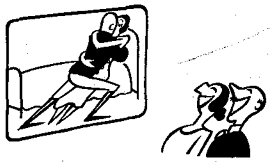
Notes and Comment

A BOOK is to be published soon—a textbook on contemporary American magazines. We found this out when we received a questionnaire from a professor in the University of Georgia. One of the questions embarrasses us somewhat. "Does your periodical," the professor wants to know, "endeavor to render public service or to wage crusades? If so, kindly list some of the projects in which your publication has been interested, past and present." The answer is Yes. Crusaders we. Our sword is forged not of steel (which fluctuates in the open market) but of the soft tinfoil wrappers of Tutti-Frutti gum, which bend to every thrust, neither injuring our opponent nor breaking our own wrist. Our protagonist is Cyrano, in a three-button suit. We lie in wait for popular philosophers who gather into small salable books the great profundities. We attend fires, particularly those of the Harvard Club. Verbosity we cut down with a single stroke. We attend teas, fêtes, balls, ribbon-cuttings, and coronations, attempting to describe such affairs in the manner in which they appear to us. We are against capital letters, and war. We are at the head of a society for the preservation of Ed Wynn. Poets we discipline, and we are on the side of snow, and against its removal. We abhor and attack the garnished utterance of the public character. In a crusading spirit we aim to interpret the dreams of our warriors by correct spelling, and correct punctuation. We pay them just enough to live on. We go about burning all second-class mail matter. We refrain from calling a spade a spade if it is dull anyway. We are against the spirit of advertising in radio, which attempts to direct notice to a chocolate bar by the singing of a love lyric. We succeeded in getting the information booth at the Pennsylvania terminal moved out into the middle of the floor—and then discovered there was no information we needed. We are in favor of the sublimation of cross-town traffic in art, and of the sublimation of art in inactivity. We pointed out a year ago that the extra number in the telephone system would be the beginning of the end. Go ahead and list us in your book as a crusading publication, but watch out! Our sword, already bent double, is doubling back upon our breast!

WE walked about here and there in the recent snowstorm, happy as a Pilgrim Father. It was gratifying to have snow follow Thanksgiving, and our thoughts turned to all manner of pleasant Colonial matters—wild turkeys, beaver hats, Indian corn, bobsleds, pumpkins, breaking waves dashing high, and other conventional props of our Puritan tradition. As we strolled, we began wondering whether any, of all these things, were left to us in this golden age. On our stern and rockbound coast, cargoes of liquor were being landed; our wild turkeys seemed tame; our bobsleds were Fords with chains; our beaver hats were silk. One thing, however, did remain, and this gave us a great amount of pleasure and consolation: the Boston Junior League, we recollected, is still called "The Sewing Circle." Thank God for New England and her blushing maids!



THE movies, whatever their sins, have an honest desire to make things plain for their public. No beating around the bush. In presenting "The Guardsman," with those two babes of the cinema, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the producers felt a double responsibility: moviegoers, they feared, wouldn't understand what was in store for them. Out in the hills and prairies where the great heart of America beats for Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, there would be no breathless multitudes waiting for two people named Lunt and Fontanne. Even the title, "The Guardsman," held nothing of hope. So the producers, dauntless always, added a subtitle. The film, we discover, is billed this way: "The Guardsman—Don't Let the Title Fool You—It's a Laugh Riot!"

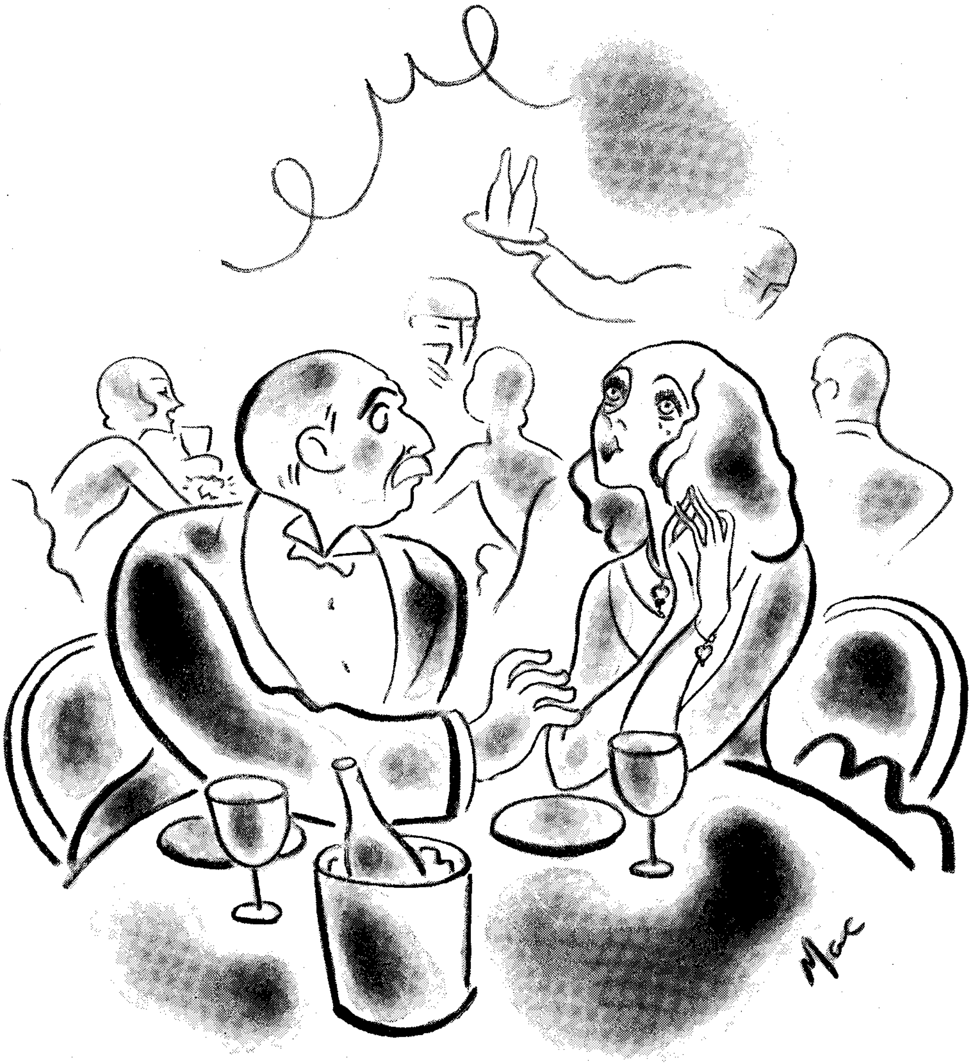


GLANCING through a catalogue of Schulte's Book Store, we stumbled on a couple of interesting Lindbergh first editions. One was "We" by Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. $3.50. The other was "Economic Pinch" by

Charles A. Lindbergh. $3.50. They sound to us like bargains, if purchased together and kept as companion volumes in one's library, under "Aviation."

In These Times

A Bill-Collector who goes around annoying people had a bad time the other morning at one door he knocked on. When the man of the house appeared and was handed the bill, he plainly showed his annoyance. "Listen, my man," he told the collector. "On the second of every month my wife takes all the bills and drops them into a wastebasket. I blindfold her, and she takes a big stick and stirs, and stirs, and stirs. When all the bills are nicely mixed up, she draws out five of them. Those five we pay. Now do you know what will happen to you if you keep on bothering us with that bill of yours?" He glared and the collector winced. "You won't even make the wastebasket, that's what'll happen!" The collector said he was sorry and that he would like very much indeed to have his bills put in the wastebasket, and went away.



"And lying there in my lonely hotel room I cried out your name: 'Mr. Guildenstern! Mr. Horace Guildenstern!' "

• •

Game

Two ladies, both of them listed in the *Social Register*, are working for Postal Telegraph, as you know. One is Mrs. Katharine Bleecker Meigs, and the other (her assistant) is Mrs. Josephine Minott Morriss. They run the Personal Service Bureau for Postal—answer questions about etiquette, buy airplane tickets, and handle various little matters. It goes, well, almost without saying that when Mrs. Meigs replies to the inquiries that come in, she does so by sending a Postal telegram, collect.

The other afternoon an idle rascal whom we reluctantly number among our acquaintances got thinking about telegraph companies employing social-register ladies, and other social and industrial phenomena; and his interest waxed to such a peak that he dispatched a message to Postal's bureau. He sent it, the cad, via Western Union. The message cost him thirty-five cents, and read as follows: "Can you assist me to compose telegram to friend with whom I have had falling out over trivial matter relating to who should pay dinner check? Am anxious to effect reconciliation."

His experiment was an unqualified success. In a couple of hours a Postal boy showed up with a collect message. The wag paid his thirty-one cents, opened the envelope, and read: "Suggest following telegram. Quote. Regret extremely misunderstanding about dinner check. Let us forgive and forget and dine together soon. Unquote. Personal Service Bureau."

Score: Western Union 35, Postal 31.

The above incident piqued our curiosity about the Bureau, and we asked somebody over there to let us see some of the requests they have received. Quite a few were for a fourth at bridge. Mrs. Meigs keeps a list of male bridge-players who are on call, classified by age: Young Bridge-Player, Middle-Aged Bridge-Player, Old Bridge-Player. One correspondent asked for a recipe for peach brandy. Mrs. Meigs wired her regrets. Another correspondent wired the Bureau that she was leaving for the country the following Thursday, and would Mrs. Meigs please send her a telegram Thursday morning reminding her to take along the dog basket, as she would need it for the return journey bringing Toto.

The most unfathomable message came from a man upstate. His telegram read:

"Please wire Scholle seven Savilrow London England my keeper delayed or weekend cable that two gray flanel suits are not same weight or color as last ordered altho they fit perfectly am sending sample cut from previous delivery answer your care. Stop. Please get me fifty tags metal banded for tagging keys. Stop. Wire Philadelphia Ledger to send me one copy morning edition daily beginning Thursday October 22nd to October 25th inclusive. Stop. Get me rosin for cello bow wire me amount due for above will remit."

Postal handled it.

Song of Sol

Congressman La Guardia has a standing offer of a box of cigars to the man, or a five-pound box of candy to the woman, who will bring to him a piece of printed matter got out by the George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission which does not have Congressman Sol Bloom's name somewhere on it. Mr. Bloom is associate director of the Commission. Last week one of La Guardia's staff came to him to claim the candy. She had, she said, a piece of Bi-Centennial literature without Sol's name on it, whereupon she produced a copy of the official song of the Commission, written by George M. Cohan. Sure enough, it looked as if something had at last got by Sol. La Guardia, however, minutely examined the sheet of music and was presently rewarded by finding, away down in a corner in small type, the following: "Copyrighted by Sol Bloom." No candy.

Money in Music

THE opera "Schwanda, der Dudelsackpfeifer" was certainly worth writing. Its composer, a little man of thirty-six named Jaromír Weinberger, has already made a fortune out of it, and it is only three years old. "Schwanda" was first put on in Prague in 1927, but it wasn't until its Bohemian libretto was translated into German and a performance given in Breslau, some months later, that it became apparent Weinberger was going to join the little, the very little, circle of composers who make money. In a short time "Schwanda" was a general sensation and its composer was famous. The opera now has had more than fifteen hundred performances, in fourteen languages, on no fewer than a hundred and twenty stages. In short, it's the most-produced opera of modern times. You have to go back to d'Albert's "Tiefland" (1903) for a success at all comparable.

This week marks the opera's fifth performance in New York. The Metropolitan (which does it in German) has exclusive rights to it for a year and has guaranteed six performances, but will probably do more. Weinberger doesn't bother much, however, about what he makes here, where opera companies pay a fixed fee—seventy-five dollars, usually—for each performance. In Europe the composer gets ten per cent of the gross, and there are more opera houses and more operagoers.

Weinberger is a high-strung blond young man, over five feet. He regards himself as the greatest living composer and he will tell you so himself (a man he told lately in southern France tells us) with disarming sincerity, in dreadful English, bad French, fair German, or excellent Bohemian. He distorts his body agonizingly when expressing himself in any language, makes fierce grimaces, and bares his teeth at you. He can't sit still a minute and is completely happy only when he is at a piano improvising. He will keep this up for hours without pause, most of the time pounding the instrument violently.

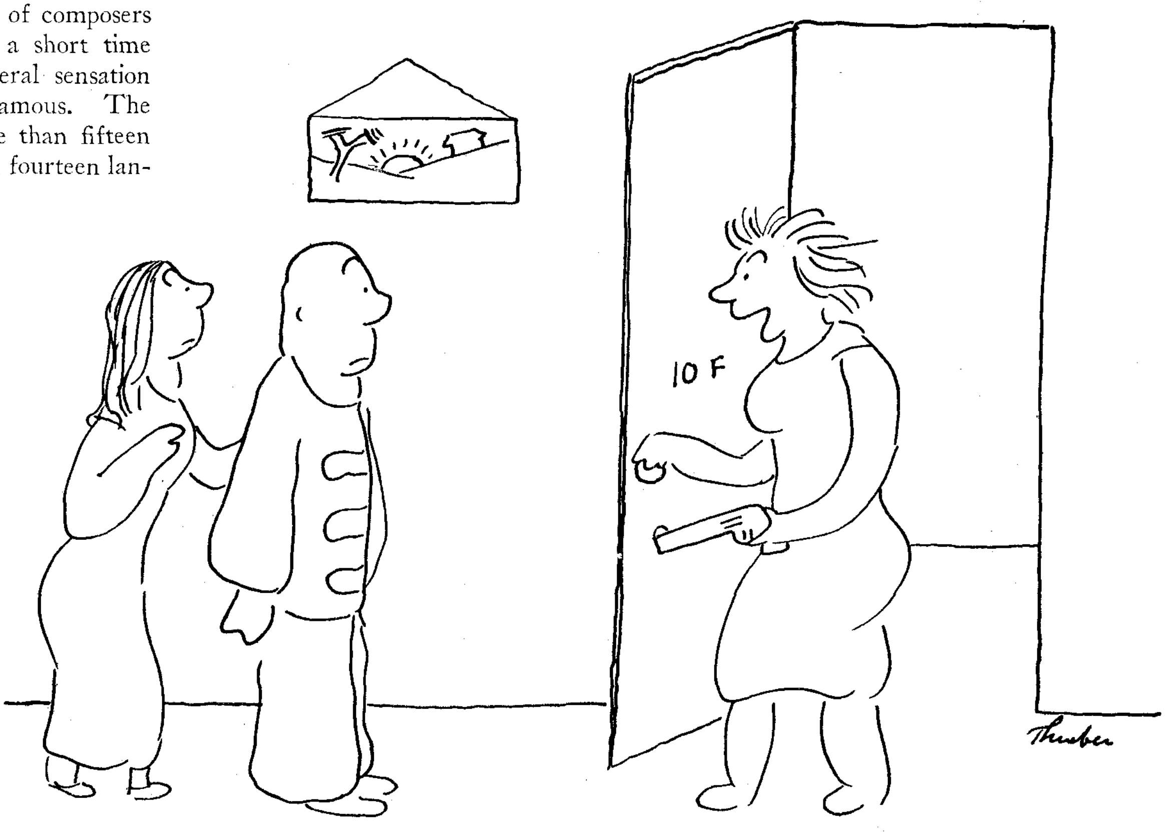
Weinberger studied at the Conservatory of Prague and before he was twenty he had published a piano sonata, incidental music for several Shakespearean plays, and other things. Only a few compositions of his besides the opera have been heard here, however. He doesn't care much for "Schwanda" any more—says he has heard it so many times it makes him sick. He thinks its technique is outmoded, anyhow. He believes that the opera of the future will follow the methods of American talkies. He wants to go to Hollywood. He is crazy about Hollywood, which he would revolutionize. He is writing a new opera based on Bret Harte's stories. He is also crazy about Bret Harte.

In 1922 the composer was in America, teaching music in a conservatory at Ithaca, New York. He can't remember the name of the conservatory and doesn't know whether it was connected with Cornell University or not. He rather liked America. Right now he is living in Cagnes, France, but doesn't like it very much because it isn't Hollywood.

M. Weinberger has found that success hasn't entirely dissipated the perplexities of life, or not French perplexities at any rate. With his wife, he moved into a house in Cagnes and the next morning they couldn't make the stove work. The water hadn't been turned on either, and the servant who was to come with food didn't appear. This so flabbergasted the Weinbergers that they went back to bed. People who called at noon found them both huddled there, crying.

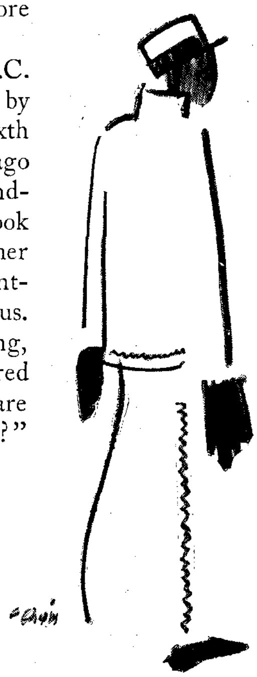
Bus Stop

HABITUAL travellers on Fifth Avenue buses know that Thirty-sixth Street is specially honored by conductors, who call out plainly: "Thirty-



"Have you people got any .38 cartridges?"

sixth Street.” It is the only street so honored. The reason, we have discovered, is that the Union Motor Coach terminal is in that street, No. 59 West Thirty-sixth, and the Union Motor Coach Company, which operates long-distance buses, is owned by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. The terminal is the one that used to be in the old Waldorf before that inn was razed.



Not only does the F.A.C.C. honor the U.M.C.C. by hollering out “Thirty-sixth Street,” but a week or so ago conductors on all buses handed out to passengers a book called “Traveler’s Mother Goose” urging the advantages of travelling by bus. This we found engaging, largely because it answered that question: “Where are you going, my pretty maid?” It turns out that the maid (who intimated that she was simply going a-milking) was actually going to Montreal, by motor coach.

•

ONE of the really chic paper-match folders to be picked up here and there bears no gaudy advertisement on its cover, but a neat monogram of the initials “C.L.L.P.” It wasn’t made for a Pierrepont or a Pyne, however, as you will find on opening it. There is an advertisement inside—for Carter’s Little Liver Pills.

Home in the Mud

IT may be a good idea to keep Edgewater, New Jersey, in mind these days. That is where the houseboat colony is located, just north of the 125th Street ferry landing—the only place we know of in these parts where you can own your own home for about five hundred dollars and pay no taxes. Some of the inshore houseboats sit permanently in the rich mud; others, the more seagoing ones, float lazily on the flood tide. All command a charming, faintly aromatic, view of Manhattan. Their occupants, for the most part, have no trouble solving life’s practical problems: they have running water, electricity, telephone, mail service—everything except gas. The Gas Company won’t install gas in houseboats because of the lurching.

To be a tax-free colonist, one must possess the proper temperament: must be handy with tools, and have a boatman’s true feeling for the poignancy of compactness. There really are four distinct houseboat colonies at or near Edgewater: the Fitzgerald Basin, the Ross Basin, the Luckenback Basin, and Meyers Basin. In the Ross Basin are the most impressive houseboats—tin roofs, radios, potted geraniums, all the comforts. The palatial boat nearest shore is owned by Mr. Fisher, the composer (he wrote a song for the American Federation of Labor). His boat has about it the aura of glamorous adventure: it has been to Rockaway and back. Very few houseboats are for sale, and anyway the real colonist builds his own boat, incorporating his own ideas of hull design, veranda overhang, vegetable-garden freeboard, radio outlets, and kiddie-pants halyards. The average houseboat has a lot more room than an apartment. It has a decent dining-room with river view, a living-room and two or three bedrooms. The furniture is Second Grand Rapids Empire. Crabs may be caught from the after porch. Most of the male colonists work in the sugar refinery at Edgewater, from which emanates a low, rumbling noise. The children go to the Edgewater school. The elders vote in Edgewater if they care to become citizens there. Mail is delivered right to the door. The inhabitants are healthy, and the children rarely fall into the water or the mud. The rumble from the refinery casts a soporific charm over the place, harmonizing with the warm smell of dead crabs. At nine o’clock at night, if you turn off the radio for a minute, you can hear a pin drop.

Bad Men

ONE thinks of Miss Helen Hayes as one of the younger actresses, yet she has been on the stage twenty-three years, and as long as fourteen years ago was appearing in a title rôle. Fourteen years ago she was playing “Pollyanna.” Her company, doing one-night stands, got, among other places, out West, into the cow country. Its arrival in the first cow town was a great event. The cowboys rode in off the range for miles around, arriving early in the day and plunging at once into whoopee. They shot their guns off in the air, shot the necks off bottles, and, toward theatre time, shot a couple of each other. It was a terrified group of players who peeked out that night and saw the bad men rolling into the theatre, most of them wearing at least one gun. The actors carried on, however. Pollyanna, in the person of Miss Hayes, trembled in the wings as she prepared to make her first entrance and say her first line, which was “I’m glad,” spoken with great childish sweetness. When the time came she gathered herself, rushed out, and said: “I’m glad.” At this the entire audience broke into tears. It continued to sob softly during the rest of the performance.

Harps

OVER in West Fifty-fourth Street, among the garages, speakeasies, and abandoned night clubs, a person with good eyes may make out a drab sign bearing the words “Browne & Buckwell, Harps,” and the date of the firm’s establishment, 1838. You walk up one flight and come upon a dozen harps, mostly old ones, in an otherwise bare room. In a workroom, in back, the last of the Buckwells tinkers with harps. There are no more Brownes left in the business. All the Brownes and all the Buckwells except the present proprietor of the old harp shop were dead by the end of the last century. The last of the Buckwells knows more about harps than anyone else in town and says so; not boastfully, but with a sigh.

Almost a hundred years ago the original Browne came over from England and manufactured the first harp made in this country, way down in Broadway. For many decades Browne & Buckwell have had competition in the form of large harp-manufacturing corporations, whose products Mr. Buckwell neither praises nor runs down: he just ignores them. Anyway, most of his time now is given up not to making harps but to repairing them. He has only one apprentice helper, the staff thus being much smaller than it was before the Civil War, when there were several other Buckwells and some Brownes.

Now and again between repairs on old harps, worthy old harps—none of your new-fangled machine-made things—Buckwell and his man do make a new harp: maybe one weighing seventy pounds and selling for fifteen hundred dollars, or a small sixteen-pound Irish harp, worth two hundred. A woodcarver comes in and puts the curlicues on the post and the pedestal, but Buckwell and his 'prentice do all the rest, using fine spruce for the sounding board, laminated maple for the other wood parts, sheep gut from Germany, or special wire from Newark, New Jersey, for the strings.

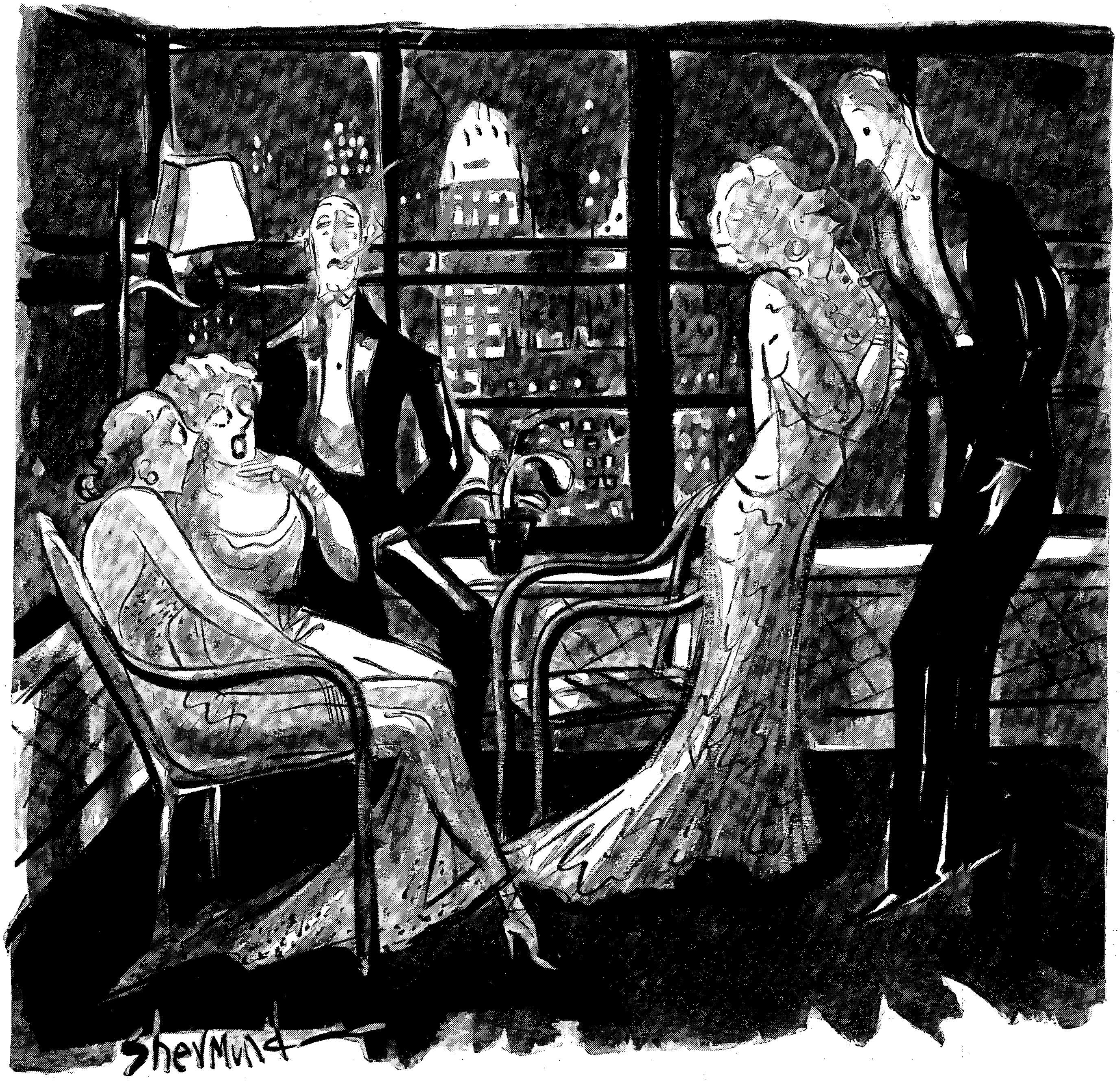
The present Buckwell has been tinkering with harps for forty-five years. The period just before the Civil War was Browne & Buckwell's heyday; great numbers of harps were sold to the daughters of the Southern plantation-owners, who doted on harp-playing. Up to the time of the World War Buckwell made and sold about fifty harps a year, but nowadays he sells only about a dozen. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt has one she bought in 1923; Mrs. Drexel Dahlgrén and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs have Browne & Buckwell harps.

One thing about harps is that they last almost forever if treated properly. Recently Mr. Buckwell was giving a harp of the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music a thorough going-over, gluing the parts more firmly and adding some gilt. It had been made in 1830 in Europe. A year ago a Browne & Buckwell harp was shipped up to the Fifty-fourth Street shop, for repairs, from Greenville, South Carolina. It had been sold South by the firm in 1849. Mr. Buckwell says that he never finds animal life in harps that have been in the North, but that sometimes insects are found inside the Southern harps, some kind of harp insects.

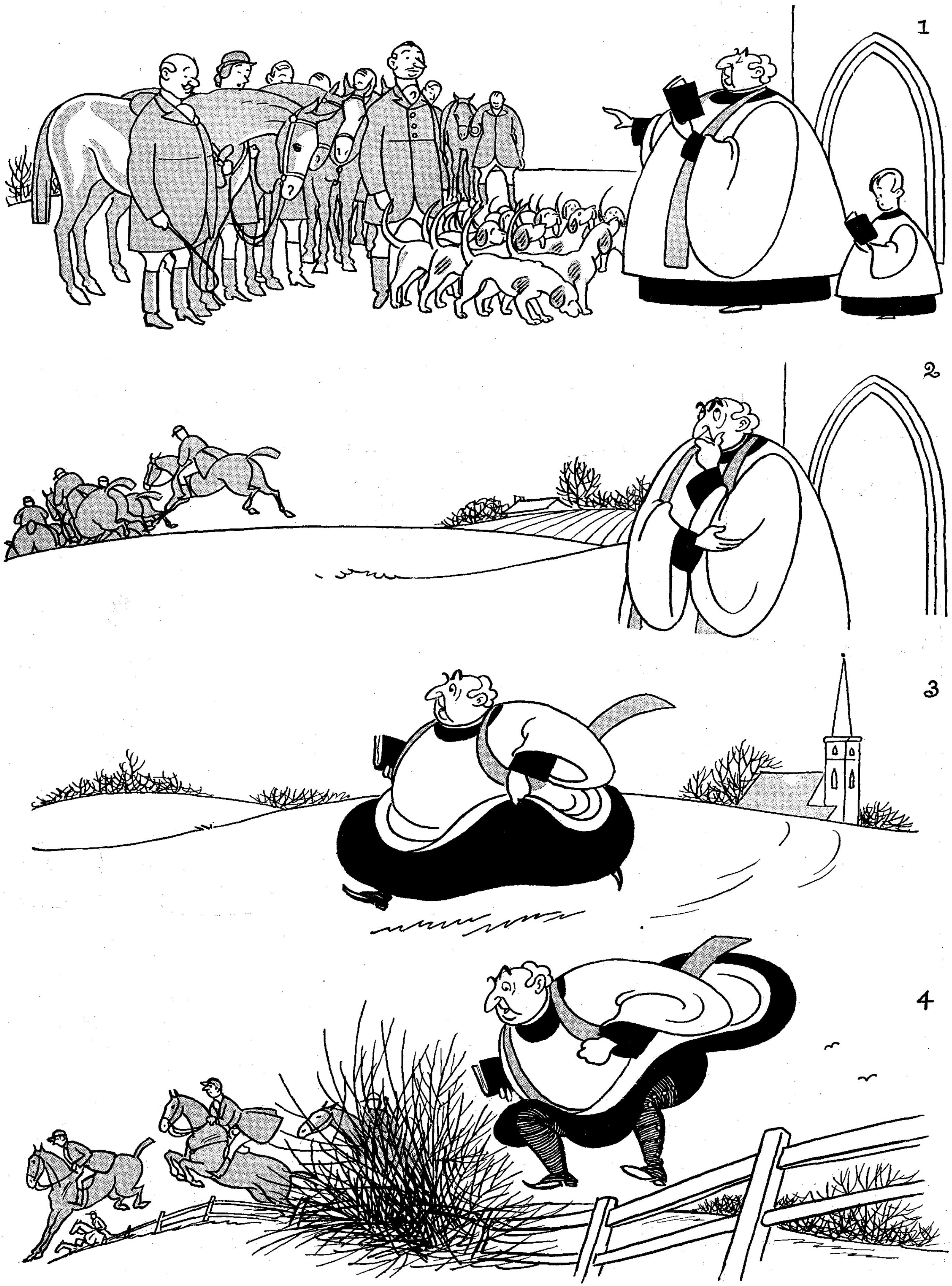
Peter Pays Paul

A LADY called on a member of Mrs. Belmont's unemployment committee the other day to tell how she'd arranged things so she'd be able to make a sizable contribution and still stay within her budget. Pretty excited she was about it, too. She had a place in Westchester, so big that it took a staff of twenty-two to run it. Ordinarily she kept them all on through the winter, but—well, she had let just fourteen of them go and now was ready to contribute what would have been their wages to the relief fund.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"She makes or unmakes artists and all that sort of thing."



THE VICAR'S REMORSE

Having blessed the foxhounds in accordance with tradition, he feels the prick of conscience

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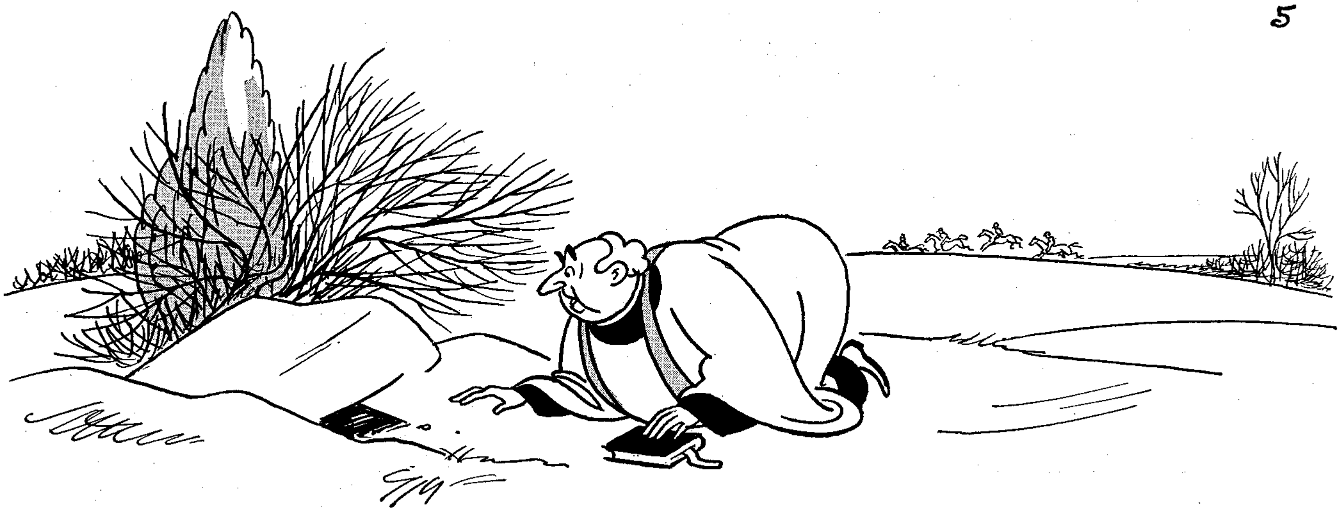

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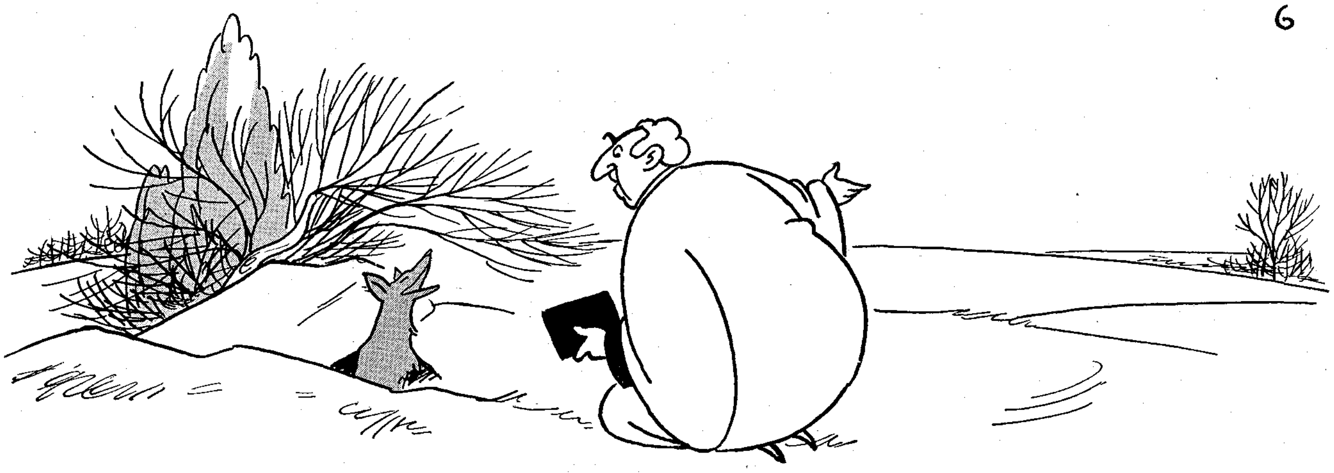

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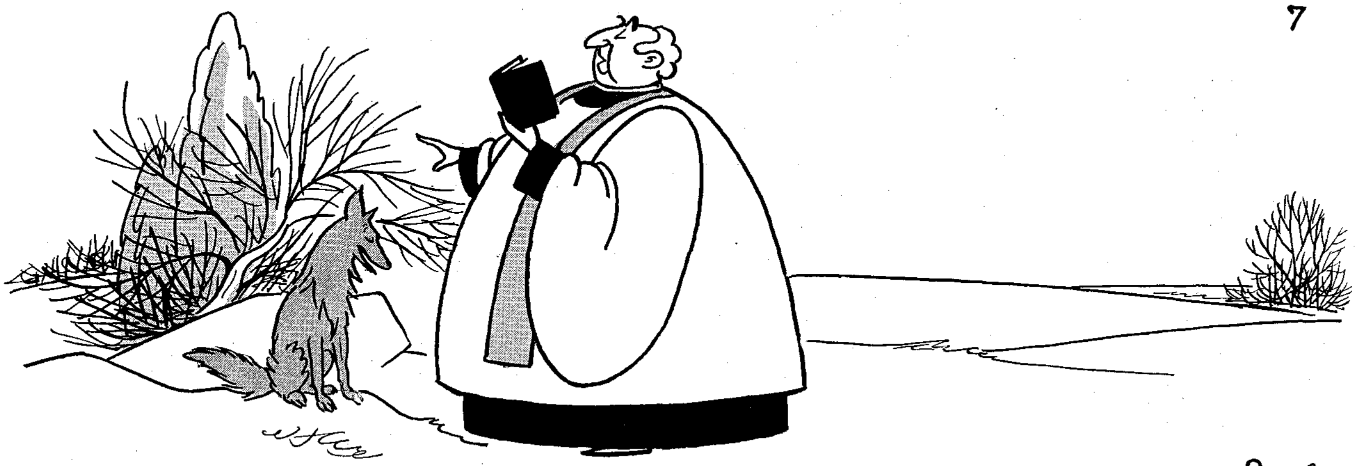

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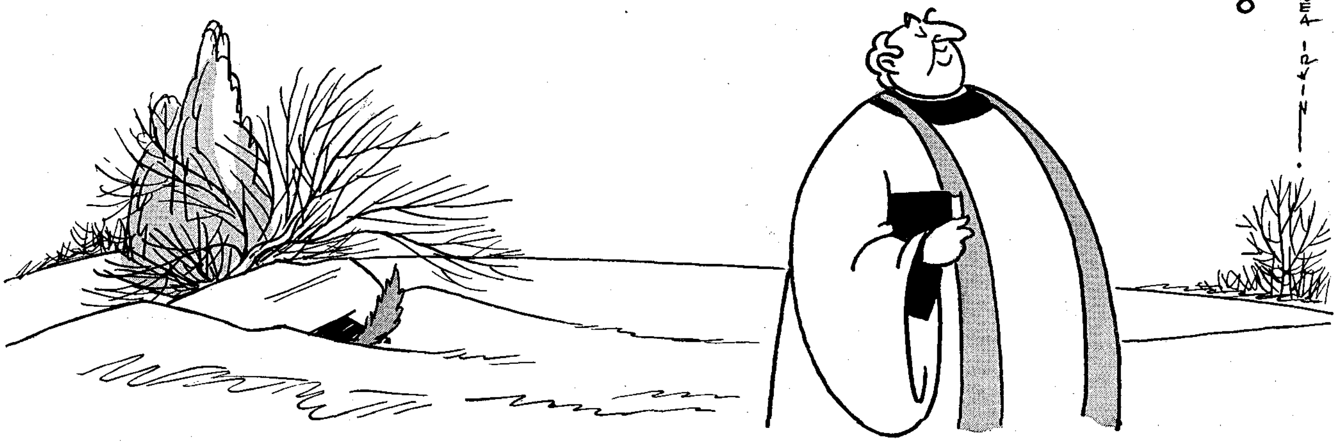


ABSOLUTION

FOR years Jennie Hughes had been a steady customer at Jeremiah Mallory's speakeasy. She was a woman about forty-five years old, the wife of a lawyer who had abandoned her ten years ago, but who still sent her a little money to pay for her room and liquor. At one time she had been active and shapely; now she was rather slow and stout and her cheeks were criss-crossed with fine transparent veins. When she had first come to the neighborhood people had called her Mrs. Hughes, but now everybody just called her Jennie.

In the speakeasy she used to sit by herself with an air of great gentility at a table opposite the bar, when she didn't have enough money to pay for a bottle to take home. Her gentility was perhaps most obvious when she was not quite sober, and if anybody in her street disturbed her at such a time, she was apt to yell and scream at the top of her voice. Neighbors, who at one time had felt sorry for her, were now anxious to have her move away. Jennie's landlady, Mrs. Turner, had been trying for two months to get rid of her, but Mrs. Turner had been unfortunate enough to try to argue the question when Jennie was tipsy.

ONE night Jennie was wondering if Jerry Mallory would give her any more whiskey on credit. For two weeks she hadn't paid him. She had been drinking mildly in the afternoon and now felt it necessary to have a bottle for Sunday. There were only about two fingers in the bottle left standing on the bureau. She began to put on her hat and look at herself in the mirror. Though she was aware that styles changed, she didn't seem to be able to keep up with them; now she was wearing a short skirt when everybody else was wearing their dresses long, and two years ago she had worn a long dress when other women were wearing skimpy short skirts. She was looking at herself with approval when she heard somebody coming up the stairs. Turning, and staring at the door, for she expected her landlady, Mrs. Turner, to appear, she thrust her chin out angrily. "Come in," she called out when there was a knock on the door.

A huge man over six feet came in, a great big serious-looking priest with thin gray hair, a large red face, and a tiny nose. "Good evening, Mrs. Hughes," he said politely without smiling.

"Good evening, Father," Jennie said. She had never seen the man before and she began to feel uneasy. She was actually beginning to feel nervous and ashamed of herself for some reason as she looked guiltily at the bottle on the bureau. She said suddenly, and shrewdly: "Did somebody send you here, Father?"

"Now never mind that," the priest said sternly. "It's enough that I'm here and you can thank God that I came." He was an old, serious, unsentimental priest who was not at all impressed by the fawning smile and the little bow she made for him. Shaking his head to show his disgust with her, he said flatly: "Mrs. Hughes, there's nothing more degrading in this world than a tipsy woman. A drunken man, Lord knows, is bad enough, but a drunken woman is somehow lower than a beast in the field."

Jennie's pride was hurt, and she said angrily, without inviting him to sit down: "Who sent you here? Who sent you here to butt into my business? Tell me that."

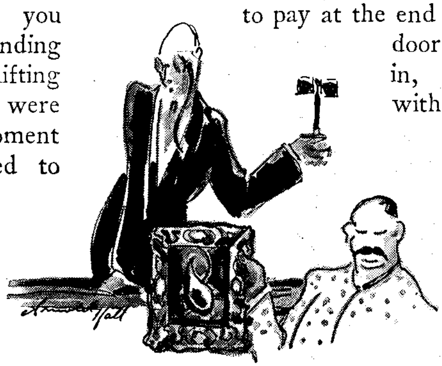
"Now listen to me, Mrs. Hughes. It's time someone brought you to your senses."

"You don't know me. I don't know you," Jennie said abruptly.

"I know all about you. I know that you ought to be looking after your two children instead of having them in orphanages. But I'm not going to argue with you. I want to give you a very solemn warning. If you don't change your life you'll go straight to hell."

"You leave me alone, do you hear? Go on away," Jennie said.

"And I'll tell you this," he said, bending close to her and lifting his finger. "If you were to die at this moment and I were asked to give you absolution I doubt if my conscience would permit me to do it. Now for God's sake, woman, straighten up. Go to church. Go this night to confession and ask God to forgive you. Promise me you'll go to confession. At one time you must have been a decent Catholic woman. Promise me."



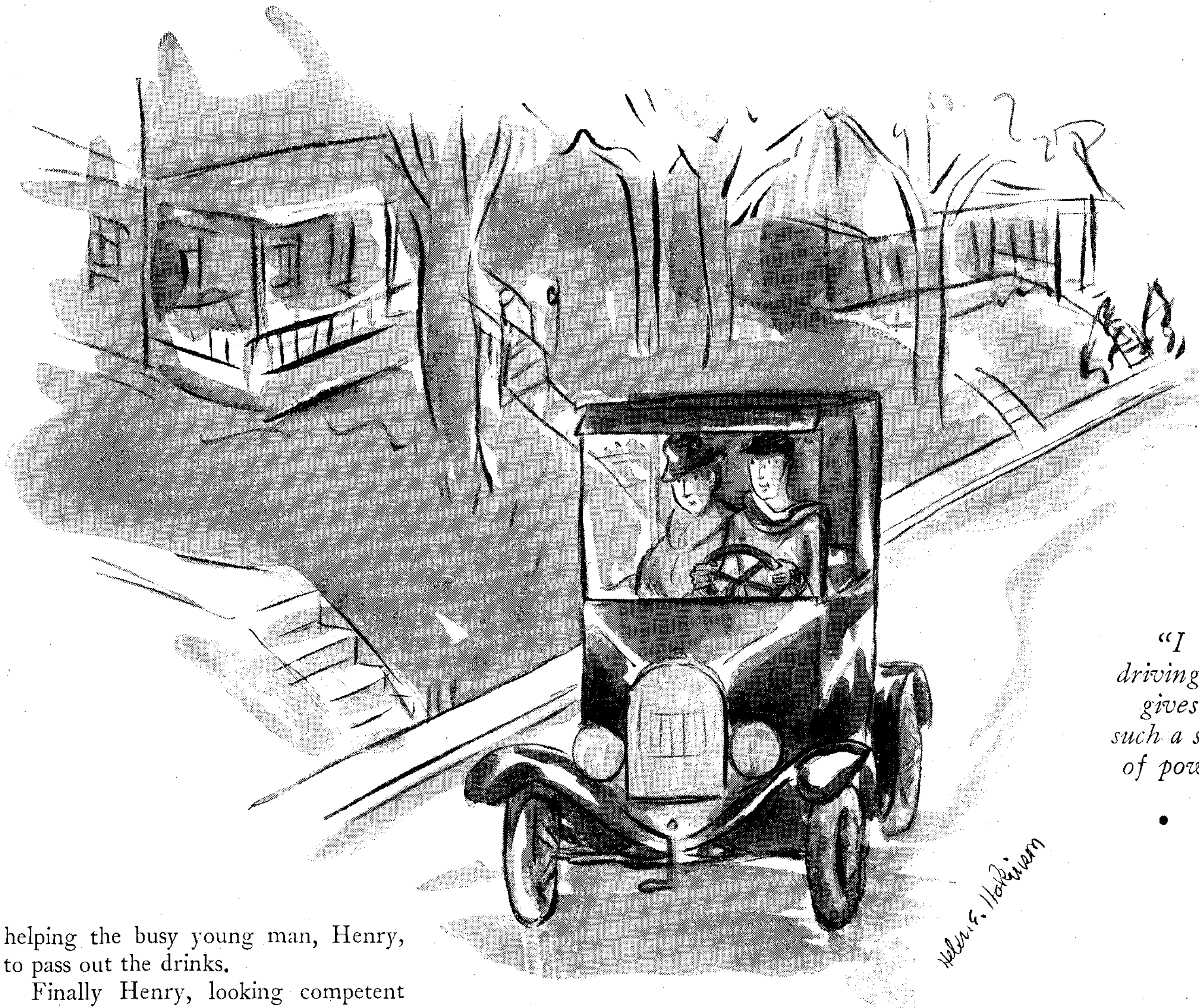
"You can't force me to do anything I don't want to do. I know. It was that Mrs. Turner that sent you here. I'll fix her. And don't you butt in either," Jennie said.

The big priest looked at her coolly, nodded his head with a kind of final and savage warning, and went out without saying another word.

AS a defiant gesture Jennie drained the last inch of whiskey from the bottle and muttered: "Trying to drive me to confession, eh?" But she felt she was too much of a sporting lady to waste time sympathizing with herself. Making up her mind to abuse Mrs. Turner as soon as she saw her, she decided to go over to Jeremiah Mallory's speakeasy at once.

The extra drink of whiskey had made Jennie tipsy, and as she remembered that the old priest had said she would go to hell when she died, she felt like crying. The priest, who had looked at her as if he had wanted to shake her, had half-pleased her by saying so bluntly that at one time she must have been a very good woman. With a serious expression on her face she walked along the lighted street, a stout woman in a short skirt leaning forward a bit, her wide velvet hat too far back on her head. Groping in her listless memory, she tried to remember the faces of her two children, a boy and a girl, but she hardly seemed to know them. The priest had aroused in her an uneasy longing for a time she was hardly able to remember, a time when she had dressed well, gone to church, and gone to confession too, when she was a much younger woman.

Approaching the speakeasy, whose drawn blinds concealed the light inside, she wondered what she might say to Mallory to persuade him she intended to pay at the end of the month. The doorkeeper, who let her in, nodded familiarly without speaking and she went through to the lighted barroom. No one paid any attention to her. Men and women were standing at the bar, sitting at the tables by the door, or at the small tables opposite the bar. Jennie sat down by herself at an empty table from where she could see Jerry himself, clean-shaven and neat in his blue suit, standing behind the bar, smiling affably at everybody and sometimes



"I love driving. It gives you such a sense of power."

• •

helping the busy young man, Henry, to pass out the drinks.

Finally Henry, looking competent with his sleeves rolled up and his bow tie, came over to Jennie and said: "Hello, Jennie, what'll it be tonight?" He spoke as if he didn't believe there would be anything for Jennie.

"I'd like a little gin, to take out with me," she said soothingly. "Only about a quart. And tell Jerry I'll fix it up with him next week. How are you, Henry?" She hoped he could see how nicely she was smiling.

"I don't know, Jennie," he said doubtfully.

"Look here, you know I'll pay at the end of the month," she said gently.

"It's like this," Henry said placatingly. "I'd do it. You know that. But the boss won't let me."

"Then let me speak to Jerry," she said brusquely.

In a moment Henry returned and said: "Jerry's awfully busy right now, Jennie. Maybe some other time . . ."

"I'll sit here and wait," Jennie said firmly, folding her arms. "I'll sit right here till doomsday and wait."

"All right. But he's awfully busy. He may not come."

JENNIE waited and felt alone at her table, in a little alcove, and nobody paid any attention to her. She felt tired. Many thoughts and images drifted through her head. As she crossed her legs at the ankles and put her head back against the wall, she felt drowsy and dizzy. "I oughtn't to have taken that last drink before coming here," she thought. She tried to keep awake by muttering: "That old priest couldn't scare me, bless him," but she went on having the most disconnected thoughts about Eastertime and choir music. Soon she fell sound asleep, breathing steadily.

She began to breathe so heavily that customers at the bar, turning, snickered. Looking over at her, Jerry Mallory frowned irritably. She was an old, though difficult, customer, so he went over to her with a businesslike air and shook her shoulder lightly. She stirred, waking. It had been very strong in her thoughts that the old priest had wanted her to go to confession and now, only half-awake, she mumbled uneasily: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

"Hey, Jennie, where do you think you are? Bless you, bless you, old girl," he said, starting to laugh.

"Eh, eh? Oh, it's you, Jerry. I forgot where I was."

She was wide-awake now, and so sober that he thought she might have been deliberately kidding him. He laughed loudly. "You're a card, Jennie!" he said. "You're a grand old gal. And I'll get you a little gin for old times' sake."

He turned and said to the three men at the bar who were nearest to him: "Did you hear what Jennie just pulled on me?"

Jennie's face was hot and ashamed. Breathing irregularly, she stood up, in her skirt that was too short, with her black velvet hat too far back on her head. The men started to laugh mildly. Then they started to laugh louder and louder. The sound of their laughter at first made Jennie angry, with something of a fine woman's disgust and anger, and then, with humility, she felt herself reaching out gropingly toward a faintly remembered dignity. Erect, she walked out.

—MORLEY CALLAGHAN

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THE WARY COLLABORATORS

If we could write a novel, maybe
We'd earn enough to have a baby.
Though even small ones cost a pretty
Penny in this bandit city. —MARNE

OF ALL THINGS

THE Lord's Day Alliance is trying to prevent those benefit shows. They should go even farther and forbid the unemployed to feel hungry on Sunday.

•

The Progressives are fighting hard for the control of both houses of Congress. Loud cries of "Kick that bloc! Kick that bloc!"

•

It is a pleasure to learn from the testimony of Judge Olvany that good Samaritans are getting along a lot better personally than they did in the old days.

•

Lord Rothermere has launched a newspaper campaign to "send the egregious Gandhi packing." Packing, if we may ask, what?

•

We are sure that Ambassador Dawes had a perfectly lovely time at the League Council meeting in Paris. Still, we hope he took some mad money with him.

•

Now is the time to invest in New York. The city planner, Clarence S. Stein, has a tip that it is to be split up five for one.

•

Sugar-Daddy Dahlberg gave the Republican campaign fund five thousand dollars and the Democrats only one thousand. Which party is the more corrupt and how much?

•

Jims Davis and Watson, it seems, bought that sugar stock without any money or any liability. Nobody can say those Senators were gambling men.

•

We do not pretend to know why Walker, who for fifteen years had taken no part in the conversation, suddenly went to work for Tom Mooney. Anyhow, we wish him better luck than he had while rooting for Notre Dame.

•

The news comes from Bucharest that Carol has forgiven Nicholas and given the bride his O. K. His Majesty may be a stickler for the proprieties but he is human after all.

•

Railroad workers do not want to take a ten-per-cent cut in wages for the benefit of the suffering stockholders. If it would help any, they could be given buttons reading: "I have shared."

•

The Democrats have picked up another one in Texas, making it a solid delegation. Hoovercrats down there are now about as plentiful as two-car garages.

•

This department was pretty nervous during the Grandi visit. We were afraid that Major-General Butler would ask him whether Mussolini is doing any motoring these lovely days.

•

According to some observers, New England is leading the way to business revival. We have a horrible suspicion, however, that it is merely recovering from the depression before last.

•

Brokers say that the effect of the prolonged warm weather on the stock market was mixed. It was bad for the coals but grand for Coca-Cola.

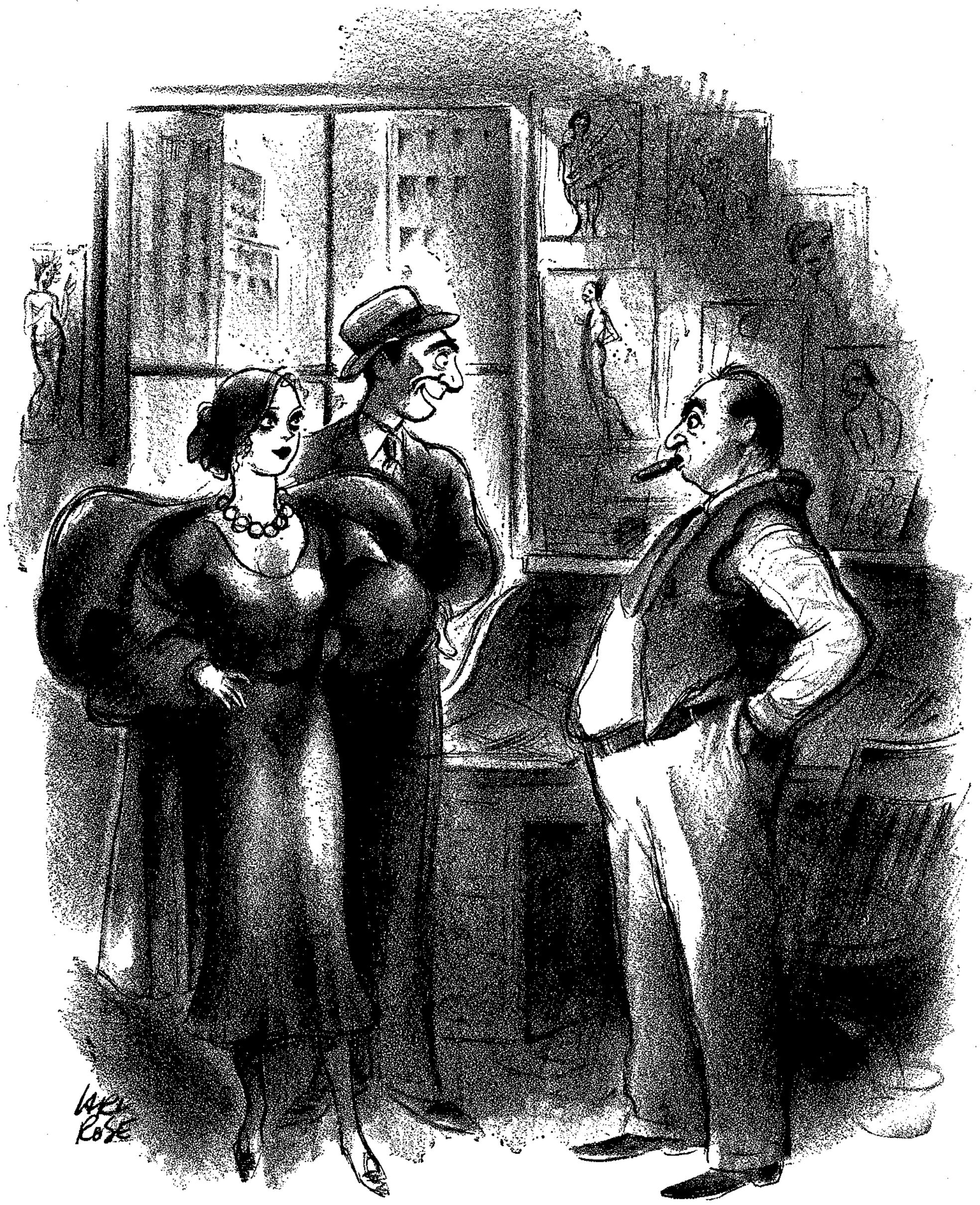
•

If we understand Mr. Raskob, he wants to make the drys leave the party in January instead of waiting until June. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

Mrs. Henry T. Moore entertained at a delightful luncheon this noon at her home in Circular Street for Kerby Paige, who will arrive here tomorrow from New York City.—*The Saratogian.*

Kerby never eats lunch anyway—just an apple or a glass of milk and a ginger snap.



"Look, Irving—a natural for that nun part."

WHY MR. WALKER WENT TO CALIFORNIA

[IF EVERYTHING THAT YOU HEARD WAS TRUE]

1. In order to see Mr. Sherwood. (A twenty-four-hour watch was put on the Mayor by the newspapers as soon as he arrived in California, but this was foiled by introducing Mr. Sherwood into Mr. Walker's room disguised as a chambermaid.)

2. To sign a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were shipped into the Mayor's room in a box, spent a rip-roaring night signing contracts, and were sent out in laundry bags.)

3. To trick Seabury into doing something silly. (Seabury has long suspected that Walker has six million dollars which really belong to the city, and that he would try to make a getaway, disguised as a private citizen. Subpoenaed and brought back, the Mayor, the idea was, would prove himself innocent and thus humiliate and confound the Hofstadter Committee.)

4. To consult a famous psychiatrist in San Francisco. (The Mayor for a long time has been going crazy. He imagines he has sheep, for one thing, and he also thinks the island of Manhattan is going to slide into the ocean. The psychiatrist visited him several times, disguised as a Western Union messenger, but could do him no good, because Mr. Walker kept thinking the doctor was really a Western Union messenger.)

5. To establish, with the six million dollars he took from the city, a transcontinental plane-and-train transportation service in opposition to the one Lindbergh is associated with. (Walker and Lindbergh are at swords' points, owing to a mistake made by Hector Fuller, the city's official announcer, who, at an important reception, referred to the famous aviator as Colonel Ginsberg.)

6. To use his influence in getting the University of Southern California's football team not to defeat Notre Dame after this. (There is a nationwide sentimental feeling that Notre Dame, after all it has been through, should not be defeated. Besides, Mr. Walker has a joint chequing account with the Notre Dame athletic department.)

7. To pave the way for an appeal to President Hoover for the pardon of Al Capone. (Tammany and Capone had an agreement whereby the gangster was to mulct Brooklyn of millions of dollars and then be tried and sentenced by Tammany judges, only another man was to be sent to jail, disguised as Capone, and Capone was to go right on mulcting Brooklyn and giving Tammany a cut. Walker tried to get Laval to intercede with Hoover about Capone, when the French Premier came to New York, and this incensed Washington so that when Grandi neared New York, plans were made to whisk him right from the ship to Washington by plane, so that Walker couldn't get at him. Lindbergh agreed to fly the plane because of his feeling against Walker. The plane-whisking fell through because of a Tammany fog, but Grandi was whisked in a train.)

8. To try to get Mooney out of jail. (If there was anything to this, it was not because Walker was sincerely interested in getting Mooney out. They say that one night at a rip-roaring party in New York Walker had a talk with Greta Garbo and she said to him, "You are wan great actor; come to la California and get zees Mooney out," by which she meant that the Mayor should go into the movies and make a lot of "money" out of it.)

—JAMES THURBER

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THINGS I HAVE NEVER LIKED

I HAVE never liked glazed pillow-cases, oyster-shell flowers, jellied eels, or trained-animal acts.

I have never liked calves' brains, skating in Central Park, horehound lozenges, woollen underwear, wobbling doorknobs, and imitation fireplaces.

I have never liked silk shirts or union suits.

I have never liked post-office pens, shingle beaches, Gorgonzola cheese, rooms filled with rubber plants, or strawberry festivals.

I have never liked walrus mustachios or lawns sprinkled with iron deer.

I have never liked liqueur chocolates.

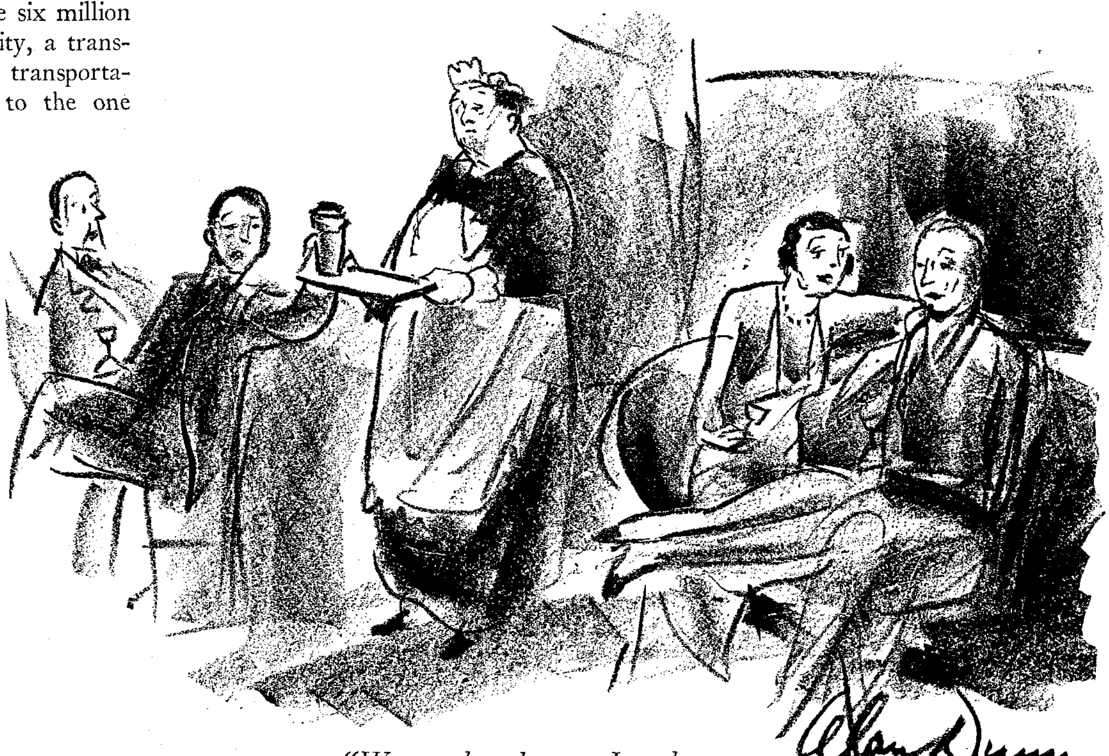
I have never liked open-faced restaurants, station waiting-rooms, or pocket pencil-sharpeners.

I have never liked aggressive women or men who take ice-cold showers and tell me how much better they feel for it.

I have never liked galoshes, horse-hair sofas, or tongue sandwiches.

I have never liked the music of compressed-air rivetting or the perfume of a brewery.

I have never liked the Smith brother on the right. —CHARLES G. SHAW



"We used to have a Jap, but you can't tell what they're thinking."

PROFILES

CON LENEZZA

Efrem Zimbalist

THE Zimbalist family is not so named because all its ancestors were musicians, and when anyone suggests that they were, Zimmie (he has no other name, to his intimates) answers: "God forbid!" At some early time, he supposes, the family lived in Hungary, where an innocent forebear, probably for lack of a better trade, played the gypsy *zymbal*, and so was invested with its name. Later the tribe migrated to the Ukraine, where Zimbalist was born in Rostov-on-the-Don, in 1889. The date was the twenty-third of April, Old Style. Computation by the Western calendar would change this somewhat legendary date, but computation being one of his abominations, Zimbalist has arbitrarily decided that the ninth of April is his birthday. He cannot remember when he first tackled a fiddle, but by the time he was six he was being given lessons by his father, Aaron Zimbalist, who conducted the town opera-house orchestra. At nine, Efrem's playing compared well with that of anyone else in Rostov.

During Efrem's ninth year, the city of Ekaterinodar in the Caucasus sent a delegation from its opera house to Rostov to recruit orchestra players. The list was complete, save for a first violin, when a Rostov man happened to observe that he knew a small boy who could fill the position. The Caucasians heard Efrem play and offered him a hundred rubles a month. He accepted, and ran away with them. He was not unhappy at home; there was plenty to eat and to wear; but even then he liked strange places. His family notified the police of his disappearance. Three days later his mother appeared at the Ekaterinodar opera house to find him, in short breeches and a checked woollen blouse (in whose elastic waistband he liked to hide apples and nuts), playing first fiddle in the orchestra and acting as second *Konzertmeister*. The conductor was delighted with his find, only complaining that Efrem memorized a whole opera after one rehearsal and wouldn't pay attention later, and also that he fell asleep after the first act every evening, and had to be waked with a rap on the head. Balanced between motherly outrage and parental pride, Maria Zimbalist allowed Efrem to keep his job for a month, after which she packed him home to his practicing and eight-o'clock bed.

When he was twelve, his mother took him to Petrograd to study with the late Leopold Auer, at the Imperial Conservatory. Those were "Professor's" halcyon years, when he was graciously indifferent to mediocre talents, and kept half the world's present fiddle virtuosi shaking in their shabby, buttoned shoes. His rages are musical history. Discipline was inflexible. Mathematics, languages, science, and history were required, as well as theory and harmony. Somehow, nobody told Zimbalist that he was supposed to play the piano, too; but during the final examinations, in his eighteenth year, they handed him a Beethoven sonata to be read at sight, in the presence of the whole faculty. He had never touched a piano except to get his "A." "I was skert to deat'," he says. He sat down, however, got his breath, played. When he finished he was told to close the book and repeat the whole sonata from memory; he did so. After a moment of silence the room broke unanimously into applause—an unheard-of demonstration. Zimbalist still has that strange instinct for instruments other than his own, and nobody has ever shown him a musical instrument that after a moment of concentrated examination he has not been able to play. Wind, string, percussion, or some obscure prehistoric object from Africa or the Orient—it is all one to him.

SOME concerts were arranged for him after he graduated from the Conservatory, and he arrived in Berlin for the first one. He went to buy strings and small supplies from Hammig, the famous dealer. He laid his own fiddle (the only one he had ever had) on the counter. Hammig looked it over.

"You playing here?"

"Yes."

"Play something now."

Zimbalist played a few bars on his instrument. Hammig stared.

"You can't play that thing in concert."

"I have no other."

"*Nun*," Hammig said, going to the safe, "you take this and play it tomorrow." He took out a Strad. The next day Zimbalist played on it; the Berlin début is fairly historic. The next day he brought the Strad back to Hammig.

"*So!*" the dealer said. "And you're playing in London?"

"Yes."

"But on what?"

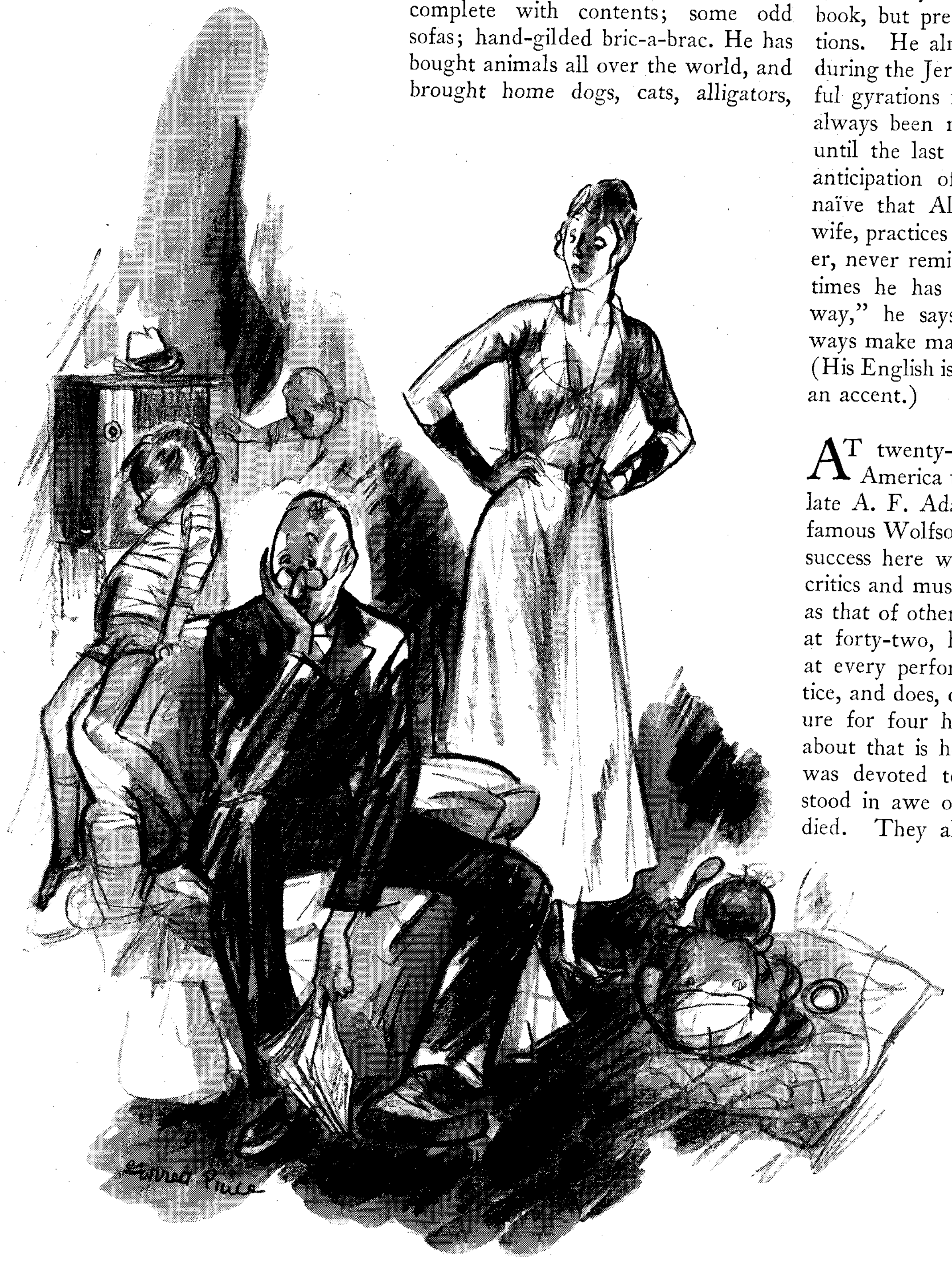
Zimbalist indicated his own violin.

"You keep my Strad for a while," Hammig growled. "You can't play that tin pan of yours in London."

So Zimbalist kept Hammig's Strad until after his London début, when Joseph Fels (the American soap millionaire and philanthropist) took him under his wing and gave him a Strad of his own. The Felses invited Zimbalist to their country place at Bickley for his first weekend in England. He went, and probably beat the all-time Russian record for overstaying—his visit lasted five years. Later he exchanged Mr. Fels' Strad for another, which he has since changed for the Lamoureux, the one he now plays in concert. He also has an aluminum violin, for practicing on long sea trips, when wooden fiddles become unglued; and in the tropics he travels with a brace and a gluing outfit in case of accident to his good violins. His Guadagnini was stolen in Los Angeles four years ago and returned through a Chicago dealer a year later. Zimbalist so honestly disliked publicity that he was greatly annoyed by the newspaper furor about his loss. At one time he had a dozen or more valuable violins, which he sold when some other form of collecting became more attractive. Hammig's wedding gift to him was an exact copy, six inches long, of tiny but beautifully clear tone, of the Strad Zimbalist was playing at the time. Zimbalist plays "Yankee

Doodle" and "Turkey in the Straw" on it.

ZIMMIE has a passion for bargains, and for collecting things, and for gambling, that has entertained his friends and harassed his family for seventeen years. He listens attentively to those who have anything—from antiques to gold-mine stock—to sell, punctuating their earnest sales talks with an awestruck "Naw!" His broad head comes forward on his shoulders and his usually placid blue eyes open excitedly. Once it was auctions, up and down Broadway and the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Most memorable of such trophies was "de iggle," an eagle, supposedly of ivory, with a wingspread of about six feet, which occupied a dark corner of the front hall for years, and shed its clattering feathers on the marble floor. Once he bestowed on his home, in one job lot, a fourteen-piece set of Victorian horsehair furniture; a bookcase eighteen feet long, with glass doors; half a dozen portraits (one he still thinks may be a Rubens); many square yards of Brussels carpet; a gingerbread curio cabinet complete with contents; some odd sofas; hand-gilded bric-a-brac. He has bought animals all over the world, and brought home dogs, cats, alligators, turtles, goldfish, a mean green parrot named Polly, who has lived mournfully in the dining-room for ten years, asking "What time is supper?" of anyone who would listen. Zimmie's other current pets are two dogs, two colonies of goldfish, and a canary. His collection of Japanese dolls and lacquer is distinguished, and his Chinese snuff-bottles are truly important. Most recently and most seriously, it is first editions. That started in Australia, where he picked up a few English items "cheap." Now there is nothing cheap about it at all. He will buy any valuable edition of any book, but prefers modern limited editions. He almost perished of emotion during the Jerome Kern sale. His wistful gyrations in the stock market had always been more funny than tragic, until the last two years. His radiant anticipation of the pot of gold is so naïve that Alma Gluck, his practical wife, practices true philosophy and never, never reminds him of the countless times he has been gypped. "Annyway," he says brightly, "I can ohlways make mahney playing de violin." (His English is perfect, but spoken with an accent.)



"If you don't quit your mooning, not another 'National Geographic' comes into this house."

AT twenty-two Zimbalist came to America under the auspices of the late A. F. Adams, owner of the then famous Wolfsohn Musical Bureau. His success here was solid; a success with critics and musicians, not so sensational as that of other young Russians. Now, at forty-two, he actually plays better at every performance. He can practice, and does, one phrase or one measure for four hours at a time. Only about that is he dead in earnest. He was devoted to Professor Auer, and stood in awe of him until the day he died. They always embraced in the good old Russian way, and Zimbalist went to "Professor" every once in a while to rehearse a program under those terrible eyes. Zimmie's modesty is evident when four friends come to his house to play quartets, and without being begged, he will play with them, anxiously asking the displaced first violin: "I did that right, you t'ink, Sascha?"

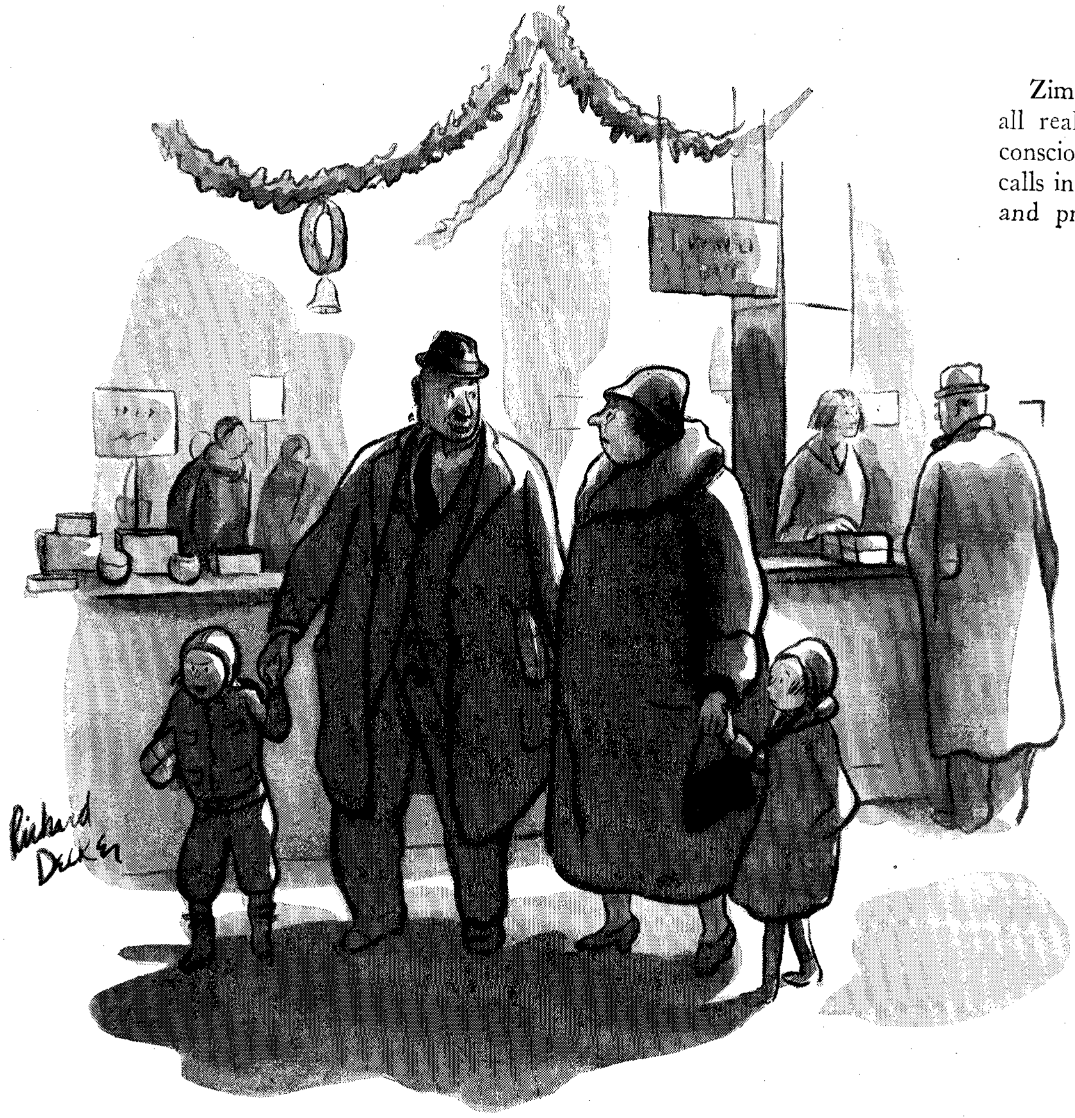
Zimbalist is as casually gay a companion as one could wish for. He likes good cigars, vintage wines (of which he has a delicate assortment), Chinese dressing-gowns, fine Japanese silk shirts. He wears good clothes, tailored in the European fashion, leaning to browns and blues, which are becoming to his crisp, curly brown hair, gray at the temples, and his blue eyes under scrubby blond eyebrows. He wears handsome jewelry, sparingly, and buys precious jades for his wife. He likes to eat in "dose leetle places" if he must go out; but occasionally "I feel like sahmt'ing nice tonight." Then Sherrys is in order. He likes his home best of all, is a radiant and convincing host. A winter evening at his New York house in Turtle Bay may begin with two hours of chamber music and the Bach double concerto, and end at dawn over a table-stakes poker game in the dining-room. A summer morning at Fishers Island starts with five hours of earnest practicing, when he walks, literally, miles on his studio floor, and ends in a luncheon-table wrangle over brassies and bluefish.

Zimbalist has always loathed sports and physical exercise, but a few seasons ago the golf virus in the air was too much for him. Half-sheepishly, and timidly because he can do nothing that would hurt or harden his hands, he slipped off to the clubhouse and started in on golf with a brassie and a putter. He used no other clubs; called all irons "dose t'ings." He swore that he considered golf nothing but exercise and a pleasant way of being out in the air. Inevitably, though, the day came when he drove home from the club with a brown canvas bag weighing forty pounds, heavily strapped with pigskin, covered with pockets and padlocks, complete with every known club, a raincoat, and an umbrella. Now if you are nearby in the summer, you will see him, his broad, homely, gentle face furrowed with concentration, dressed in baggy gray-flannel slacks, a white negligee shirt, gloves, brown sneakers, and a dollar-fifty soft straw hat, moving solemnly up the ninth fairway with his peculiar, springy step. He will be followed by a prancing, yapping black toy terrier, and by a weary caddie with the famous bag of clubs. He will be adding up a neat, truthful score, whose very best record on a hole is seven. And he will be alone. Competition takes all the pleasure out of golf for him, and he will play with nobody. Nothing upsets him so much as seeing people lose their tempers.

ZIMBALIST met Alma Gluck in 1911, on a ferryboat on the way to East Orange. From that moment he followed her back and forth to Europe a dozen times, pressing his suit unsuccessfully, since she felt that his being younger than she was unbecoming. Once during his discouraging courtship he travelled from Petrograd to New York to spend one day with her, and returned immediately for a concert in Russia. After they were finally married in London, in June, 1914, she made him smoke a pipe in an effort to increase his apparent years and dignity. For their honeymoon (on which they were accompanied as a matter of course by a lady, who as the bride's most intimate friend had always travelled with her), Zimbalist took an apartment at Richmond. The party of three arrived after the wedding to find the rooms piled to the ceilings with boxes and crates. In those days he bought presents by cubic measure; a gift must be of maximum size to convey anything. Among his wedding offerings was a huge cowhide suitcase fitted with so much crystal and gold that no woman could lift it. The bride owned sixteen suitcases already. Here also was a photographer's camera with tripod, plates, black cloth, and developing apparatus. This machine required the attention of two experts in order to be moved and used. After a proper interval of tactful admiration, Mrs. Zimbalist went to the Eastman shop in London, where she found that her husband had paid one hundred and twenty-three pounds for the outfit. With difficulty she had it credited, taking in exchange numerous smaller cameras, which she gave away to her friends. She sent films from all her travels back to London to be developed. She told people to use her account at the shop. She still,

Alice Harvey

"The Brandts were certainly hit. They had to sublet the top of their duplex and hide the stairs behind potted palms."



"How would you like a new washboard?"

• •

after seventeen years, has a credit balance with the Eastman store in London. One camera went along on the subsequent trip to Switzerland, where the bride and groom were caught at the outbreak of the war. At the French frontier they were separated to be searched. Zimbalist spoke nothing but Russian and German. When his wife returned from her trials, she found him, red in the face, trying to explain the camera to the French police.

"Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est, Monsieur?" the Frenchman was snapping impatiently. *"Qu'avez-vous là?"*

"Ein Apparat," Zimbalist pleaded, holding out his hands. *"Nimm es. Ich will es nicht. Es ist nur ein Apparat!"*

The *Apparat* nearly interned him for the whole war.

WHEN Zimbalist's daughter, Maria Virginia, was born in 1915, and he had to drive fifty miles to fetch the doctor, he distractedly allowed the collie puppy to go along in the motor; it was car-sick and had to be tended every few miles. When his son, Efrem, Jr., was born in 1918, Zimbalist was away in Chicago. "Some deeference," he observed appreciatively. He is a lenient father. Neither of his children will be a musician, though Efrem, Jr., showed talent early and was put under the father of Jascha Heifetz to study the violin. But when the moment came for choosing between a career for the boy, with its long hours of practicing, lonely tutoring, and no fun, and St. Paul's School, with football, friends, and Yale in the offing, Zimbalist decided for the latter. He has a streak of sympathy for men of affairs which shows him all the disadvantages of a musical career for an American boy. And Zimbalist is an American, a citizen; and will live nowhere else, since he says all the world's best music is now to be found here, and he believes he should spend his money where he makes it.

Zimbalist has an open mind toward all real art, but has no use for self-conscious artistic "movements." He calls interpretive dancers "demn fools" and practically all extremists among modern composers "jackasses." He thinks George Gershwin more worth-while than any other modern on an orchestra program, and Rimsky-Korsakoff is among his gods. His own career is far from static; it is gradually moving from the interpretive to the creative. His compositions include short violin suites, songs written for his wife, the Sonata in G, and two works that are having their premières in New York this winter. One is a tone-poem titled "Daphnis and Chloë," which Stokowski is playing both here and in Philadelphia, and the other is a string quartet which the Musical Art Quartet will play for the first time. He composes slowly and with extreme pains, and works in the strictest scholarly tradition. But he also has a decided flair for light opera, and wrote "Honeydew," which ran the season of 1920-1921 on Broadway. He spends much of the year on tour, and has made four trips to Japan, where he is the most popular Western musician. In addition to his other work, he teaches ten hours a week at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, and there he is uncompromisingly strict; one lapse condemns a pupil for good.

At his current recital, the first of the season, Zimbalist will play only Bach and Paganini. These are Scylla and Charybdis of the violin; the program, concluding with the Moto Perpetuo, is something very few fiddlers have ever cared to try. Now that he has been in America twenty years, Zimbalist's playing suggests an estimate of his position among violinists. In this estimate, one is naturally guided by the man's own conception of musicianship. He has a philosophical grasp of the purpose and the effect of music; so he plays with an evident sincerity that precludes personal temperament and spectacular effects. Kreisler and Heifetz have the same approach to the violin, but Kreisler rather through emotion and Heifetz through technique. Zimbalist is the artistic compromise. —MARCIA DAVENPORT

REFLECTION BECOMES THE MORNING AFTER "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Eugene G. O'Neill
  Writes a great, great deal.
Eugene G. O'Neill
  Disrupts the evening meal.
Eugene G. O'Neill,
  Tart as lemon peel,
  Sad as cold boiled veal,
  Weighing woe and weal,
  What anguish he must feel!
Eugene G. O'Neill,
  Slightly off his keel
  With sombre, Freudian zeal,
  Makes the blood congeal,
    the senses reel.
Eugene G. O'Neill
  Probes with bitter steel
  Wounds that none may heal.
Three ouches and a squeal
  For Eugene G. O'Neill!

—Arthur Guiterman

HARK! HARK! THE TURNCOATS

[An Open Letter to the Association of National Advertisers]

Gentlemen:

THIS morning's paper says you are getting behind a nationwide campaign to abolish fear. If that is the case, you are a bunch of old turncoats. Who started the idea of American fear, anyway, if it wasn't you? Who frightened me into thinking I had bad breath? Who scared me into supposing I was intestinally sick, almost dead? Who made me feel socially inferior? Who roused in me the fear that I was perspiring at a dance? Who kept telling me my flat silver wasn't of the correct design, and that my automobile would skid into another car at any minute, and that my throat was being burned by smoking the wrong brand of cigarettes, and that my gums were receding into my poor, thick head? Gentlemen, I am asking!

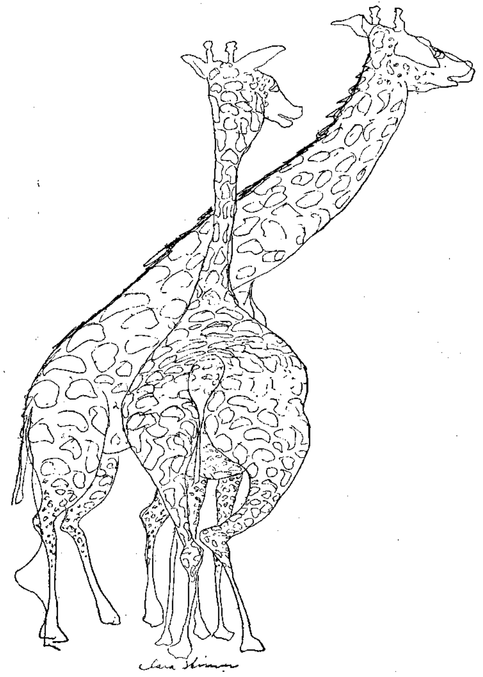
It has taken you years to build up in me my fears; you mustn't flatter yourselves that you can break them down overnight—my fears aren't so easily abolished, they are made of sterner stuff. I am not just a tiny bit frightened, I am scared stiff. So you see you have made your bed, and now you'll have to lie in it, gentlemen. And if you roll and toss all night long, that's all right with me.

It is part of your plan, I see by the paper, to restore "normal spending habits." Gentlemen, I am laughing. You have no notion of what my normal spending habits are, and what's more I don't believe you want to know. If you knew, it would scare you. You don't want to restore *my* normal spending habits, you want to restore *your* conception of my normal spending habits. In other words, you want to abolish my fears temporarily, until you can get round to selling me another mother-of-pearl garbage can for my kitchen. Well, my hearties, I'm scared and I'm staying scared!

Strangely enough, gentlemen, in the pleasant rigor of the past two or three years, I have had an opportunity to orient myself to what are called hard times, and to examine the standards of living to which people have been subjected by reason of their financial inability to respond to certain kinds of advertising. I have found a stimulus in this new and solemn condition, and I have had a little time for quiet thinking because instead of being out buying something every minute I was home indulging in the more monastic pleasures of the non-purchaser. Gentlemen, it was great. In this state of tranquillity, too, I formed friendships with some of the most thoroughly frightened consumers in America—people who had been reduced, through the golden age of buying, to a condition of sanitary misery, or shall I say dismal elegance? These people (some of the nicest folks in the world, at heart) feel exactly the way I do about abolishing fear: they are perfectly willing to have it abolished, but they don't want any advertising men doing it. They feel you aren't the type.

Gentlemen, this has turned into quite a long letter, but I regard you as the daddies of American timidity, and I thought I had better warn you not to try to abolish any fears of mine. I know, from reading your stuff, just how unfortunate, dumb, bleak, and sick I am. My spirit, gentlemen, is broken.

—E. B. W.



THE TREND TO MORALITY

Evidence of a Wave of International Righteousness

The Locale	The Wave
Mishima, Japan	The police ordered all waitresses to wear skirts extending at least four inches below the knee
Istanbul, Turkey	A new law threatens newspaper editors with jail sentences if they embellish reports of divorce proceedings with lurid details
Cassino, Italy	Outraged peasants drove away the members of a fashionable nudist colony established in their vicinity
Nanking, China	President Chiang Kai-shek has formed an Officers' Moral Endeavor Association to fight tobacco
Addis Ababa, Abyssinia	The Emperor is personally conducting a campaign against the cabaret life of the capital
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Fifty elderly ladies have sworn to stop "powdering and painting the face, waving the hair, and wearing dresses with short sleeves"

—W. E. Farbstein

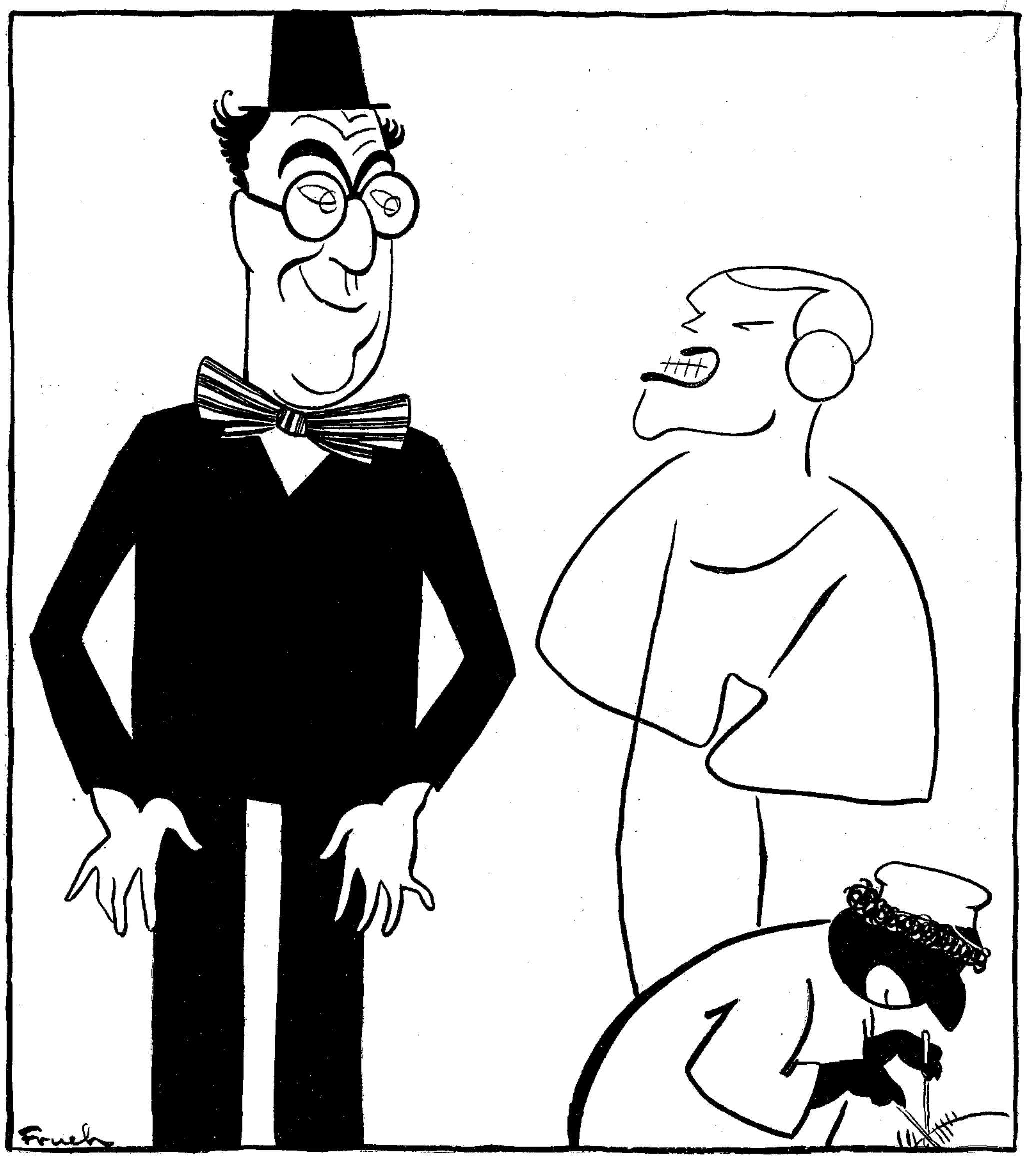
THE THEATRE

AH, BUDAPEST!

HAVING elected to write about a good fairy who enjoys bringing happiness to others, Mr. Molnár took the curse off the idea by making his fairy slightly nutty. Right there, probably, is the difference between a good idea for a play and a bum one. Christian deeds that are backed by Christian virtue are dull; but when they arise from a sort of instability of the feminine mind, they are apt to be awfully amusing. Helen Hayes caught on to this idea right away, and the result is a mad, merry comedy at the Henry Miller Theatre, called, simply enough, "The Good Fairy."

For three acts it coasts along pleasantly on the edge of fantasy, slipping frequently into the more actual aspects of Budapest life—an odd, crisp play beautifully acted by Miss Hayes and Walter Connolly and half a dozen other capable people. It begins romantically, in a Budapest hotel, with a little movie usher dining with an American businessman. It ends sentimentally, with a dingy old lawyer saying goodbye to a pencil-sharpener—yes, I said a pencil-sharpener! In between are all manner of curiously diverting experiences, mostly arising from the heroine's whimsical devotion to the aesthetics of what she describes as her "eventual surrender." She fully intends to surrender to the rich president of the corporation (Evelyn Roberts) but when he offers her the customary jewels and furs, she refuses. The frantic gentleman then makes a counter-offer: he proposes to give her husband a fine job as lawyer for his firm. Not actually possessed of a husband, Lu stealthily picks one out of the telephone book for the fun of doing somebody a good turn, and that is where the complications develop. It is also where Mr. Molnár gives his good fairy the run-around, shelving her in favor of the more tangible old lawyer, the object of her beneficence.

There are many lovely things one remembers from the performance: Lu announcing that she never makes a mistake because she never thinks, Lu telling her bewildered, temporary husband that she frequently takes off her dress just to make people happy ("I have a nice little figure"), Lu and her near-husband setting their watches so that he can think of her at 11:30, the hour of her surrender. Miss Hayes, through all this birdlike business, is at her most enchanting—which is saying a good deal. There are good performances by Paul McGrath as a suave waiter, and by Ruth Hammond as a spinsterish law clerk. There is, I am sorry to relate, a smart epilogue showing us members of the audience that we were just a bunch of gullible fools through it all.



"THE LAUGH PARADE"

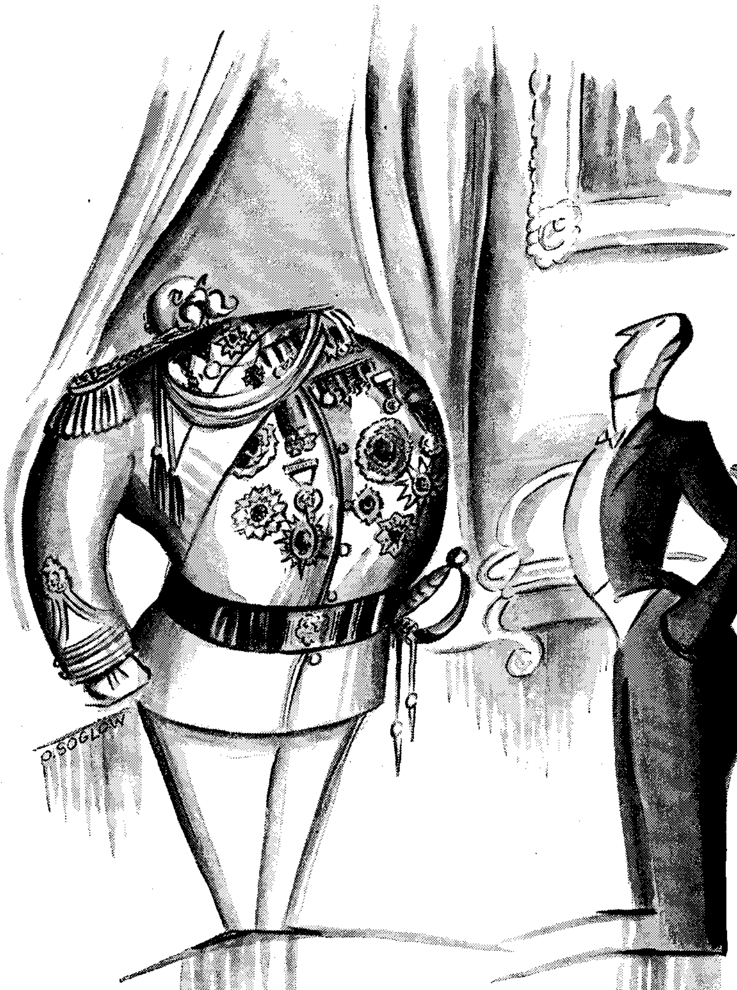
Line of march of "The Laugh Parade," which starts at the Imperial every night, is as follows: Ed Wynn, Head Man; Jeanne Aubert, and, in the corner, Jack Powell.

THERE came to town last week, in a high state of confusion, a mystery play called "In Times Square." It was, to me, an ineffably mysterious piece of work—inasmuch as I didn't understand a word of it. It concerned a group of actors who were rehearsing a play, an endeavor in which they were immensely handicapped by the fact that the play they were rehearsing was actually happening all around them. When one of them spoke a line, he had no means of knowing whether he was really saying it or just pretending to say it. Neither had I. When, for example, a dope peddler named Cokey Davis was shot and placed in a trunk, there was no telling whether it was Cokey Davis or Cokey Davis *within* Cokey Davis. Every character had a sort of hard-earned ambiguity; every emotion had the taint of duality. It was no fun for anybody, and must have been awful for the authors, Dodson L. Mitchell and Clyde North. My taste in mystery plays is not what you would call jaded; pistol shots that would bring only yawns to some people find me clinging wild-eyed to my chair; yet I am forced to report a dulling of the senses at the continuous sound of pistol fire *within* pistol fire. Unless you are shooting at a kangaroo, there is no sense to it. The play contained, in addition to its co-author Mr. Mitchell, Reginald Mason, Frank Shannon, Walter Greaza, Barry Macollum, and was presented at the Stuyvesant Theatre within the Longacre Theatre. It was not very interesting—too tangled.

THERE was a glut of plays about actors last week. Somehow, an actor never has a better time than when portraying an actor. "Miss Gulliver Travels," at the Hudson, was a sentimental comedy about a troupe of players, distinctly Early American. It was richly entertaining—had everything, in fact. Had a live pig right on the stage, wee wee wee; faith it had Irish dialect; had a Kayntucky senatuh, suh, named Breckenridge; and ooo-loo-loo, it had an Indian. Mainly it had a kind of chronic vivacity: a troupe of wandering players wandering in 1811, vivaciously westward through unsettled country, beset by Indians—or rather, beset by *an* Indian. Yellow fever finally turned them back after quinsy sore-throat had failed, the hero and heroine became separated for four years (giving this country a chance to fight the War of 1812) and were reunited in Washington, D. C., when they discovered themselves pinch-hitting in a production of "Romeo and Juliet." President Madison was in the audience, but he didn't see much if you ask me.

ON the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, always the most lonely afternoon of the entire year, I wandered up to the Avon Theatre to watch Cornelia Otis Skinner, acting by her wild, wild lone. She was impersonating, single-handed, the wives of Henry VIII—doing it with great sympathy and skill. Henry, if you recall, had six wives. Two he divorced, two he beheaded, one died from childbirth, one outlived him. Miss Skinner, choosing sharp moments in each of these six lives, presents them chronologically. In this sustained and handsome pageant of wives, she is somewhat more effective than that dean of soloists, Miss Ruth Draper, because there is a continuity to the thing that relieves the inevitable thinness of a one-man show. Her costumes were stunning, and her interpretations—in particular Catherine of Aragon and Anne of Cleves—were breathlessly interesting even on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Miss Skinner gave, also, some other sketches. In these she was more the complacent Bryn Mawr girl, whose talents would have showed up better in a drawing-room than on a big stage. Ever since Miss Lillie impudently burlesqued one of Draper's sketches by seizing a telephone and shouting: "Yes, this is a railroad station on the western plains," I have been temperamentally unfitted for appreciating character sketches, even good ones. —E. B. W.



"I suppose you've been in some tight places, General."

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SIMPLE LINES FROM AN AMERICAN IN BAGDAD

Of all hates great and small that run
The world around, and fill life full,
Dividing me from string beans and
The red cloak from the angry bull,
Causing the rift twixt Pope and State,
Twixt elder sister and small brother,
None flames to rank beside the scorn
Of one world tourist for another.

—ALESSIA

NEW . . . AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT KIND OF WRITING MACHINE

THE
Sterling Model
SMITH-CORONA

STERLING in design . . . beautiful, compact, light . . . A "portable" in weight and convenience.

STERLING in action . . . smooth, rapid . . . as sturdy as machines built for professional use.

STERLING in construction . . . watchmaker precision, guaranteed to the last tiny rivet.

A truly thoroughbred writing machine . . . for personal or business use.

This Sterling Silver Medallion guarantees every machine

A NEW STANDARD OF FINENESS IN TYPEWRITERS . . . THE "STERLING" MODEL SMITH-CORONA

SWEPT away are all previous conceptions of necessary weight and bulk. For the first time scientific balance gives solidity . . . skillful designing provides complete roominess in compact size.

Sit down to a new Smith-Corona and find the responsiveness, the smoothness of the best of the large machines. Yet pick it up—and your hands tell you it's a "portable."

Professional typists set the standards to which the new Smith-Corona is built.

A truly universal typewriter. For office use—speed—accuracy—convenience and dependable ruggedness to stand years of grueling service. Not one feature has been sacrificed—not one convenience skimped to save weight.

But for personal use, combining unexcelled performance with lightness and ready portability, the Smith-Corona has no equal in the world.

Easiest of all typewriters to operate.

Every control thoughtfully placed for most natural, instinctive motions. An entirely new noiseless segment shift, together with "piano key" action, permit hour after hour use without effort.

Every feature reflecting the combined skill and experience of L C Smith and Corona designers. Tabulator, of course—for business use. With traveling case, priced at only $65.00.

WE INVITE YOU *to try the new Smith-Corona for a week in your home or office. You will find your local dealer listed under "Corona" in the classified telephone directory. Or send coupon for more complete description.*

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
Dept. 41-L, 51 Madison Avenue, New York

☐ Send complete information about the new "Sterling Model" Smith-Corona.

☐ Quote allowance on my ______
typewriter Serial No. ______

Name ______

Address ______

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

TRAVELOGUE

ON that grotesque episode of the Nineteenth Century wherein Napoleon III backed the project of shipping a bewhiskered Hapsburg across the sea to rule the Mexicans, Philip Guedalla made this comment:—

> The Emperor had once stayed at the Washington Hotel, Broadway, and he suffered for thirty years from the hallucination that he understood America.

Guedalla might have added, I suspect, that all those around the Emperor shared the same hallucination, questioning him respectfully about the siege of Richmond, and asking his real opinion about this fellow Lincoln. At least I deduce as much from my own experience. For all those among my neighbors who happen to know that only this year I spent the month of May idling in Peking now consult me anxiously about the inner significance of the hostilities around Mukden, and even seem to think that I ought to know how to pronounce Tsitsihar. I should like to point out here that I know no more about it than they do and that even if I were shaking dice for the drinks in the bar of the Peking Club today, I would know little if anything more than I do now. Indeed, I darkly suspect that the correspondents are not in much better case.

IN which connection let me tell a story. It deals with the legend-laden sepulture of little old Tzŭ Hsi, who, full of years and mischief, was summoned to join her ancestors in the fall of 1908, and by her going rang down the curtain on the China that used to be. A year later, a hundred and twenty bearers, followed by a mighty procession of Manchu princes, Lama dignitaries, soldiers, eunuchs, and the like, carried the catafalque from the Forbidden City to her final resting place in the vast tomb which waited in the pine-forest some four days' camel-journey from Peking. They said no empress had been buried with such pomp and circumstance in more than a thousand years—not, indeed, since the funeral of the Empress Wu, hundreds of whose attendants were sealed up alive in her mausoleum as an expression (not optional, I understand) of their seemly grief at her passing.

If *you* have read that profoundly beautiful novel, "The Good Earth"—to those who have not, I can suggest only that they might learn more about China from it than by reading all the news ever cabled from the Treaty Ports—you will recall how the farmer cheered up his dying father by bringing to his bedside the fine coffin in which the old man was soon to be devoutly laid away. Well, the Dowager Empress was no less interested in the tomb that was prepared for herself, spending millions of taels on its embellishment, and making sundry visits to check up on its defenses. Once, shortly before the Boxer uprising, she had it rebuilt because the teak pillars were not massive enough to reassure her. Only last spring the architect's model for it, which she finally approved, came to light in a dusky corner of the Forbidden City. When that model was new, someone said that it would take a regiment and some dynamite to violate the tomb it foreshadowed. Now it seems that a few years ago, the whirligig of time brought just that—a regiment with dynamite—along the road.

FOR several years past, there have been tall tales about the rifled tomb—the walls blasted open, the little body found tossed to one side, the last couch gouged of its encrusting jewels, the pillow of jade the size of a watermelon gone. Gone her golden incense burners. Gone the enormous ruby which sealed the old lips. At one dinner you will hear some long-established hostess of the legation quarter tell of the time when a merchant knocked at her door at midnight offering for sale a robe she instantly recognized as the one in which the Dowager Empress had been buried. There was none other like it in the world. When she said as much, the merchant fainted at her feet. Another legation gossip will whisper to you that the pretty young wife of one of the new men in the Nanking Government is wearing now the chain of pearls which Tzŭ Hsi wore to her grave. And you will hear of the frightened collector in New York who has the watermelon jade, but, lest he be seized as a receiver of stolen goods and a violator of our customs, dares not show it to a living soul.

Wherefore, at a luncheon in Peking which happened to be attended by several correspondents, I asked some idly speculative questions. Was it all true? Was any of it true? Had the tomb been rifled at all? After a pause, they one and all agreed that they did not know. The London *Times* man did not know. Neither did the Manchester *Guardian* man. But had they cabled the story when it was new? Why yes, of course. Indeed, they dug up their scrapbooks to show it to me. You see, they had sent it as a rumor. Nothing more definite was possible at the time. And later? In the interval, had anyone checked up? No, it seems not. Why, it would have meant two weeks away from the cables, two weeks of camel riding through a wilderness from which, thanks to the bandits, they would quite possibly not have come back at all. Nor could they pick up verification from among their Chinese friends, for the natives would only be puzzled at our insatiable curiosity about mere current events.

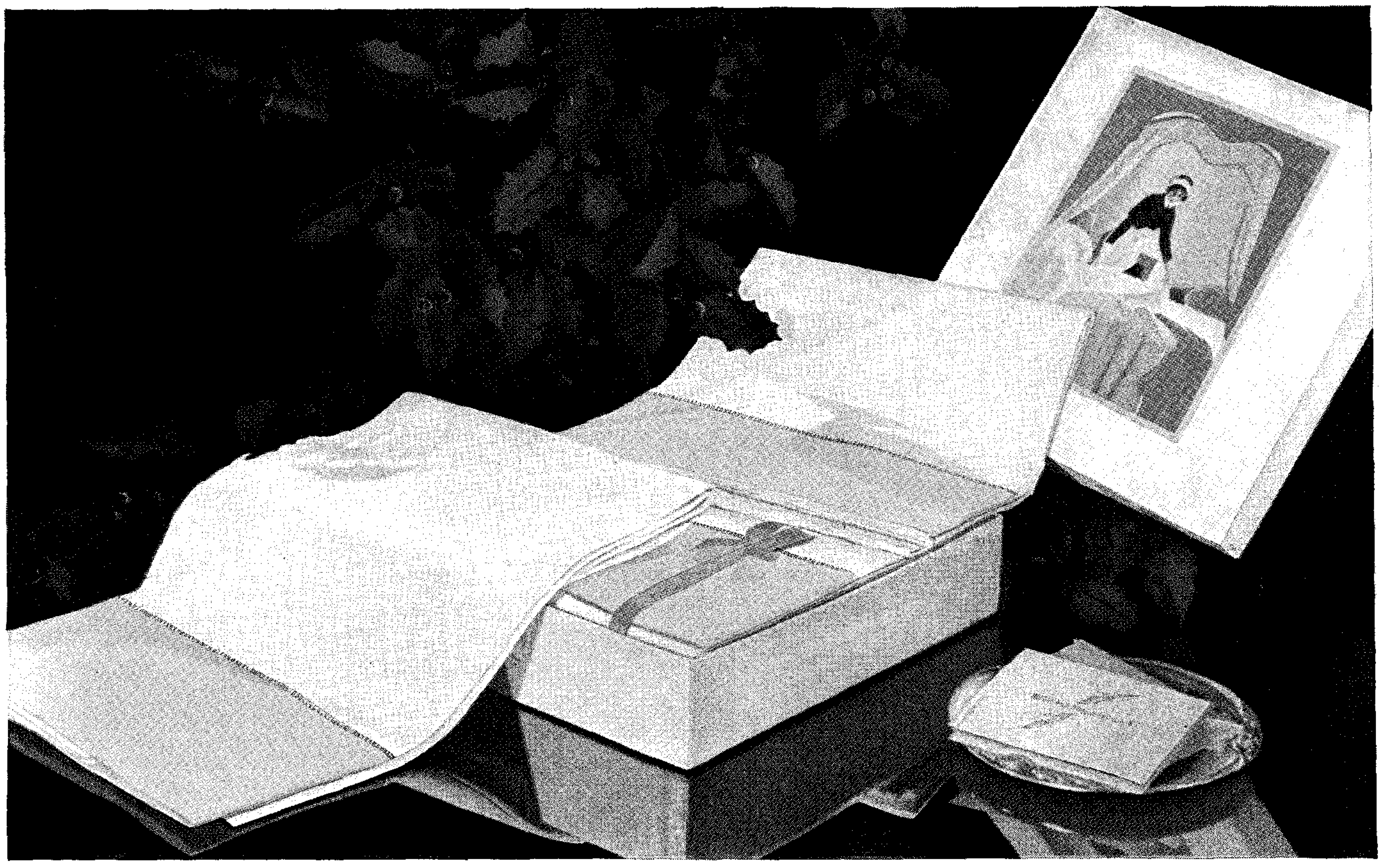
I AM just trying, in my roundabout way, to suggest that the news from the Far East which we get at our breakfast tables is inevitably written by men who do not know what they are talking about, and I am trying to stifle a fear that the news Mr. Stimson gets at his office is not much more reliable. There is small comfort in the old saying that what we don't know won't hurt us. You see, it does not happen to be true.

In such a journalistic plight as thus confronts the Western world, we ink-stained wretches who need only write little essays and make little jokes must look on from the sidelines, perhaps whiling away the time by speculating idly on the feasibility—surely no one would be dull enough to think me disrespectful to the memory of the only woman who ever called me a dear, mad fellow—on the feasibility, I say, of referring to this Chinese general's troops as Ma janissaries.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WAMSUTTA BOXED SETS

At the Lowest Prices in 14 Years



THE new reduced prices of Wamsutta sheets and pillow cases enable you to buy these lovely boxed gift sets for less than at any time in the last fourteen years.

Wamsutta Christmas sets are made up for single and double beds in several different combinations of sheets and pillow cases . . . and in pairs of pillow cases as well. You can have your choice of seven soft pastel shades either in solid colors or colored hems . . . or in plain white, of course.

Your favorite department store will show you these sets in beautiful, dignified gift boxes all ready for wrapping. You probably won't remember ever having bought genuine Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases at such low prices.

In colors as well as superlative quality you will find that Wamsutta sheets and pillow cases are perfectly matched with the newest styles and shades of North Star Blankets.

* * * *

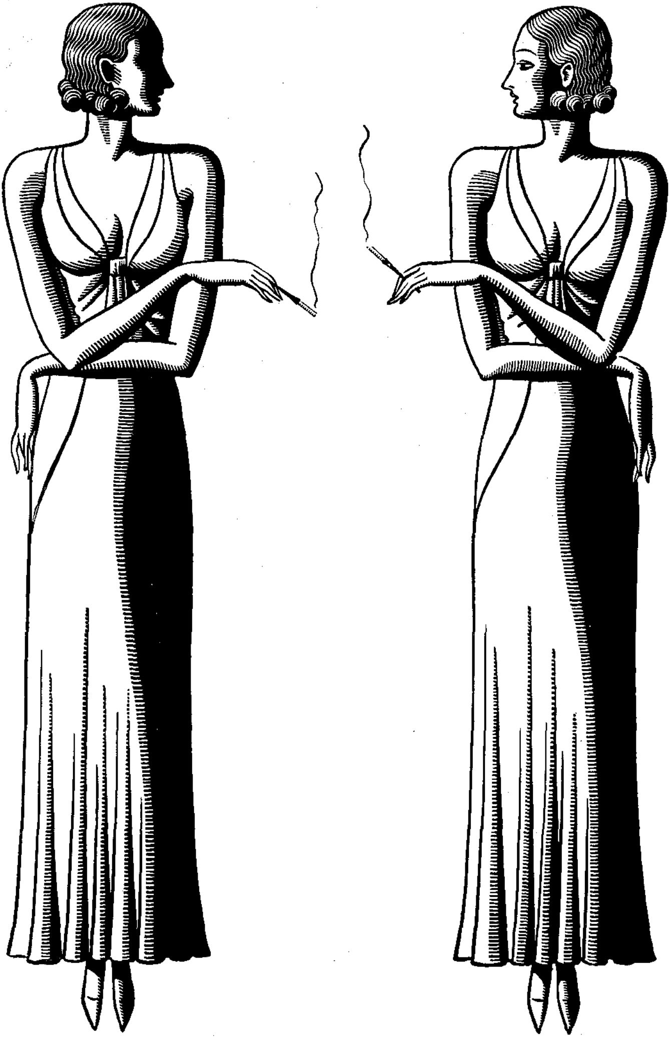
And, by the way, you will find the new Wamsutta shirts and pajamas a source of inspiration for your selection of gifts for men. If the same department store hasn't them in stock . . . may we suggest that you still have time to write to Wilson Brothers, in Chicago, for the name of the nearest store that *has.*

WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Mass.
NEW YORK SALES OFFICE, 180 Madison Ave.

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA PERCALE SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

"Bond Street, you know . . . with that extra-dividend look"

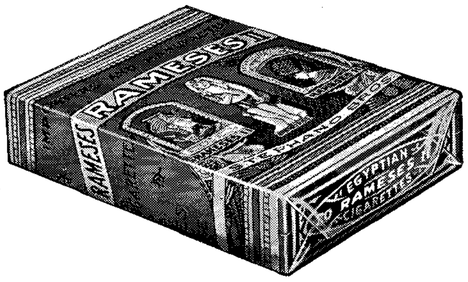


"Oh, he was perfect! The kind you read about in a book when they start the description with—'He opened a box of Rameses' . . . Everybody's just crazy about him. He was a little late but he probably just finished a merger or two. At least I wouldn't be surprised—for when he's around I feel in a merging mood myself." Just one statement will explain why Rameses is the choice of cigarette connoisseurs everywhere! The tobacco alone in *one* Rameses cigarette costs more than that used in *five* cigarettes of ordinary manufacture. So, when you are offered a Rameses you are five times favored . . . If you enjoy the good things in life don't deny yourself the pleasure of Rameses. Stephano Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

TUNE IN WJZ . . . 6:15 P. M. EVERY TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

RAMESES II

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES



10 Cigarettes for 20 Cents

20 Cigarettes for 35 Cents

STEPHANO BROTHERS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LOAVES AND FISHES?

IT is a foggy night, and a yellow light streams through the screen door. The door swings open, and a skirted figure bounds down the steps and runs toward the whitewashed picket fence in front of the house. Then out of the door come more women, twenty, thirty, hastening down the steps and into the yard. Their faces are shining. As they gather by the fence, they nod and smile at one another and repeat over and over again in a bubbling coo: "It's wonderful! . . . Isn't it wonderful! . . . Ohhhh, ain't it wonderful! . . . Peace! . . . Peace! . . . Ohhhh, peace! . . . Isn't it wonderful!"

Then they all walk off into the fog, singing in unison a song vaguely reminiscent of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The words have to do with Concentrated Power: "Da, da, da, da, dum, da, dum, and Concentrated Power, Concentrated Power, Concentrated Power." The singers, after a few bars, take up parts of the melody, which floats back through the night. About a quarter of the women and a few of the men are white.

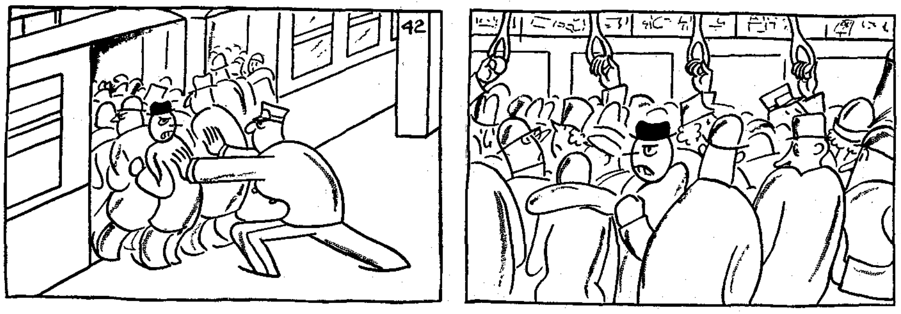
The house they have just left is at 72 Macon Street, Sayville, Long Island. The Suffolk County newspapers refer to it as "the Rev. Major J. Divine's so-called 'Heaven'" and recently it has become the focal point of public indignation.

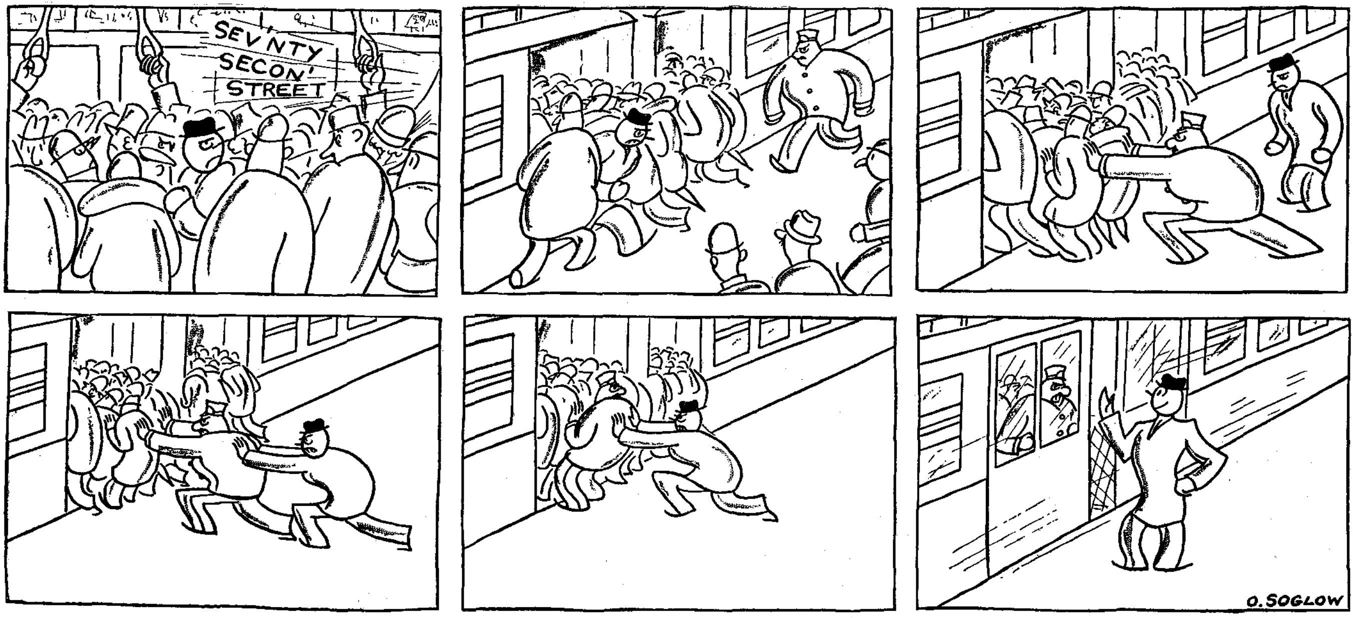
THE Rev. Divine, an elderly Negro, arrived in Sayville from the South twelve years ago. He opened a free employment bureau and found jobs for both black and white. Ten years ago he bought the eight-room frame house at 72 Macon Street and began to take in the destitute and to feed and clothe them. Most of those who applied to him were women of his own race, although no discrimination was made against sex or color.

His charities increased. He built a large addition to the house and then another; now it contains thirty rooms. He purchased the house adjoining and one across the street. Finally he achieved what the anti-Divineards in Sayville call "a carriage trade." On Sundays sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty automobiles and half a dozen motor buses were drawn up in front of his houses, choking traffic in the little street and necessitating the presence of the village's entire police force. A thirty-minute parking ordinance was spitefully passed by the Board of Supervisors. Divine replied by turning all the land surrounding his three houses into a free parking space. Literally thousands of persons continued to visit him every week.

Every day at 72 Macon Street four and sometimes as many as six meals are served, to each of which fifty persons sit down. Thirty-five sit at the main table and three side tables each have room for five. Chicken, turkey, duck, pork chops, beef, various vegetables—all beautifully cooked—ice cream, and watermelon in season, are served and consumed in vast quantities. For the past three years, the Rev. Divine has been feeding and clothing at least a hundred persons the year round. Estimated at the absolute minimum of one dollar a head a day, this amounts to thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars annually.

The Rev. Divine, whom his followers invariably address as "Father," is a thin little man, less than five feet tall. He is bald, black-mustached, doe-eyed, and dark-complexioned. He wears double-breasted blue suits, tan shoes, bright neckties, usually set off with a pearl stickpin, and shirts with the kind of collar known as "Barrymore." In his left lapel is always a round gold button. His voice is high and soft in ordinary conversation, but capable of great power and emotion. His speech is fast and twittering. He refuses to tell his age; but although





"I'm over

MARY BOLAND, who looks under 30, declares she is over 40 years old! This lovely actress, who numbered among her early Broadway successes such hits as *Strongheart,* starred last season in *The Vinegar Tree.* Still radiantly youthful as this recent photograph shows, Mary Boland says: "There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. A skin aglow with youth never fails to win hearts!"

Lux

40!" *says*

MARY BOLAND

Famous stage beauty tells how you, too, may keep Youthful Allure

"I DON'T mind admitting it in the least," says Mary Boland, beloved stage star. "I'm over forty years old!

"There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. Any woman who really wants to can keep the radiant charm of youth right through the years.

"We on the stage have proved it. Our thirties—forties—even fifties!—have no terrors for us.

"There's no magic about it, though. It's just a matter of realizing the importance of *complexion care*. A skin radiantly aglow with youth has irresistible appeal—never fails to win hearts!

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin youthful. Its lather is so gentle and soothing and it does leave one's skin remarkably smooth."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard Complexion Beauty

Mary Boland is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important screen actresses (including all stars) 605 use it regularly. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care!

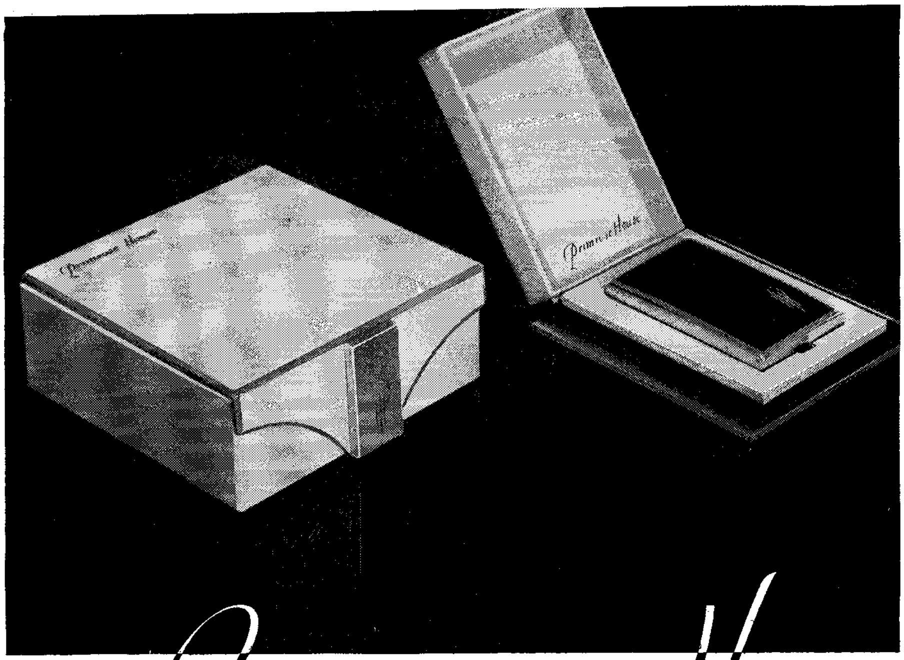
Toilet Soap—10¢

A very famous powder in these lovely gift boxes

What gift could be more welcome than one to enhance feminine loveliness . . . and here are two exquisite offerings of Primrose House.

One, a box of Primrose Chiffon Powder... graceful and luxurious, in pale lemon and silver... Chiffon is the powder that more than any other perfectly complements today's mode of elegance... that gives allure and delicate finish to every complexion. The price is $3.

The other, a compact... slim, sophisticated, monogrammed . . . that looks as if an exclusive jeweler had fashioned it . . . a lovely accessory, in black and silver, that lends distinction to every costume. It comes in a charming gift box. In triple, double or single size, $2.50, $2.00, and $1.50, respectively.



Primrose House
595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

he looks to be in his late forties or early fifties, he is actually well into the sixties, for he left Baltimore in the late seventies to take up evangelical work in the South. His wife, Penniniah, a tall, golden-skinned, elderly woman, is called "Mother" Divine by the faithful.

IT is ten o'clock on a Sunday morning. Macon Street and the big yard at No. 72 are filled with Negroes of all shades and ages—toothless mammies and bright young bucks, serious-visaged West Indians and gay high yallers. There are white people, too, mostly women with that strange, slightly ecstatic look in their eyes which one sees in lady lecturers on Faith Healing, New Thought, Unity, and other forms of spiritual expression. There are a few young white men. They look eager and have wavy hair. White and black couples stroll arm in arm among the parked cars. A woebegone man, the color of the late Battling Siki, chats with an old white woman, whose wrinkled neck is swathed in scarves. Everybody greets everybody else: "Isn't it wonderful! . . . Peace! . . . Peace!"

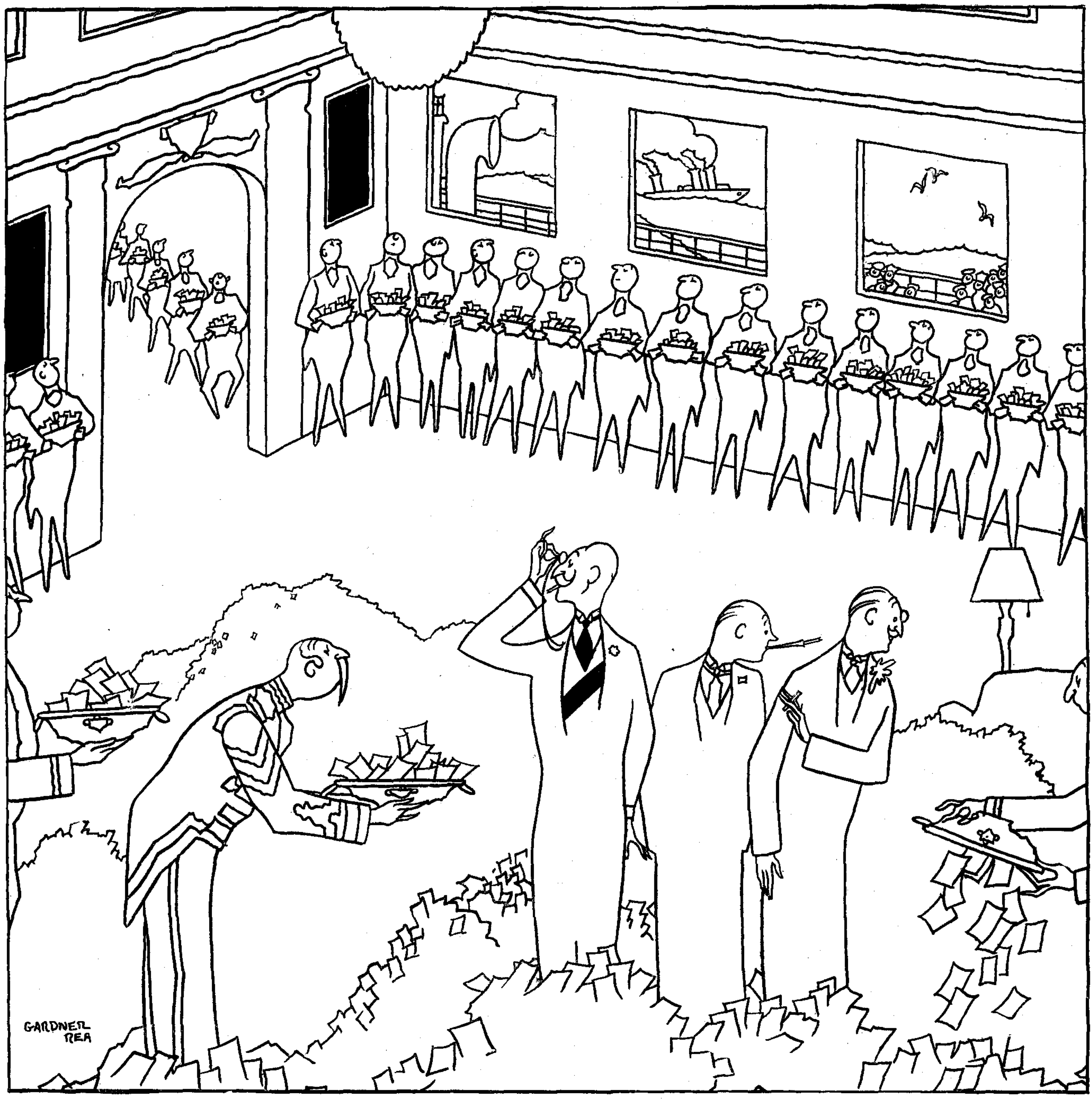
At eleven a major-domo appears at the screen door and beckons in the crowd, which jams onto a porch that serves as a waiting-room. Against the wall is a sign: "PEACE. CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND INTOXICATING LIQUORS NOT ALLOWED. IT'S WONDERFUL." Underneath it is another sign: "NOTICE. VISITORS AND CALLERS NOT ALLOWED UPSTAIRS."

A bell jingles, and the crowd passes through an anteroom whose windows are covered with stiff, old-fashioned lace curtains. On the piano are little statuettes of Shakespeare and Edgar Allan Poe, and two china pitchers decorated with enormous hand-painted roses. Over the piano is a picture of President Roosevelt and Booker T.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CONDOSSIS ROYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

By Mark O'Dea

No. 1—En Route; aboard the S. S. Magnifique



"Your Majesty, here are fifty more wireless invitations from Palm Beach.
"Thank God, we are travelling incognito!"

A GREAT welcome is being arranged for the three Condossis cigarettes . . . the elite of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington will be first to join in giving King Condossis, Prince Condossis and Count Condossis a truly regal reception.

No finer cigarettes have ever come to America—they bring new standards of luxury. Ordinary cigarettes will seem crude, once you are introduced to *your* type of these super-blends, created by A. D. Condossis, famous for years on two continents, as private maker for royalty, clubs, hotels, and epicures.

King Condossis—10 for 25c—is an exquisite Turkish-Macedonian blend, of after-dinner size. Prince Condossis—10 for 15c—is the identical blend, but smaller. Count Condossis—20 for 20c—is a rare combination of selected American and imported leaves, vastly superior to even the most popular American favorites.

Condossis Cigarettes may be obtained at smart hotels, clubs and dealers. Try your type, or all three—a new thrill awaits you.

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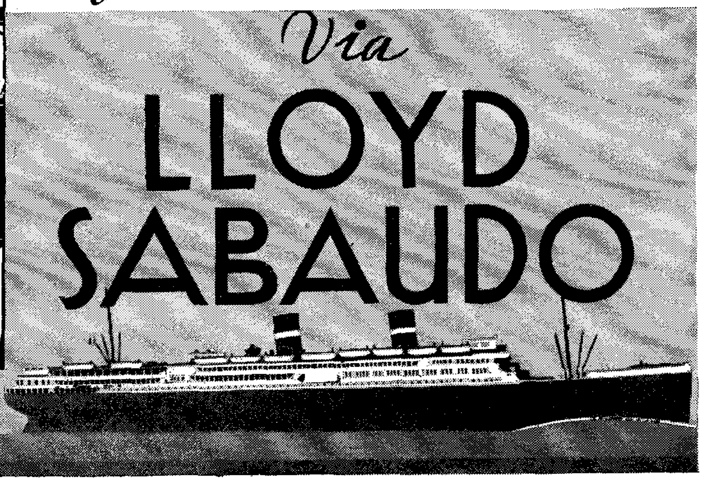
(Advertisement)

WINTER CRUISES
for the Initiated



Those who really understand the niceties of ocean travel welcome these cruises on the leaders of the Lloyd Sabaudo fleet . . . the superb "Conte GRANDE" and "Conte BIANCAMANO". Their regal appointments, meticulous personal service and renowned cuisine (so very important on a cruise) will attract initiated travelers . . . who have learned to select their vessel nowadays with an eye to the probable passenger list.

CHRISTMAS CRUISE *to the* WEST INDIES
12 Days—$175.00 up. Dec. 23 to Jan. 4
Conte Grande . . Christmas at sea, New Year's in Havana! An unforgettable holiday experience, with a full daylight day besides at Nassau, Bahamas, and Kingston, Jamaica. Entertainment every night. And only about four days away from business!

2 CRUISES *to the* WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA
16 Days—6 Calls—$215 up. Feb. 3 and 22
Conte Grande . . . Long daylight calls, thanks to unusual speed at sea. San Juan, La Guaira (port for Caracas), Curacao, Colon (Panama Canal), Kingston, then two days and nights in Havana! Twelve full days of cruising, and nearly always in the Gulf Stream or Caribbean.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
34 Days—10 Calls—$575 up. Feb. 25
Conte Biancamano to ancient Greece, the Holy Land, Egypt . . . with 4½ days at Alexandria for a leisurely stay in the timeless land of the Ptolemies! Ten calls including Gibraltar, Rhodes, Italy and the Riviera, with optional shore excursions arranged. Second Class de Luxe . . . $310 up. Tourist Class . . . $250.

ALSO REGULAR DE LUXE CROSSINGS TO
ITALY and the RIVIERA
Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Nice, Genoa

Write for illustrated literature to Lloyd Sabaudo, 3 State St., New York, or any Authorized Agent.

Washington having lunch together. The picture is entitled "Equality." There are also two colored oleograph texts on the walls: "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and "God Is Love," in gilt frames. On a buffet against the wall are piled a complete set of "The American Reference Library," "The New Psychology Complete," a huge Bible with "Everybody's Cookbook" on top of it, and a pair of Dresden figures in Petit Trianon costume. All the chairs and taborets in the room are smothered with coverlets.

FATHER DIVINE sits at the head of the main table in a big armchair with a cushioned back. A hassock is placed under his feet, which do not touch the floor. At the left of the hassock is a cuspidor. Before him are seven large coffee percolators.

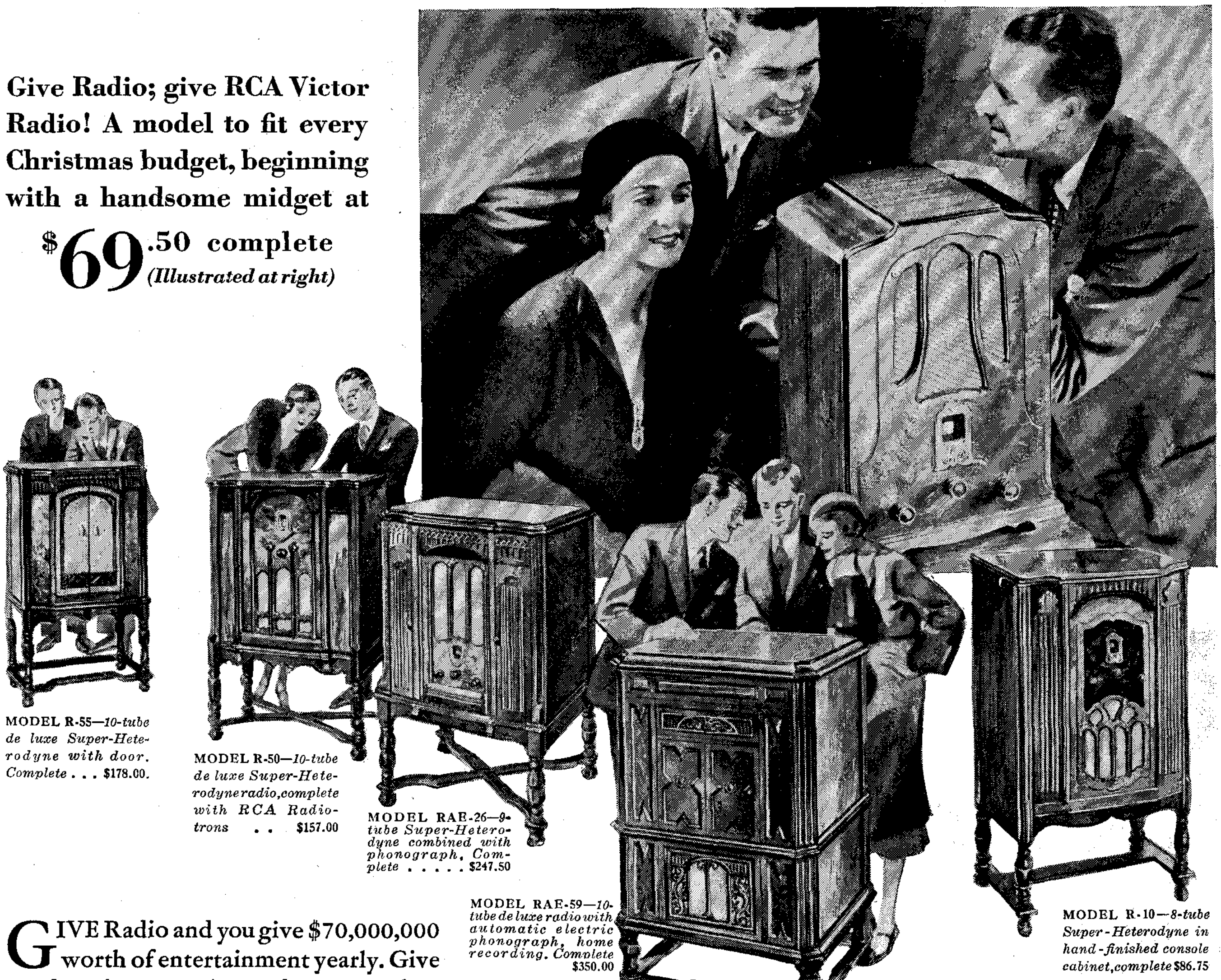
Worship itself is known as "tables" among the faithful. "Did you ever attend one of Father's tables?" you are asked, just as a good Catholic might say: "Were you ever present at a solemn high requiem Mass?" Father Divine wears no robes, burns no incense, turns no colored lights on and off. The approach to the soul is by way of the palate. Before anyone may eat, the receptacle containing the food must first be touched by his hand. A hymn, "Joy, Joy, Joy," opens the meal. Father Divine plays an imaginary piano on the tablecloth with his long spatulate fingers, paying careful attention to the fingering of the bass. The singing of the Negroes is beautiful. The white guests are always somewhat self-conscious at first, even those who have been there many times before. Dark faces peer in at the windows. Every inch of space in the anteroom and on the porch is occupied by those for whom there is no room at the tables. There is always an overflow of guests at every "table." Few among them are curiosity-seekers.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Father Divine rises from his throne and cries: "All those who want hot water, pass the cups." Cups are passed up the table to him and he fills them from two of the percolators. "All those who want hot coffee, pass the cups." "All those who want seasoned fish, pass the plates." And so on throughout the meal, down to: "All those who want pound cake and jelly, let 'em come." When a noticeable interval elapses between hymns, Mother Divine starts another. The emotions of the guests loosen and a syncopation enters the singing. "We are seated at the

This Christmas . . .

Look into the Back!

Give Radio; give RCA Victor Radio! A model to fit every Christmas budget, beginning with a handsome midget at $69.50 complete *(Illustrated at right)*



MODEL R-55—*10-tube de luxe Super-Heterodyne with door. Complete* . . . $178.00.

MODEL R-50—*10-tube de luxe Super-Heterodyne radio, complete with RCA Radiotrons* . . $157.00

MODEL RAE-26—*9-tube Super-Heterodyne combined with phonograph, Complete* $247.50

MODEL RAE-59—*10-tube de luxe radio with automatic electric phonograph, home recording. Complete* $350.00

MODEL R-10—*8-tube Super-Heterodyne in hand-finished console cabinet, complete* $86.75

GIVE Radio and you give $70,000,000 worth of entertainment yearly. Give a radio-phonograph—and you give that, plus all the pleasure-resources of the world's greatest record library of fine music.

But—buy your gift radio from the back! Be sure you give value you can see! Give lasting enjoyment—full radio pleasure—through RCA Victor radio with the exclusive new 10-point Synchronized Tone System.

Here are typical models from the new 1932 RCA Victor line. Models that fit into any Christmas budget. Radios and radio-phonographs at the lowest prices in RCA Victor history. See them at any RCA Victor agency—"look into the back" and you can actually SEE the better values. The RCA Victor Company, Inc., "RADIO HEADQUARTERS," Camden, N. J. *A Radio Corporation of America subsidiary.*

Look for these
10 POINTS
of the RCA Victor Synchronized Tone System

1. Super-efficient RCA Victor Super-Heterodyne circuit.
2. Shock-proof, rubber mounted chassis.
3. Continuous band-pass variable tone control.
4. Scientifically impregnated condensers.
5. Noise eliminating power transformer.
6. New RCA Victor automatic volume leveler that corrects fading.
7. Three-point shielding (tubes, chassis and coils).
8. Perfect acoustic Synchronization of chassis and cabinet.
9. Over-size electro-dynamic speaker.
10. New RCA Pentode tube with push-pull application.

RCA Victor

RADIOS . . . PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS . . . VICTOR RECORDS

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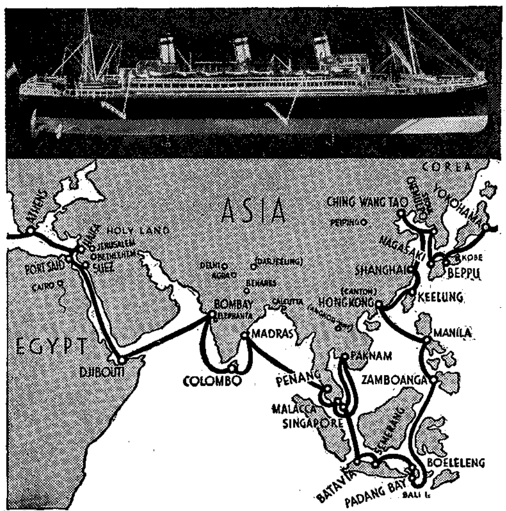
SHIP YOUR AUTO

Cost, 5 Tickets — For Car and 2 Passengers

21½ HOURS NEW YORK to FLORIDA



RESOLUTE WORLD CRUISE

Sail from New York Eastward *January 6th* and you will have 143 days ...seeing new sights, the Taj Mahal and the Devil Dancers of Bali ... hearing new sounds, gold and silver temple bells and the cry of the Hot Potato man ... tasting new dishes, poi and sukiyaki ... visiting more places than on any other world cruise!

But, also, the manner in which the world is seen matters much .... Are all the associations of these never-to-be-forgotten scenes to be completely joyous? .... The affirmative answer—and from thousands of previous world travelers—is in the **RESOLUTE**, "The Queen of Cruising Steamships", of yacht-like design, especially equipped for all-clime cruising, for diversions and comfort .... Hamburg-American Management, also, is world-famed for shouldering all the bothersome travel details, and for surrounding each travel patron with luxurious comfort.

With rates lower than ever there are included a wealth of shore excursions and splendid accommodations for the January 6th sailing.

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39 BROADWAY · NEW YORK

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banquet of the Lord" becomes "We are seated at the ban- (bumpa-bum-bum), we are seated at the ban- (bumpa-bum-bum), we are seated at the banquet of the Lord (Lord, Lord)." Hands go up, feet stamp, heads are thrown back, eyeballs roll, and exclamations of "It's wonderful!" and "Peace, Father!" grow more and more jubilant. An old mammy halfway down the main table has the shakes. "She gon' shake all the sin right out herself. Hallelujah!"

Father Divine rises to ecstatic shouts.

"I have never solicited, I have never begged," he says. "And I never had anything to do with people who did."

"Isn't it wonderful! Ain't it? Ain't it?"

His voice comes in a singsong which ends each sentence in a high, whiplash shout.

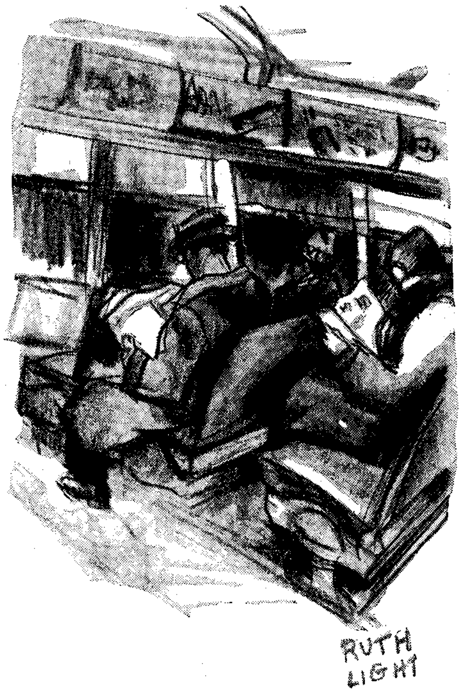
"And by the looks of this ham down here in front of me, I will not have to tomorrow, and I can tell you I never will have to. My followers are them that does as I does. I have heard of them coming out here in their cars with extra seats and would not bring another unless he was paid. Do you call that Christianity? Is that what I do? You can't sell religion. You got to give freely, and freely it will be given unto you."

"Yes, Father. Isn't it wonderful? Peace, peace!"

"Prayer and fasting will make you worthy disciples of me. Fasting the bad out of you, giving these evil tendencies nothing to feed on is the way to become more like the Father."

"Isn't it wonderful!"

Mrs. Eleanor Stevens, a handsome



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white woman of middle age in black silk and pearls, rises:

"I have been in California. I know what earthquakes are like. You are an earthquake, Father. I thank you and am ready to do your will."

"Hearing your wonderful experience," he answers, "reminds me that both the Crucifixion and the Resurrection were accompanied by an earthquake."

A young Negro springs to his feet. "When there is an earthquake there always follows a fire," he shouts. "What we need is to have the fire of truth burn so brightly in our hearts that it destroys all bigotry, jealousy, fear, murder, all evil. Oh, my brethren, what a glorious thing it is to have the truth in this day and age!"

His eyes strain upward at the ceiling. His body is rigid. His fingers twitch as he presses them against his thighs.

A young white girl with buck teeth, who is wearing a pistache beret, stands up and spreads wide her arms.

"We know that He is here," she says, "and we know that the same spirit that is in Him is in all of us. We are living in a Heavenly Kingdom here upon this earth."

Professor Eugene Delmar, a dark-complexioned white man, from Oakland, California, who is an author, editor, and member of the New York bar, says: "Out of my past experience of thirty years on the lecture platform, during which I progressed from the study of psychology into the various forms of advanced thought, I have never found such teaching as this. I know that it is the only true religion, and I am ready to join your household and do your bidding."

The "table" continues for hours, after which come more "tables."

SHORTLY after midnight of Sunday, November 15, the entire Police Department of Sayville, several State Troopers, the Fire Department, and an assistant district attorney descended upon 72 Macon Street and arrested seventy-eight of the faithful for disorderly conduct. The neighbors had complained of not being able to sleep. Arraigned at two o'clock on Monday morning, some of the prisoners refused to give other names than Onward Universe, Wonderful Wisdom, St. John Divine, Celestial Divine, Lamb Divine, and Patience. Forty-six pleaded guilty and were fined five dollars each.

Among the forty-six was one Julia

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In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D Walden

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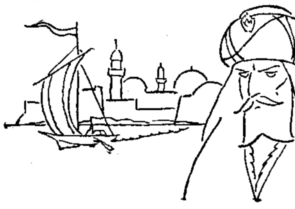

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JUST 24 hours out and you're swimming in the ROMA's top-deck pool à la Lido . . . lounging under the striped umbrellas . . . sunning yourself a golden brown! You're dining marvelously and dancing every night in the moonlight. ¶ Each day is so packed with pleasure you may forget you're sailing in the wake of Old Ironsides . . . that you've a rendezvous with the Barbary Pirates . . . and there are a hundred and one joys still in store for you! ¶ The Mediterranean is rich with the treasures of the past . . . You've yet to see great Gibraltar . . . the alley stalls of Morocco . . . the glittering Riviera . . . Tripoli . . . Syracuse . . . Naples . . . and many other colorful ports. You're in for 32 sunny days on the ROMA each more glamorous than the last . . . 1st Class from $575—2nd (De Luxe) Class from $310—Tourist Class $250.

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Arias, a cultured Spanish woman of good family, who was later declared by the County medical examiner to be suffering from hallucinations. Señorita Arias had been missing from her home for three weeks previous to the raid. On the day after she pleaded guilty she was visited by a close friend of hers, a white woman, who drove to 72 Macon Street in a Rolls-Royce. Señorita Arias told this woman that she was perfectly happy where she was. Last year, while she was visiting Buenos Aires, she added, she was playing roulette in a casino there when a man came up and kicked her as a warning to cease gambling. That man was Father Divine, in whose footsteps she wanted to follow the rest of her days. Divine has not left Sayville in a dozen years. The unfortunate woman was taken to the Central Islip Hospital for the Insane.

On November 21 the remaining thirty-two defendants, who had pleaded not guilty, were tried before a justice of the peace. Twenty-six were found guilty and fined five dollars each. Father Divine, who was held in fifteen hundred dollars' bail for the Grand Jury on a charge of maintaining a public nuisance, proffered a five-hundred-dollar bill to the Court to pay the fines of the guilty. The Court did not have the change, but told him to stop by any day.

The next night there was a mass meeting of the irate citizenry at which it was moved and unanimously carried that Father Divine take his flock elsewhere. Sayville, which had few Negro inhabitants before his arrival, depends greatly on summer-resort trade. It is feared that he and his followers are creating a situation which jealous realtors in surrounding towns will use to their advantage. A committee of seventy-five was appointed to take steps.

Divine reported to the committee that he would leave Sayville, as he did not wish to reside where his presence was not desired. He asked leave to stay until next spring in order to dispose of his property, which he values at thirty thousand dollars. The committee replied that it wants him out of town by January 1, and declared that although it would not purchase the property, it would aid in its sale. Last week Divine acceded to these terms.

WHAT Sayville would almost rather have than his departure from its midst, though, would be

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a complete solution of that mystery which has been puzzling it ever since he arrived. Where does he get his money?

In the twelve years that he has been there, the Rev. Divine has been engaged in no gainful occupation, no business ventures of any kind. He takes up no collections. He always scrupulously returns cheques or cash contributions sent to him by mail. This has happened so often that even the bitterest anti-Divineards admit it. He permits no liquor or tobacco on his premises. There has never been any sexual scandal. His purchases of food, clothing, and other supplies are made from local merchants, always with cash or cheque. He has a small chequing account in one of the local banks, but deposits only cash in it, never cheques. A large proportion of the village's four thousand population has spent years in trying to bring about the solution to the puzzle.

Cynics can explain it only by the theory that some person of vast wealth has made the Rev. Divine his or her almoner. The faithful, however, contend that the money comes directly from God. *Not* from humans after prayer, but from the hand of God Himself, and no human hand intervenes. The Rev. Divine is equally unrealistic.

"I am a free gift to mankind," he has written, "for it is the Word of God revealed, and the Word of God is with God, and the Word of God is God. Judas sold or betrayed the materialized Word of God for thirty (30) pieces of silver. But I, as a free gift to mankind, have been given."

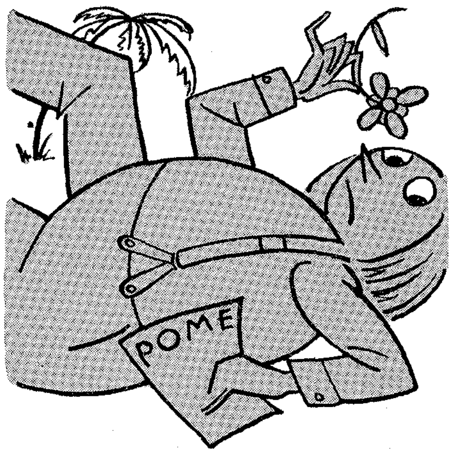
Told once that many wondered about all this endless manna and where it came from, he replied:

"Well, I guess they'll just have to wonder." —JOEL SAYRE

•

He reached a long arm, caught her in the curve of it, and drew her with restrained but irresistible force until her face was close to his and she could look deep into his eyes. In them was a holy fire that seared her to the bone. Blind, unreasonable, deep and wide as the Yukon River—this was the love of Jim Logan, great brown bear of the North, lord of the snows, a giant in a giant's land. In that love, by some strange transmutation, was the roar and rush of glacier cataracts, the long sweep of the wind in the illimitable forest, the lightning and thunder on the barrens, the sunset flame on the peaks. "Is it real?" he asked.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

The old cynic!



Dear Jim:
This isn't Mrs. Bob. It's me under a Costa Rican palm! I'm turning into a long-haired poet down here in this Crusoe country. Never saw such colors. Imagine a whole jungle of orchids! That's just about what we had out of Limon on the way up. Most beautiful mountain ride I ever saw. Feeling fine. Marvelous climate here in San Jose. And this new Gran Hotel is something to write about – it's no wonder that Costa Rica's proud of it.
Drop a line to the United Fruit Company – I forget the address*– and get the dope on their cruises to the Caribbean and West Indies. Do it before you get any older.
Bob

(*How could he? It's Pier 3, North River, Dept. K, New York, N. Y.)

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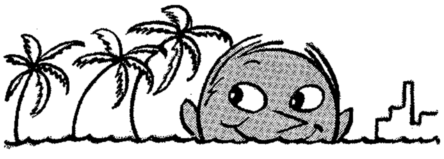
N. B. Of course he raved. Bob was one of the happy fortunates on that de luxe Costa Rica Cruise. Stops at Miami; Havana; Port Antonio, and Kingston, Jamaica; Panama Canal Zone; and Costa Rica. $225. and up.



Anchors Aweigh! The S. S. Talamanca, first of our six new ships, will make her maiden trip from New York to San Francisco late in December. Stops at Miami, Havana, Kingston, Panama Canal, and Los Angeles. Write for details.

MUSICAL EVENTS

"Wozzeck" and "Jack and the Beanstalk"—The Art of Song—"L'Oracolo"—A Fiddling Child

BY this time, you undoubtedly are aware that the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company came to the Metropolitan Opera House, offered its production of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," and pretty nearly stole the operatic season. Mr. Stokowski's conducting was so memorable that one wishes he would make it a point to work in the Metropolitan pit at least once a month. The staging of Wilhelm von Wymetal, Jr., and the scenery of Robert Edmond Jones were superb (if you grant that "Wozzeck" should be produced as stylized fantasy), and the cast did wonders with a strident medium of expression that wasn't exactly singing.

Possibly you also have heard that "Wozzeck" is either a new form of opera or the precursor of one. There is no singing—or, at least, the principals have no tunes with which to enchant you. The orchestra tells almost the whole story, usually with scrappy bits of strange harmony, occasionally with eloquent melodies, sensitively scored. There are fifteen short scenes, detailing the decline and fall of Wozzeck, a soldier who starts as a fairly representative moron and winds up as a suicide after murdering the errant mother of his illegitimate child. It's not a jolly evening, but the thing has dramatic power, if you don't mind a scenario in which all of the characters are clods.

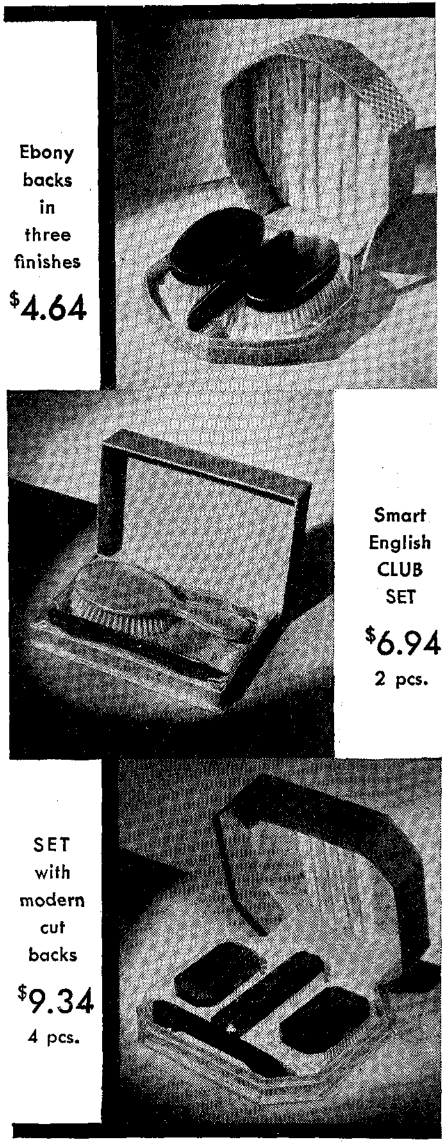
BERG has worked hard to run away from the usual operatic clichés, even making his score a sequence of character sketches, a symphony, and a set of six inventions. All of this is perceptible only to a technically minded listener, and if you want to know about it, read the comprehensive guidebook issued by *Modern Music*. There even is a structural significance in the fact that sometimes the music stops before the curtain falls and sometimes it begins before the curtain rises. In other words, Berg is not above substituting a new assortment of artifices for an old one.

With all of this, "Wozzeck" is not so esoteric as you may suspect. Every point is pounded in as obviously as if the opera were a baccalaureate sermon. The Doctor, who performs medical experiments on Wozzeck, is a heavy-handed satire on science. The Captain, I take it, represents the oppression of smugness. Marie, the two-timing mistress, is identified with the Magdalene in a musically effective but otherwise transparent bit of business with the Bible. Even after the murder of Marie and the drowning of Wozzeck in water that he interprets as blood (another piece of out-and-out hokum), we get a scene in which their child is playing around gaily, unaware that his parents are dead; and there are two scenes in which beer-garden hilarity is used as a background for Wozzeck's tortured emotions.

At the moment, "Wozzeck" is a seven days' wonder—perhaps a seven years' wonder; but, apart from Berg's musical idiom, isn't most of it Old Stuff? It isn't pretty, but I'm afraid that it's Art.

OPERA, at the Juilliard School of Music, is like a bowl of cherries, because up in Claremont Avenue they certainly don't take it serious. By way of baptizing a well-equipped stage, the School offered "Jack and the Beanstalk," coyly designated "a fairy opera for the childlike," written by John Erskine and set to music by Louis Gruenberg. At the performance which I observed, an audience of local musicos had an uproarious time, what with a singing cow, a hen that laid at least three eggs right in public, a giant who sang soprano and bass duets with himself, and an eating scene in which the multi-voiced giant tore into his meal with all the alacrity and puissance of any musician at a free dinner. Possibly this indicates that the congregation was sufficiently childlike for Mr. Erskine's purposes, but the show must be set down as a success—and none of your artistic successes, either.

Mr. Erskine, it appears, has theories about opera libretti. He holds that a libretto should be: (1) entertaining, and it should be comedy; (2) based on a plot already familiar to the audience; and (3) "the barest outline, an unadorned structure, and the words should be chosen not for their own sake but to support the music." It's no trouble at all to toss back at Mr. Erskine: (1) "Tristan und Isolde;" (2) "Aïda;" and (3) "Pelléas et Mélisande." Still, Mr. Erskine was faithful to himself



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in his own fashion—or at least two-thirds faithful. His libretto is extraordinarily entertaining, except for the Princess' lectures about love being a symbol and a veil and so on, and the childlike probably know the fable on which it is founded. However, it is no bare outline and it doesn't support the music.

If I were a composer and Mr. Erskine handed me his libretto, I should yip lustily about the lack of musical opportunities which it offered. It is self-sufficient, and the short, pointed lines make it difficult for a composer to spread himself properly. Mr. Gruenberg is one of our ablest dealers in tunes and rhythms, and although he has brought to the job a great deal of skill, his score almost becomes incidental music to the book. When there is the slightest opening, Mr. Gruenberg comes through handsomely, and at least one intermezzo is a little masterpiece. "Jack and the Beanstalk" proves that Mr. Gruenberg ought to write an opera.

EXCEPT for some pedestrian moments in the staging and some alarming symptoms of academic activity by the professor of tremolo singing, the Juilliard School presented its opera handsomely. Miss Margaret Linley's scenery was entirely in the picture, the shifting of scenes was rapid and *pianissimo*, and the young players skedaddled about the stage with great aplomb. There were two casts. The one which I heard brought forward a charming version of the hero by Miss Mary Katharine Akins, who sings expressively and wears tights the same way. Miss Pearl Besuner, borrowed from the Metropolitan, made the most of the not too interesting rôle of the Princess, and the Messrs. Roderic Cross and Raymond Middleton were brilliantly bovine and gigantic as the cow and the giant. Mr. Stoessel directed matters zealously and the home-grown orchestra emitted gracious sounds.

I don't know how the Metropolitan audience would like "Jack and the Beanstalk," but the Juilliard School has started an operatic career on its own acreage with a whoopla.

MISS FARRAR's song recital, which may or may not have been a farewell, was more than a display of personality. It was a fine exhibition of voice-handling. Miss Farrar chose relatively unfamiliar groups by Schumann and Franz, along with a selection of unhackneyed French songs, and with the artful collaboration of that distinguished accompanist, Mr. Arthur Rosenstein, made an artistic occasion of what might easily have been a horribly sentimental one. For once, we had an erstwhile opera star who made no attempt to trade on past glories. By staying within the present possibilities of her voice, Miss Farrar sang a concert that stood up on its own merits.

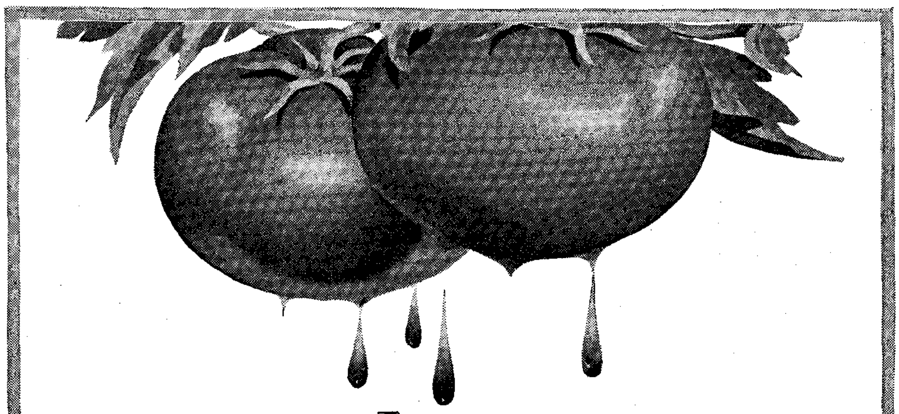
Another object lesson in the same field was delivered by Mr. Scotti in the Metropolitan's revival of "L'Oracolo." No one pretends that Mr. Scotti still holds his audiences with beautiful sounds, although his acting remains a model for other operatic laborers. Still, he handles what is left of his voice with such finesse that the interest centres on what he is doing rather than on the noise he is making. "L'Oracolo," by the way, still remains a display piece for the baritone. As an opera it has not matured so gracefully as Mr. Scotti.

WITH so many startling little boys playing the fiddle, it was interesting to come upon a startling little girl—Miss Guila Bustabo, who made her Town Hall début in a terrific program which included such finger-breakers as the "Devil's Trill" sonata and the Paganini D-major concerto. Miss Bustabo, a pupil of the unbelievable Louis Persinger, tore off the most taxing passages with assurance and competence, and in her few lyric moments (notably in Ernest Schelling's charming slow movement from his violin concerto) she proved that she could make her violin sing. Add to Miss Bustabo's mechanical excellences a fine lack of the affected ingenuousness which usually accompanies young fiddlers and you have a personality which is worth watching—and worth while.
—R. A. S.

CONCERT~MUSIC RECORDS

Franck, Farrar, and Stokowski

PARTISANS of César Franck are not a noisy lot, but they are enthusiasts, and they will find unusual joy in Columbia's recording of the master's "Psyche," by the Colonne Orchestra, directed by Gabriel Pierné (Masterworks Set 164). It is languid but lovely music, and the venerable Pierné conducts it with charm. For good measure, there is his own instrumentation of the Chorale from the familiar Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue. Brunswick also adds to the Franck



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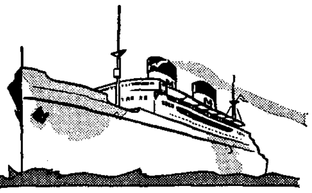

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catalogue with the interlude from "Redemption" (this is the passage which appears on Philharmonic-Society programs so frequently), played with customary expertness by Albert Wolff and the Lamoureux musicians (90207).

THE Gerryflappers, who still seem to be numerous, will want an unusual album issued by the New York Band Instrument Company. It consists of six discs made by Miss Farrar in Germany about twenty-five years ago. The selections are the Jewel Song from "Faust" (in German), the "Romeo and Juliet" waltz, "Sempre libera" from "La Traviata," "Caro mio ben," "Cherry Ripe," and a resounding air from Leoncavallo's "Roland." These are acoustic recordings, of course, but they have not been "improved" and hence sound entirely plausible even on a modern machine. As for the interpretations—here is individuality and freshness, coming to us over the years.

VICTOR'S "Record-of-the-Month in the Field of Great Music" is a doubling of Bach's G-minor fugue with the Chorale Prelude, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," both arranged and conducted by Leopold Stokowski. This seems to me the best of the Stokowski recordings so far, and it's a natural for any collection (7437). A timely release is the overture to "Hänsel und Gretel," by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Mr. Mengelberg (Victor 7436). It must have been made two years or more ago, but the recording is up to all current standards.

REVERTING to Bach, two of the chorale preludes are now available vocally, sung by the experienced Lotte Lehmann, with organ background by Paul Mania (Columbia G-4057-M). . . . Marian Anderson, the brilliant colored contralto, appears on imported discs. Her "Air de Lia" and "Adieu Forêt" are remarkable bits of singing (Arthiphon 11767).... The Gramophone Shop calls attention to another item for your "Meistersinger" collection: Pogner's address in the first act, sung by Alexander Kipnis, one of the best of Pogners. It is doubled with the letter scene and waltz from the second act of "Der Rosenkavalier," with Mr. Kipnis and Else Ruziczka as soloists. Erich Orthmann (still another conductor for "Die Meistersinger"!) directs effectively. (H.M.V. DB 1543).

—R. A. S.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Out of Town—Hounds Prefer Deer—Stonedale Over the Aiken Fence

NOT a trace of the National Horse Show remains around these parts, not even a quarrel; for this is an activity singularly free from post-mortems, except among the most active, successful, or put-upon exhibitors. The gallery is strictly provincial and seasonal. After following the careers of the various military teams at the Garden with the greatest enthusiasm, it is quite content neither to know nor care what befell them at Toronto. There was probably a battle royal there, as the courses are stiffer and the hunter entries much better, but all the news that trickled through was that the French and the Americans were doing well.

As for the shows at Kansas City and Chicago, which their respective citizens regard as much more important than the National, nothing would ever have been heard of them here if a carload of horses, en route from one show to the other, had not overturned. About this time, for the past few years, catastrophes have been happening to strings of top horses on a wholesale scale, but each season the gaps have been somehow filled with new horses of equal calibre, perhaps proving that Malthus was right, or perhaps merely that demand creates supply.

FOR all the lucky ones roundabout, hunting is now the single absorbing interest. Meadow Brook has been having a splendid season, with plenty of foxes, a large number of people still able to afford the heavy subscription, and very good sport in spite of—or, as it is almost beginning to seem, on account of—the recent warm weather and lack of rain. A new piece of country has been opened around West Hills, so far without fences, which must provide a haven of rest and security to the many who shudder to see hounds turn toward the Messrs. Baileys' classic line of five-rail, split-chestnut fence.

The tender-hearted attitude of the Connecticut legislature toward deer is making it increasingly difficult for even

Roving Reporter Writes Advertisement for Beloved Advertiser

★ ★

ALL OVER THE AVENUE

SHEETS FOR THE SHEEK

IT'S juste helle on ye feete, this vysytinge ye gifte shoppes and departmente stores — or don't you care? You canne have ye jobbe if you like, you olde flatterer. But the beste of it is, sayes ye learned O. Henry, when a girle gets home after worke and puttes ye hotte soles of ye feete up agaynste ye coole brasse rayle of ye bedde.

BUT what Mr. Henry forgot to mention is that when a girl does this trick other parts of her come in contact with other parts of the bed, so to speak; and my advice is, for coolness and economy, to buy the best sheet there is, and be done with it. Sheets are made of different materials, including the stuff used for hair-cloth shirts by the smartest martyrs, but the best sheet made of cotton (really percale, but they don't like to boast) is the Pepperell Peeress.

CHRISTMAS is unjust around the corner, but you can put a lot of justice into it by buying a lot of these sheets for all your lady or gentlemen friends not yet in institutions. And you might buy yourself a dozen or so, today. Once in a while I like to mention the name of a store in this department, just casually of course, so I will say that only three stores are lucky enough to have the privilege of selling Pepperell Peeress in the metropolitan district — and those three are McCreery's, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, and Kresge's, Newark.

SPIES from these stores have visited the Pepperell factory at the other end of the well-known Fall River Line, and they report that a perfectly frightful amount of trouble is taken in making them. Only cotton from contented pickers is used, and the mill people take the trouble of combing as well as carding it. Don't ask me what this means, but it certainly produces a finer, smoother sheet — nice enough to cut up into 89 handkerchiefs if you have a bad cold, and said to launder three hundred times before giving up the ghost. I understand that this test is often made by hotels, and that Pepperell Peeress passes it — well, yes, with flying colors, because it comes in seven shades, and with plenty of credits to get into Harvard or Bryn Mawr. I know you'll like it. Buy, buy for bye-bye!

Ell Ell

PEPPERELL PEERESS

The Smoothest, Softest, Best and Most Durable of Cotton Percale Sheets

SHEETS

72 x 108, plain hems. . .$2.50 90 x 108, plain hems. . .$3.25
72 x 108, hemstitched. .$2.70 90 x 108, hemstitched. .$3.50

PILLOWCASES

45 x 40½, plain hem. . .$ .70 45 x 40½, hemstitched. $ .80

Sold only in the Metropolitan District by

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BROOKLYN

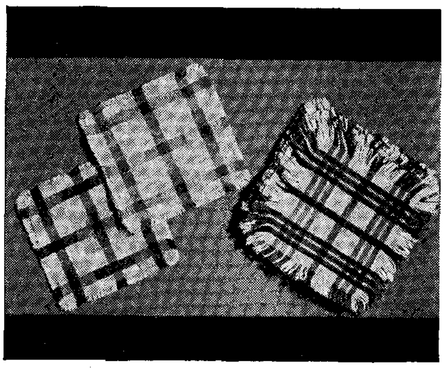
KRESGE DEPT. STORE
NEWARK, N. J.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.
NEW YORK CITY

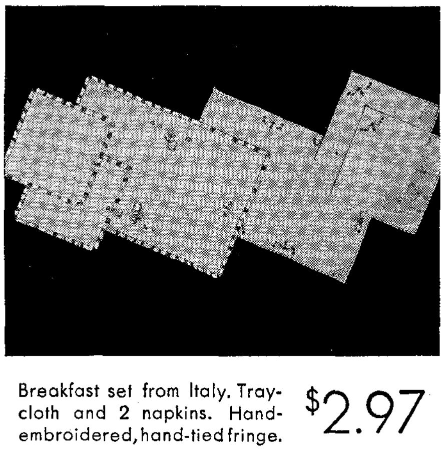
Also sold in the best stores in other cities

. . . Why don't you give her COCKTAIL NAPKINS?

Basque plaid $1.29 doz.



—or, if she's a teetotaller she certainly must EAT!



Breakfast set from Italy. Tray-cloth and 2 napkins. Hand-embroidered, hand-tied fringe. $2.97

SEVENTH FLOOR

MACY'S

34th St. and Broadway, New York

the best-trained pack to keep its interest on foxes. There seems to be a primitive challenge to a hound when a deer bounds off in front, and riot he will, sometimes far into the night, through lakes and woods, to an unseen, unsung dénouement. Goldens Bridge, Fairfield and Westchester, and even the newly organized drag pack at Ox Ridge, are having many a fine morning spoiled by the predilection the hounds show for deer scent over fox scent, no matter how strong and fresh the latter.

THE race meeting at Llangollen, Jock Whitney's place in Upperville, came off with a better showing of people than of horses. The rich purses, for some inexplicable reason, only drew fields of three and four (and those mediocre) horses. The loose-jointed Stonedale, who sprang such a surprise at Essex, repeated his performance for Jim Ryan over the Aiken-fence course, and if he keeps on with this versatility he will be a factor at Grasslands.

The first excitement over this race seems to have died down. There won't be any foreign horses in it this year, and most of the home folks who have proved their ability to jump the course are crocked up. Year in and year out, the best races are for a trophy that has a tradition behind it, over a course of typical American hunting country—which really means that hunt racing and Belmont Park steeplechasing can never be confused. —TOUCH AND GO

•

MEDITATION

[ON THREE GRAY HAIRS]

Age may wither and age may rot,
It's always the same thing over;
At eighty I'll sit here, like as not,
And wait for a distant lover.

At eighty, I'll wait for a waning sign
And look for a tardy letter,
Telling myself he still is mine
Who wears my golden fetter.

At eighty, I'll shake in my narrow shoes
For fear that he's gone forever,
Clinging to what I must some day lose,
And shout to the shadow "Never!"

If this be life, with a lusty cry
I ask for a swift dismissal—
But, postman, bring me before I die
One last untrue epistle!

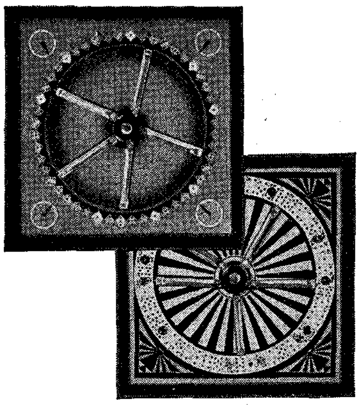
—ELSPETH

SPORTS WEAR ORIGINATOR

A new note in knitted things...*Martha West tailored suits* in nubby tweed mixtures. Double-breasted, slightly-fitted jackets as well cut and finished as a man's coat. *Three piece outfit, including a sweater blouse* . . . $29.50

Martha West

838 Madison Ave.
at 69th Street



A Smart and Sporty CHRISTMAS GIFT

"Roll-O-Trump" . . . Have you heard of this sophisticated new game that's appearing in smart places? It's a combination of all the fascinating elements found in roulette, chuck-a-luck, faro and other sporty games that men love to play. In fact, about every sort of wager that can be made with *either dice or cards can be played on the* "Roll-O-Trump" boards.

A Real Man's Game

"Roll-O-Trump" is rich in design, executed in beautiful colors, has frame of fine ebony finish, and chromium plated adjustable rotating dial of unique construction.

All the excitement found in the swankiest **Palais de Chance** can be offered your guests with "Roll-O-Trump" in your home or club.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send postal money order for five dollars and a complete "Roll-O-Trump" set will be forwarded you by return mail. "Roll-O-Trump" is a JACKBILT product.

ROCHESTER FOLDING BOX COMPANY
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find postal money order for $5.00 for which send me at once, transportation charges prepaid, the "Roll-O-Trump" game.

Name ....

Address ....

THE ART GALLERIES

Pictures for Sale — School of Renoir — French and American

WE suppose the most important event of the week is the sale of artists' wares conducted by Mrs. Charles J. Liebman at 444 Madison Avenue. It was Mrs. Liebman's crotchet last year to arrange a hurried sale of the lesser works of a number of artists, and with the help of her friends, who served as saleswomen, she managed to sell more local art in two weeks than most galleries dispose of in a year. As the overhead is donated, practically all of the proceeds go to the artists themselves. We feel that this is the most helpful enterprise of the season, since it distributes original work into new and previously unknown channels. It will continue until December 19.

Also important are the show of Indian Tribal Arts at the Grand Central Art Galleries and Knoedler's exhibition of the circus drawings of Lautrec.

MAUD DALE has started her season at the Museum of French Art with a show entitled "Renoir and His Tradition." The exhibit holds thirty-five paintings representing the various schools that preceded and followed the great Impressionist, running all the way from Rubens to Dufy. This kind of exhibit, we feel, makes a good show for the layman. The variety of paintings and the catholicity of taste permit everyone to get enjoyment out of the affair.

As for the Renoir canvases themselves, there are several important pieces: notably "La Source," "Femme Nue Se Coiffant," and the portrait of a child. These are flanked by the men who have found their chief inspiration in Renoir (without, by the way, including some of the Americans who have been content merely to copy him). You will be pleased to find some excellent Matisses here, some stunning Dufys, and an early master or two seldom on public view. The exhibit will run through December 23.

L'ÉLAN GALLERIES are giving a show of several Americans who are coming to the front. The results of

EVERY ONE OF THESE • • • CHRISTMAS GIFTS IS A BIT OUT OF THE ORDINARY • • •

DUPLEX TELEPHONE SET—This is a gift guaranteed to bring joy to the heart of any small girl or boy. With it they can rig themselves an up-stairs-downstairs telephone, or run one from their own house to a buddy's house—and a grand time will be had by all. The phones use ordinary dry cell batteries. In the set come 100 ft. of wire, two green enameled phones, and staples...... **7.50**

SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER—It's new. It's good. Enables a man to shave without soap, lathering brush or razor blades. He just plugs Schick into any convenient light socket and runs it over his face. It gives him a clean, close, fast shave. Fits comfortably into the palm of the hand and is a cinch to use. In either blue or red finish... **25.00**

ONE-LEGGED TABLE—More useful with its one leg than most tables are with four. Can be set comfortably across the arms of a chair or held on the lap. The top can be adjusted for height. Can also be reversed. One side is padded soft—for solitaire. The other is smooth and hard—for writing or for sewing. In mahogany finish, or lacquered in red or green.......................... **6.85**

EMBR GLOW—Here's a boxful of colorful cellophane sacks. Each little sack contains a mass of magic powder which when thrown on a fire makes it spurt with gorgeous changing blues, greens, purples. And each sack will produce these rich, variegated colors for a half hour or more. If you prefer even more vivid, but briefer effects, you may sprinkle Embr Glow on loosely. Over two dozen sacks in this very decorative box. A delightful gift for the owner of a fireplace.... **2.50**

NO-BATTERY FLASHLIGHT—Never goes "dead" at crucial moments. It has no batteries. And needs none because tucked away in its innards is a dynamo that generates its own current as needed. A twist of the handle and you have light. A grand gift for a man. In red, green or khaki color................................ **9.85**

HI-JACK—This is one of the world's most hilarious games—fun to watch, fun to play. So it's a good game to have for a crowd. It's played with colored tumble-bugs. The yellow and red ones count against you, blue and green for you. Shoo the yellow and red to your opponent, grab the blue and green for yourself. Comes complete with table, tumble-bugs and 4 chrome-tipped playing sticks.. **10.00**

LEWIS & CONGER

NEW YORK'S LEADING HOUSEWARES STORE
45th Street and Sixth Avenue
VAnderbilt 3-0571

© 1931, Lewis & Conger

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

A Unique Tea Cloth

The unusual effect of applique of black and embroidery on fine linen makes this set exceptionally novel and charming. It is a gift that combines beauty and utility with the promise of years of faithful service.

Tea Cloth 42" with 6 Napkins . **$45.00**

An Exquisite Luncheon Set

A lovely Italian work of art . . . a gift to be treasured for years to come. It is of superb Reticello lace on Bisso linen (better known as Church Linen). The set consists of 25 pieces.

Luncheon Set with long runner, 12 plate mats and 12 napkins . . **$185.00**

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC INC

540 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
902 Michigan Avenue North, Chicago
2322 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles

having a French gallery explore the local field are mixed: whereas the visitor often uncovers genius that has languished unnoticed by the native impresarios, he also tends to pick out the styles with which he is familiar. In discovering America, L'Élan has discovered a new France.

There are several exceptions in the current show, but before we consider them, we would like to mention in passing the didoes of Paul Gaulois and André Schwob. The latter has looked upon Roy too long and too well. Never have we seen a more perfect copy of another man's work. Also, Mr. Gaulois, who is an artist in his own right, could well afford to depend more on himself for his inspiration.

If one had never seen a French show, however, this American group would be amazing. Among the sterner and sincere stuff, there are two beautiful pictures by Elsie Driggs. Here is a fine, sensitive painter who has fiddled around timidly for a good many years, afraid to strike out on her own. Her work at last contains a great personal beauty. Then there is Charles Howard, with two canvases that are a bit French, but still individual. Longchamps is represented by one of his stiffer and less inspired pieces. There are two first-rate George Aults, some more nice stuff by Braguin, and excellent pieces by Francis Criss, Sokole, and Branchard.

IN their American room, the Balzac Galleries have also gone off the main highways. The show is not very exciting, but it does give one a chance to view several ambitious young men who are seldom seen. We remember with some pleasure the canvases of Elliott Orr, John Kryger, and Leslie Powell.

MACY'S

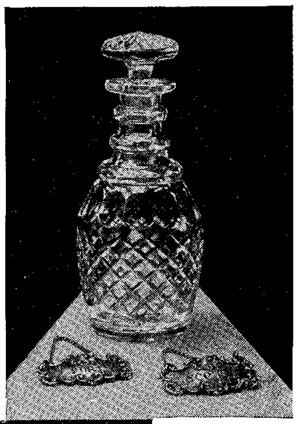
34th St. and Broadway, New York

GIFTS from the

CORNER SHOP

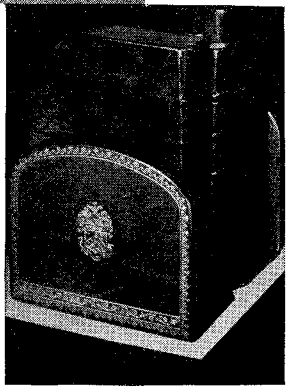
Crystal decanters
$8.24 pair

Silver plated labels
$2.97 each



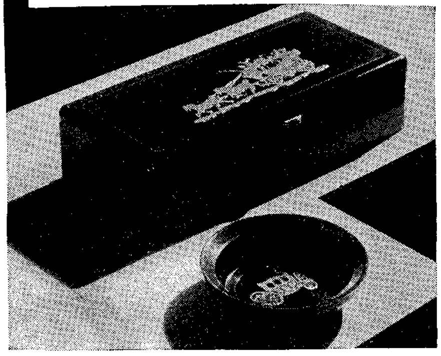
Brass seahorse door stop
$4.79

Tan tooled leather book ends
$2.19 pair



Bakelite with German silver decoration.
Box, $4.29, ash tray, 39¢

NINTH FLOOR



The exhibition closes this Saturday, December 5.

THE Dudensings have brought out a new man, Stephen Etnier, who is not bad. Neither is he very startling. He has a fair color sense, and knows the usual amount about composition, but he hasn't learned elimination. Among his best pictures are "A Summer Cottage" and "Along the Codorus."

PIERRE MATISSE has a modest little show of masters, which he intends to change from time to time, at his new studio in the Fuller Building. Most of the things are small and brilliant, by Braque, Derain, Dufy, Lurçat, Matisse, Picasso, and Rousseau. The Rousseau and Lurçats we found especially exciting.

AMONG the other places we visited was the National Academy, to see the winter show. This institution must be a constant delight to all those who need the sense of security that comes from living in an unchanging world; and an institution that is a symbol of safety and permanence should not be made a target for scorn. In our maturity we have come to the conclusion that to spoof at such a cosy array of staid and sterile gentility would be on a level with making fun of an old ladies' home.

UNTIL December 6, the Delphic Studios are exhibiting some silly paintings by one Raymond Jonson. These are color charts of a low order and must do a lot of damage in confusing the lay mind, a piece of property that should not be fooled or tampered with. We mention the matter only because this gallery usually maintains a high standard.

HERE AND THERE: The Marin show at Stieglitz' An American Place has been held over. It will be followed by an exhibition of Georgia O'Keeffe in January. . . . The Julien Levy Gallery has paintings by Campigli, one of the better younger men of Paris. . . . After a long absence, Joseph Stella is to exhibit at the Valentine Galleries on December 11.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

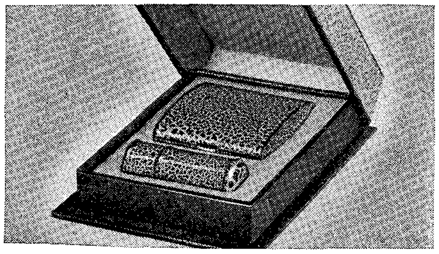
Then Babe Ruth took the ball and went home.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Mad, evidently.

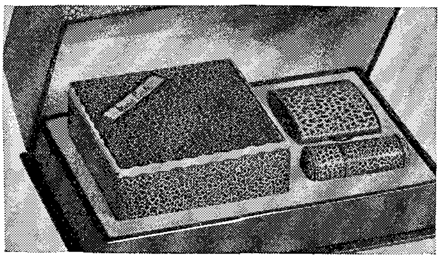
THIS CHRISTMAS—GIVE AWAY YOUR BEAUTY SECRETS!
SUMPTUOUS GIFT BOXES BY
Marie Earle

To sustain day-light charm—and step out to parties

New Christmas Box of Purse Essentials: *Double Compact* of dry rouge and powder, encased in smart black-and-white enamel; *Indelible Lipstick* to match. Appropriate for day or evening ensembles—$4.



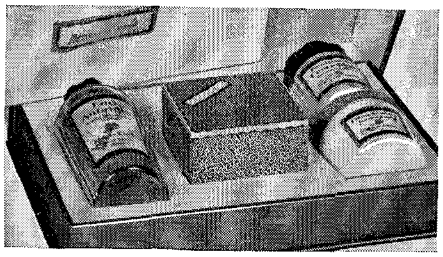
Gift box for gadabouts—compacts and home powder supply



This inspired Marie Earle Gift Box joins the *Single Compact* of dry rouge with the *Indelible Lipstick,* and a box of Marie Earle *Face Powder*—velvety fine, six tones—for her dressing table—$4.25

Beauty's first move—Marie Earle's Basic Treatment Set

No woman who cherishes beauty would fail to thrill to this Gift Box with Marie Earle *Essential Cream, Cucumber Emulsion, Skin Lotion, Facial Tissues, Face Powder*—the five combined—$7.50.

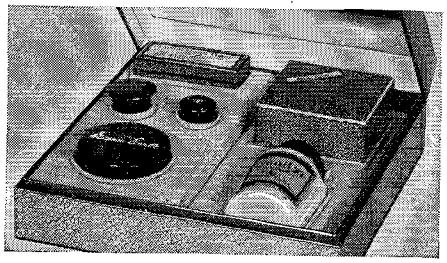


Lovely Bodies deserve Jasmine-flower Bath Luxuries

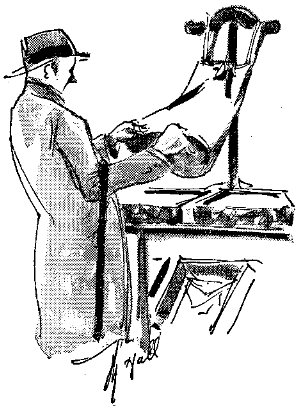
Perfume—for twenty baths—in liquid form; softens bath water and envelops the bather in an enchanting jasmine fragrance; *Bath Soap,* and *Dusting Powder*—sweet with Jasmine. Set—$7.50.

From brow to lip—complete Make-up for the Face of Beauty

All the precisely-keyed Marie Earle Cosmetics—*Blanc Gras, Liquid Powder, Mascara, Paste Rouge, Eye Shadow, Face Powder*—color harmonies *pour blond, pour brune.* Box has practical mirror—$12.50.



If you can't find these smart Marie Earle Gift Boxes at your favorite shop, write and let us tell you what shop near you can supply them. Marie Earle, Dept. N-12, 660 Fifth Ave., New York.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SHOP EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH (ADV.)

FOR the past week, we have been conducting a dizzy scuttle through shop after shop, picking up choice tidbits at random that may or may not be a help to shy and bewildered souls who were born to be overawed by floorwalkers and salesgirls. The impressive list that follows is more to guide you through the hurly-burly than anything else. As you head determinedly for some geegaw noted here, you may see something you like a lot better, but this at least will give you an objective.

As we toss and turn in our sleep, we mutter perpetually that there isn't very much that is new or gay or surprising in the big places. The only surprise is lowered prices. Among staple gifts, particularly gloves and stockings, there has been an outbreak of fanciness, some of it already accepted by smart women, some not. There is every possible kind of mesh hose around; some of the mesh so fine that it looks like extra sheerness, except at very close range; some lacy, like the Peck & Peck Tango Lace; some enormous, like the Van Raalte stocking with apertures a good half-inch square. All kinds of cross-bars and stripes trail across stockings these days, too. And a dollar ninety-five will get you almost anything. As for gloves, black, brown, and white pigskin is always safe for sports; hand-stitched gloves are all over the place; and kid is coming into its own after the suede outbreak. Also, there is the darndest assortment of fancy gloves for afternoon and evening, with wildly flaring cuffs; ruffles and shirring and rhinestone embroidery; everything. For evening, short gloves, with amusing points or other slight elaborations on the wrist, are newer and smarter than long ones.

The handbag is an annual problem, mainly because it is an ideal Christmas gift for a woman. The old standby, antelope with a marcasite ornament and a rim of marcasite along the frame, is always reliable, and can be bought almost anywhere for around sixteen fifty—though the prices go up and up and up, as they always have. Clips are still to be found everywhere, the new ones being large and impressive. And another trick type of jewelry that is still going strong is the bracelet composed of several rows of beads which resemble sapphires, rubies, and other precious and semiprecious stones. The newest clasp for it is a hook-and-eye in rhinestones (you know what a hook-and-eye looks like—or have you forgotten?) and it is to be bought in any department store in town. Stern, for instance, has lots, at four ninety-five, and attractive trifles they are, though banal.

THESE few bits of general information that have been causing restless nights being disposed of, we will remind you that so far we have discussed:

November 7 . . . Christmas cards and monograms.

November 14 . . . Art, frames and framers, miscellaneous orders.

November 21 . . . Photographers, custom luggage, intimate lingerie, Christmas wrappings, tips on mailing and expressing.

November 28 . . . Children's clothes, children's toys and books.

This week, we plunge recklessly into a treatise on:

New offerings from old favorites, below.

For the house, page 66.

Pets, page 75.

NEW OFFERINGS FROM OLD FAVORITES

HERE is a more or less detailed report of our researches among the old reliable places. Remember, we don't promise that we haven't missed some things, but if this list doesn't help you we hope you have to spend Christmas in bed:

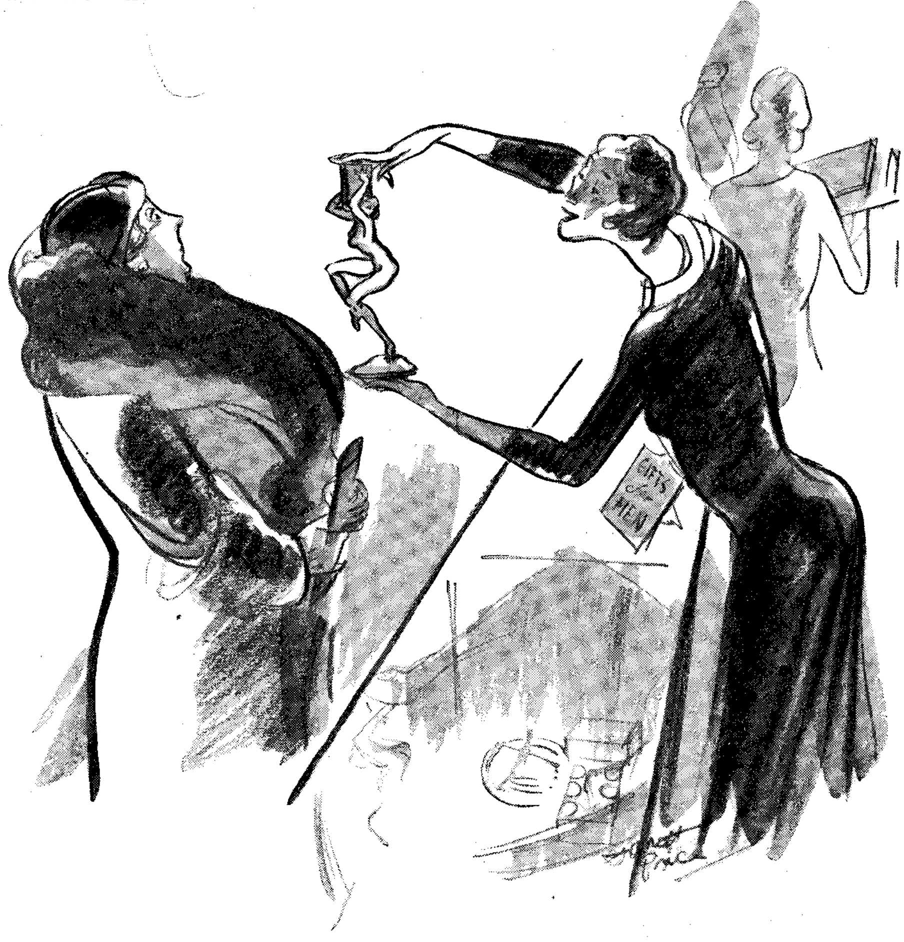
ALTMAN:

Evening bags: Superb group of lamé brocade in lovely designs; around $15. Large collection of semi-pouch evening bags, of velvet or brocade, and other fabrics; $7.50. A jewelled clip would be a good addition.

Rainy-day gloves by Chanel. Black patent-leather, with flaring cuffs and a kid palm; one of those novelties; $5.

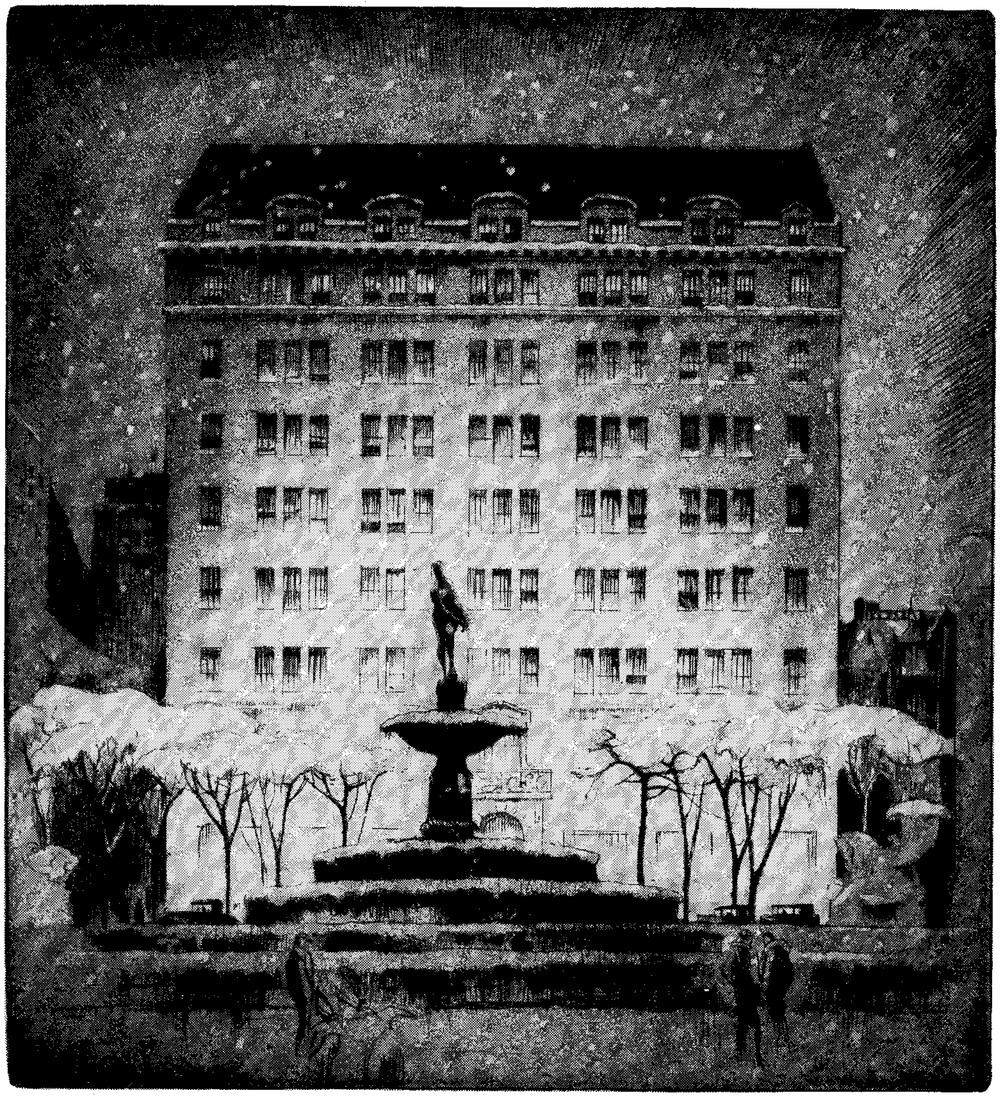
Terries: two-piece swagger pajamas of terry cloth in gay contrasting colors, for beach or college dormitories; $3.95. Large assortment of gay one or two-piece silk lounging pajamas, many with quilted jackets; around $16.75.

For sports: That fleece-lined corduroy



"A match-holder—would that be too old for him?"

CHRISTMAS
at
BERGDORF GOODMAN



Our collection of Christmas gifts . . . bags, stockings, gloves, novelties, perfumes, furs, lingerie, antiques... is now ready. Things imported from Paris, at surprisingly moderate prices. Things made here to our special order, by people of exceptional taste. Accessories of the most chic. Lingerie priced from modest to magnificent. Unsurpassed furs. Novelties original and gay. An early selection is advised, for often there are only one or two or a few of a kind.

ON THE PLAZA
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

BRUCK-WEISS
20 West 57th Street

the Hostess Negligée we would advise giving!

In this season of femininity the preference is all for the hostess negligée. This is our most successful model . . flattering to everyone . . of a lovely transparent velvet . . sapphire, black, American Beauty red, purple . . sizes 12 to 20 . . $29.00

motor coat with a side closing and wooden buttons; brown, red, blue, and green; $39. Ski suit having white corduroy top, windbreaker style, with brass buttons and wide revers and bright-red corduroy pants; $15. Also comes in navy and red, and solid colors. Fleece suits with tunics that have ribbing through the waistline in contrasting colors, and ski pants; $12.50 and $16.75.

For drinking: Large oaken bottle with charred interior for aging your own liquor; $1.95. Aluminum shaker covered with labels; $3.50. Glass shakers with cocktail recipes in bright colors all over them; $12. Double cocktail glasses; pegs at one end and half-pegs at other; decorated with moons and half-moons; $18 a dozen.

Small fitted case, black-moire lining, modern red and silver fittings; $33. Men's hat boxes of cowhide, built very deep; $18.

BERGDORF GOODMAN:

Gloves: Pigskin, hand-stitched with clip at wrist; $6.95. Alexandrine gloves made for Maggy Rouff, in brown, black, and white suede; point on wrist and ruffled look; $5.50.

Small fitted case with carved soapstone tops on fittings like ivory; $60.

Pocket combs: Black or white and silver or tortoise-shell; $6.

120-inch strands of pearls (people love these again); $22.

Tiny modern watches with straps in black silk cord or dark-brown leather; $50.

Jewelry: Pearl Patou tassel pin; $18. Clips of sapphires and rhinestones, cabochon type; $8. Convincing large jewelled clips; $20 and up.

Very handsome handbags of antelope or antique materials with marcasite or jewelled clip; $75 and up. Day and evening bags here, faultlessly styled; $10 and up.

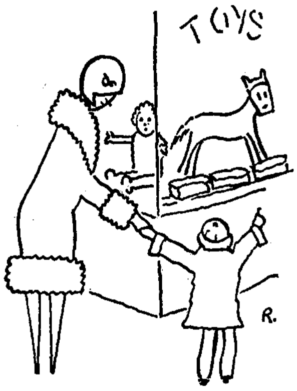
Square or circular heavy crystal plates; $9 and $12 each.

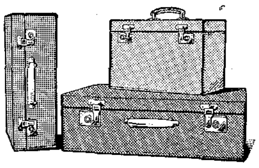
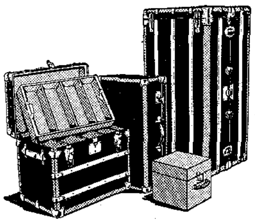
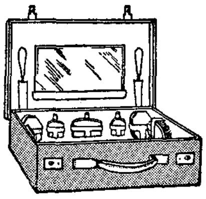
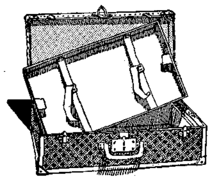
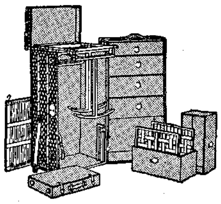
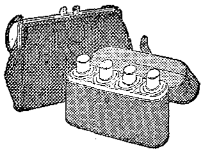
Don't forget the antique knicknacks around here: little boxes, and gay bric-a-brac, all old and inexpensive.

BEST:

For sports: Imported sports sweaters like those worn by the English tennis team: short-sleeved, heavy-ribbed knit, polo collar, all colors; $10.50. Three-in-one sweaters, each with lower neck and shorter sleeves than the one beneath, so that colors show in layers; $17.50. String gloves, chamois-color; $1.95. Norwegian mittens; $3.75. Violent plaid vest for riding; $15. Gaberdine ski suit; $49.50. Angora roll-your-own turbans; $3.95. Fur-lined, hand-stitched capeskin gloves; $4.95. Long suede coat, raglan shoulders, wide lapels, belt; $42.50. Most of these in the Winter Sports Shop.

Evening bags: Small silver or gold



Luggage
for Gifts

Overnight Cases . . . Weekend Cases . . . Hat Cases Suit Cases

Wardrobe Trunks . . . Hat Trunks Shoe Trunks Dress Trunks

Fitted Cases Dressing Cases Bottle Cases

Complete line of Cases by Louis Vuitton

Complete line of Trunks by Louis Vuitton

Kit Bags . . Tie Cases . . Billfolds . . Passport Cases . . Collar Boxes

16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK
Arthur Gilmore INC.

chain-mail bags with talon fastener; $4.95. Small powder pouch to match; $1.95. Tiny fat rolls, fastened with three clips, to be carried in hand; $12.75.

Bed slippers, blue, green, and pink, lined with fluffy white bunny; $1.95.

Polka-dot pajamas and tailored robes to match, for school and college girls; $2.95 and $4.95.

Single-monogram Schiaparelli clips; $1.95. Real silver hoop bracelets to go with them (should give six at least); $1 each.

BLOOMINGDALE:

Modern desk set, in black and chromium, includes blotter, calendar, pen in holder, and knife; $5.95.

Imported evening jackets of black velvet sprinkled with rhinestones, grand for older women; $16.50–$29.75.

A group of sweaters at $2.95, with hand-knit look. All kinds of lacy yokes and trick knits.

Play suits for small children, heavy knit with ribbing at waist, concealed zipper up front. With cap and mittens to match; $7.95.

Evening slip of light glove silk, lace-edged, with brassière top and detachable garters beneath; $15.

Stockings: Dark stockings of very fine mesh, give look of sheer black; $1.95.

Wardrobe suitcase, big and square with seven hangers, called Aviatrix, all kinds of leathers; $11.50–$97. Dandy ones around $31.

Fur novelties: Leopard belt and scarf set, $9.75; tippet and muff of lapin, $14.95. Stitched bunny jackets and capes, for bed jackets or youthful evening wraps; $12.95–$29.50.

BONWIT TELLER:

For children: Skiing suit with turtle neck, jumper buttons up side, couldn't be smarter; $5. Marvellous department for French hand-made infants' clothes at reasonable prices. Drawstring French baby caps, for instance, as low as $6.95.

Jewelry: An imitation-pearl revival. For instance, three large pearls circling lobe of the ear, $7.50; black and white pearl combinations; rings at $10.50; and so on. Jewelled clips with long pendants, also the new circular clips; from $2.50 to $68.

Lingerie: Fitted glove-silk stuff, lace-trimmed, with little ruffles to conceal bloomers when they exist. Pants around $5.95. Good assortment of French hand-made lingerie, pink with blue embroidery and binding, or with lace; panties around $9.95. Slips with lace brassière tops built in; $16.50. Also grand domestic stuff at prices lower than these.

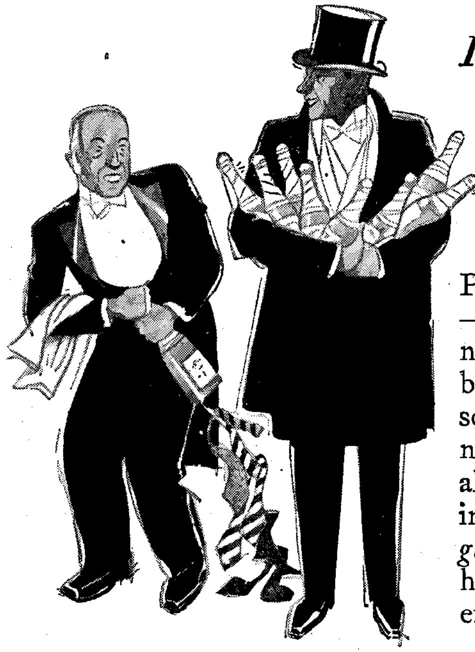
Handbags: All-rhinestone evening bags with talon fastener; $9.75. Tiny velvet carryalls with talon fasteners; $9.75. Good assortment of antique brocades up to $125. Speakeasy velvet bags, colors of any liquor you favor; $5 to $25.

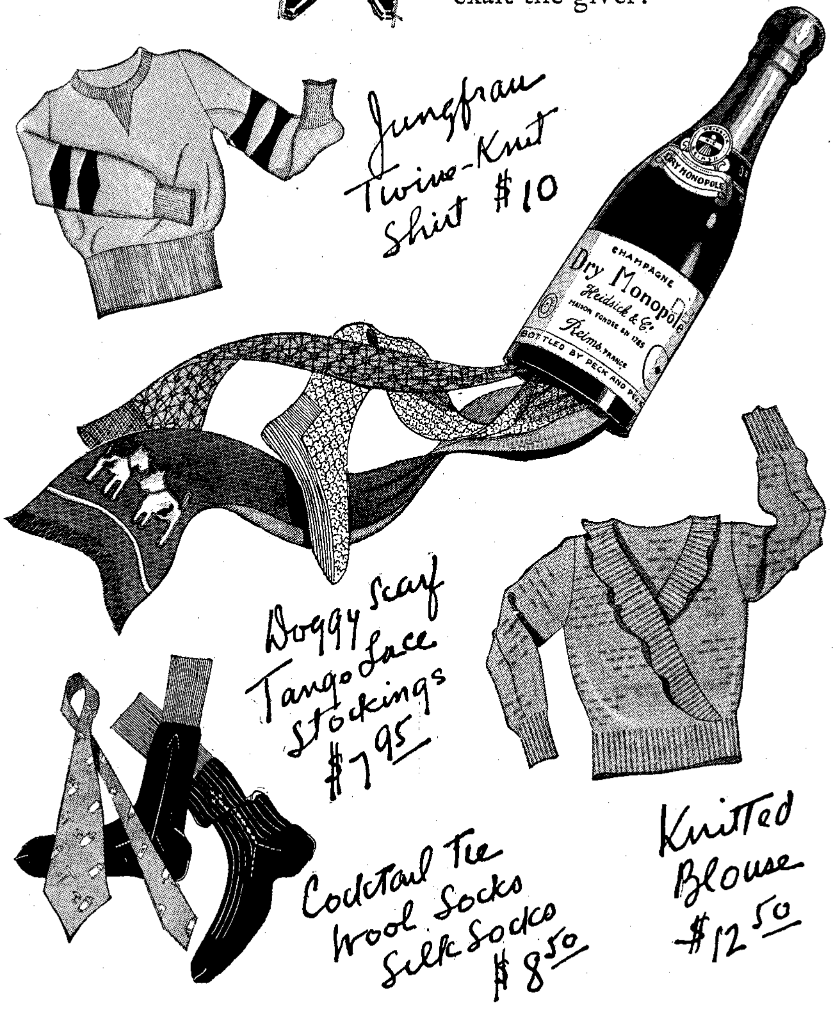
Scarves: Wide ones of Rodier wools;

NEW CHRISTMAS THINGS

IN FINE OLD CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES

Peck & Peck Christmas Gifts—for Champagne tastes—now come in Champagne bottles! Stockings, sweaters, scarves and neckwear—garnered by Peck & Peck from all the world—are bottled in pints or quarts. *Ask for the genuine.* Warranted to exhilarate the recipient and to exalt the giver!





PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHITE PLAINS CHICAGO BOSTON DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS PHILADELPHIA

Hand-finished Satin
LINGERIE
$12.74

A lustrous, shimmering satin gown, (bias cut to fit the figure softly)—a slip also bias — exquisitely trimmed with beautifully applied Alençon lace. Gifts to gush over!

LINGERIE LITTLE SHOP
SECOND FLOOR

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway

$9.50 to $15. Also knit ones with suede bands.

Boxes of linen handkerchiefs, sports-size, with name written across the corner; marvellous assortment of colors; $2.10 for box of six.

Velvet kangaroo with zipper back, for youthful handbag; $5.

Gloves: Wool-lined capeskin, wide short cuffs, hand-stitched; $5.75. Chamois-lined English mocha; $6.50. Featherweight French kid slip-ons; $3.75. Hand-stitched doeskin, $7.50; capeskin, $4.95. Gloves here always exceptional.

BRUCK-WEISS:

Handbags: Good collection of antelope bags with narrow marcasite frames and ornaments; $10, $12.50, and up. Day antelope bag; whole top slides up, revealing mirror; $20.

Jewelry: Three-strand black and silver bead bracelets with modern metal ornament; $2.95. Also necklaces to match. Convincing pigeon ruby and rhinestone clips, bracelets, earrings, etc. Big jewelled clips; $5.95 and $6.50. Tiny silver combs with jewelled clip at top; $12.

Gloves: Some with four-inch cuffs of fur. Caracul, $18; Persian lamb, $25; ermine, $35. Black pigskin gloves, hand-stitched; $5.95. One-button capeskin gloves with tailored bow on back of wrist; $3.95.

Lingerie: Good satin lingerie, molded, with liberal hand-run Alençon trimming. Slips around $10.95; Slicos (knee-length combinations), $11.95. Grand nightgowns, every possible price; from $12.75 up and up.

HATTIE CARNEGIE:

Circular jewelled clips that can be used as earrings; $30, $45, and so on.

Lace-covered satin evening bags; $50. Satin day or evening bags, very flat with jewelled clasp in corner; $30.

Handkerchiefs: Marvellous chiffon handkerchiefs, printed in delicate traceries, a yard square; $6. Fine white linen with point-turque animals, flowers, or what-have-you, dainty as possible; $3.95 each.

Hand-knit sweater suits; $95 and up. Sweaters around $45; hand-knit pajamas around $75.

Ecolière red homespun dress, brown and orange knit bow, beret, and sports gloves with knitted cuffs, simple enough to suit many types; $95 a set.

FRANKLIN SIMON:

The new Gift Shop on the seventh floor has assembled the cream of the merchandise around here for Christmas. For instance:

Boxed handbag, scarf, and boutonnière sets of finely striped knits; $7.95.

Stocking boxes, some with darning cotton to match stockings included. One of these has six service-sheer stockings; $8. Mixed box: three pairs, one waffle, one chiffon, one mesh; $6.50.

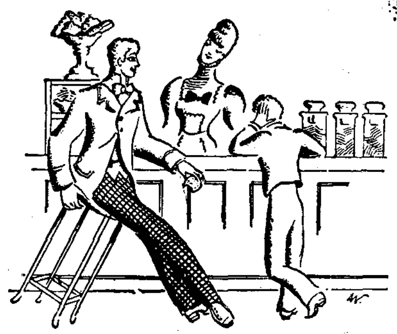
Enamelled vanity for rouge and powder, with watch showing through the lid. All colors, trimmed with silver; $12.75.

For shivering sportswomen: Lacy knit bloomers and shirt sets, boxed; $8.45.

Brown antelope handbag with sprawling gold and silver metal bow clasp; $12.75. Antelope bags with marcasite trimming; around $16.75.

Handkerchief books for children: Alice in Wonderland, Mickey Mouse, fairy tales, and such, printed episodically on handkerchiefs and presented in book form; $1 each and enchanting.

Good collection of black and silver or brown and gold smoking gadgets: square bedside ashtrays, barrel cigarette boxes, and so on; around $2



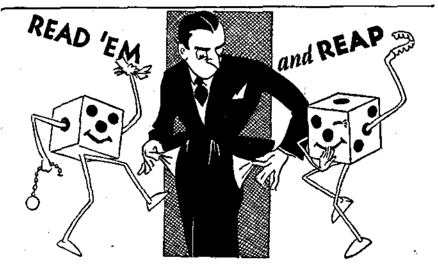
ROMARY'S
'TUNBRIDGE WELLS'
BISCUITS

For their crisp lightness and their unique flavors, these delightful old English biscuits have long been famous among connoisseurs. They are made for the select company to whom only the best appeals. Among the different varieties, from wafers to ginger nuts, one will be found to suit each taste. They may be obtained from—

Charles & Co., Fortnum & Mason, R. H. Macy, Vendome Table Delicacies, in New York; *Abraham & Straus, in* Brooklyn; *S. S. Pierce Co., Wm. Filene's Sons Co., in* Boston.

BY APPOINTMENT

A. ROMARY & COY. LTD
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND

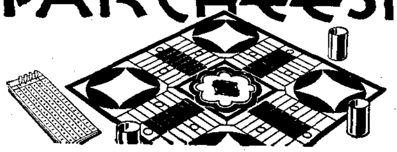


"DOUBLETS"
triple the fun of this fascinating game

When you roll "Doublets" in Club Parcheesi the eyes on both top and bottom of the dice are counted—provided all four of your "men" are in play.

Sounds intriguing, doesn't it? And it *is*! Club Parcheesi is the grand old childhood game of Parcheesi plus new scoring features—a game of skill and chance played and discussed wherever keen-minded men and women gather. Get a game and try it. Marvelously attractive sets for $1.50, $3.00, $5.00, $10.00 and $25.00 at better dealers. Selchow & Righter Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CLUB PARCHEESI



and $3.95. Cannon cigarette-lighter; $4.50.
Cockeyed wooden dogs, with eyes that roll and tell the time; $15 and $22.50.
Crystal clocks, hands on centre and numerals on crystal edge; $15.
Little bell to wedge under door, rings when door is opened; $3.95.
Electric razor for women, no blades to change, and good for dry shave; $25.
Picture frames, the best of crystal with etched designs; $4.95 and $5.95.

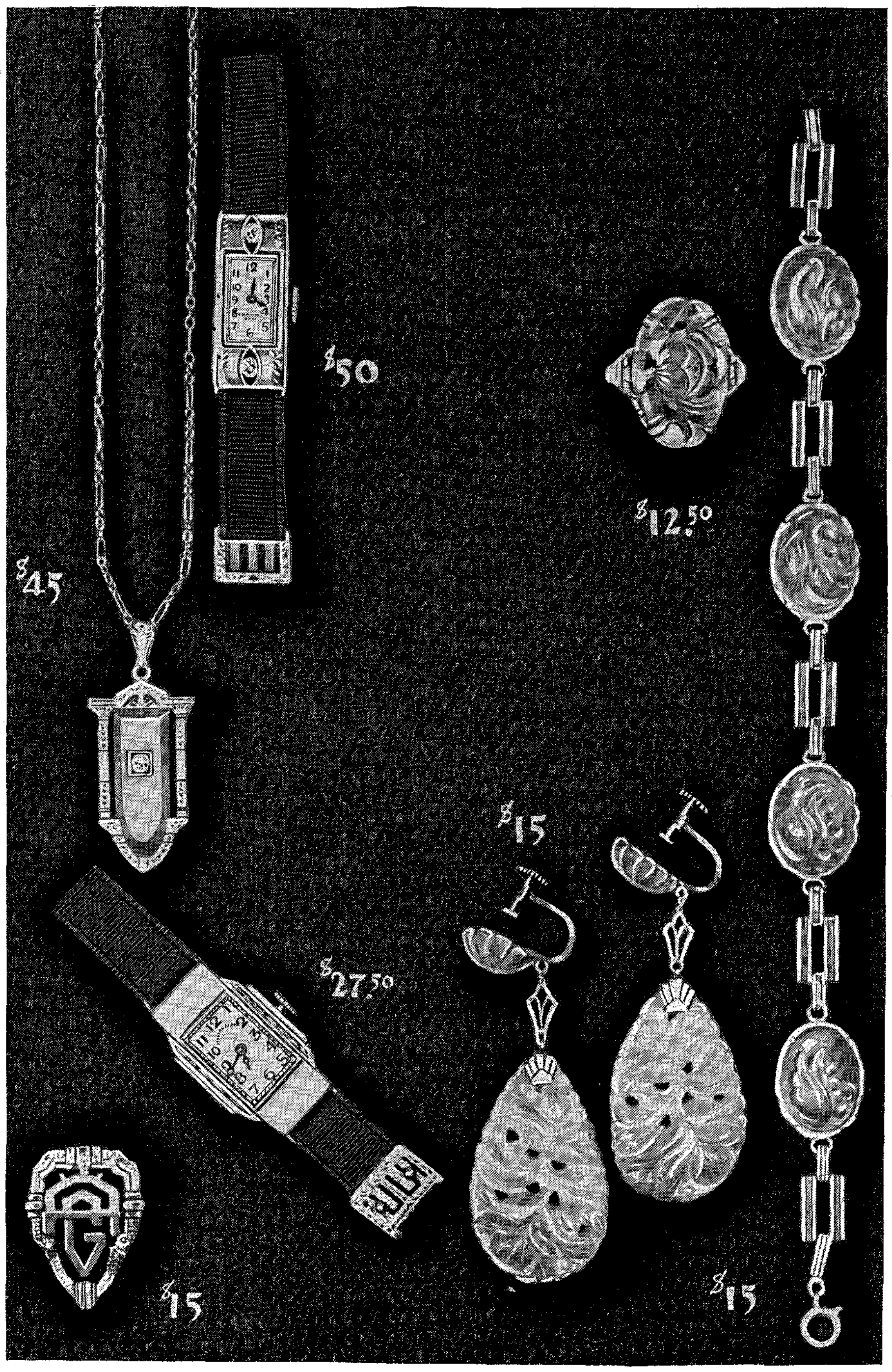
HOLLANDER:

Takes a prize for its universally smart and exciting accessories. To name only a few:

Schiaparelli's new sports handbag, a fat carryall, twelve inches long and five deep, with talon fastener and braided leather cord wrapped around it; $18.50. Also Palm Beach envelope bag of white pigskin, fifteen inches long, gold-button closing; $18.50.
Palm Beach scarves of white mousseline with woven taffeta stripes in heavenly colors; $10.50 and $12.50.
Nicolet white-kid evening gloves, short, with slightly flaring curved cuffs; $5.
Umbrellas, stubby, with hunks of composition stuff forming handles; swell collection; $10.50, $12.50, $15.
Costume jewelry (you'll go stark mad): All the newest Chanel and Patou Christmas-tree stuff, right off the boat, all originals. Lots in black and gold—notably necklaces, chokers, and bracelets—on elastic of little gold cups strung like discs. Chokers; $10.50—and what if they *do* get your neck dirty? Sapphire-blue, three-strand disc necklace, with huge red and silver beads forming the fastening; $16.50. Lots of red, white, and blue snaky jewelry like that. Necklaces having beads strung at two-inch intervals on invisible wire; $8.50. Chanel belt buckles: three crystal balls sprinkled with gold dots, crystal, and rhinestone, too lovely; $7.50 and $8.50. Lots of hatpins: question marks formed by gold or silver coils on jet or crystal ($3.50) are only an example.

JAY-THORPE:

This shop is making a great to-do about Christmas wrappings that eliminate all the bother for the donor. Swell gold and white packagings, and grand Scottie papers for gloves, stockings, and such—very festive.
Stockings: Walking-stockings-and-glove sets; stockings, $1.65; washable suede pull-on gloves to match, $3.95. Tailleur stockings, 51-gauge; $1.95. Very, very sheer chiffon stockings with clocks; $3.50.
Gloves: Those amusing bracelet gloves, short, with bracelet around wrist; $4.95. New ones, with two bracelets

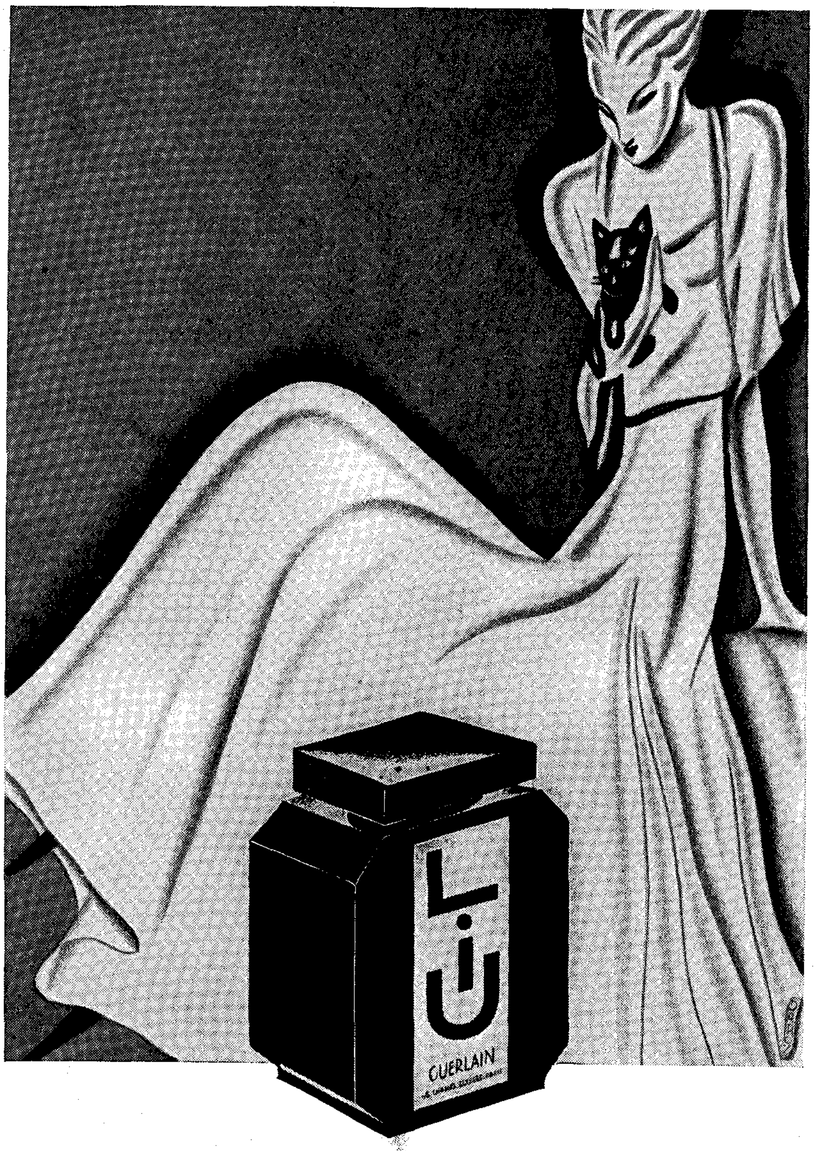


"Oh, Why Haven't I Been Here Before?"

Those were her very words as she was leaving Lamberts—the very words of a wise young thing who lives in the East Seventies—and a New Yorker reader we knew, for she had the last issue tucked under her arm. She was tickled with a monogram clip she'd found (shown above at $15), and most enthusiastic about Lambert prices. Thinking that we might just as easily please lots more of you New Yorker readers, we're showing you a few suggestions here. Lambert prices will endow your dollars with vim and vigor. Our prices are RIGHT FOR 1931 just as they've been right for 54 years.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877
LEXINGTON AVENUE AT SIXTIETH STREET

6-



LIU, THE ELEGANT, IS FOR HER IN THE MODERN SCENE

Liu is like her. It is her voice, her moving voice, speaking nude frankness in accents of charm . . . firing a fusillade of daring quips. For quips are her armour — with which she both conquers and be-sparkles the turns of her daily drama. Liu echoes her casual and fabulous scenery . . . her melon emeralds, yachts, pent houses, horses, dogs. Liu whispers that her jests lack joy . . . that the sorrows of sophistry — dark as Erebus — cloud her heart. Yet for her glamour and her gallantry Liu is hers — by the genius of Guerlain . . . Guerlain, whose power is supreme in creating beauty to increase the attraction of women!

GUERLAIN
PARFUMEUR • • PARIS

on one wrist and none on the other. Short kid gloves for evening, with scalloped irregular edge; in white, eggshell, black, or brown; $4.75. Brown pigskin (which couldn't be smarter for sports); $4.95.

Evening chiffon handkerchiefs with applied satin or (newer and smarter) sateen interlocking monogram seven inches high; $4.95.

Ermine waist-length jacket with sleeves puffed at wrist; $375. Vionnet's little cape collar, crossed on chest and tying in back, with muff to match; $95 to $155, depending on fur. And those tiny Schiaparelli capes, to wear over anything, in ermine, mink, kolinsky, lapin, galliac, and so on. Lapin, $35; white caracul, $100; kolinsky, $165—to give you an idea.

Jewelry: Mainbocher's twelve-strand necklaces and bracelets, tiny colored beads strung on metal. Silver chain-and-ball closing; necklaces, $22.50; bracelet, $6.50. Huge three-inch clips, which separate to make belt buckle; $25. Other large jewelled clips; $3 to $16.50.

KURZMAN:

Imported handbags excellent here. Brown antelope with gold eyelets, $12.50; belt to match, $5. Group of tailored bags of pin seal, patent leather, etc.; $7.50. Imported quilted patent leather, ivory handle with white-kid inlay; $35. Antelope bag, interesting square handle, marcasite trimming; black and white, green, brown, etc.; $12.50. Real alligator, big under-arm or handle bags; knockouts for $10. Lots of silk bags for older women; all prices. Antique brocades, still smart and safe for evening; $16.50 and up.

Jewelry: Crystal clip with bar of silver or gold across it; $5. Buckles and other ornaments to match. Large clips of red, gold, and black enamel, very modern; $5. Oxblood coral earrings with hand-carved gold filigree; $15.

LORD & TAYLOR:

Stockings: The newest and most popular trick ones are the corduroy-stripe, waffle-chiffon, patrician-mesh, and chenille-polka-dot; $1.95 each. And this shop is famous for giving expert aid in choosing colors, and for its Christmas boxing.

Lingerie: The Cavalier nightgown, Vionnet lines, the top crossed and tying in back, blue and pink combinations; $8.95. Inexpensive lingerie, with lots of convincing lace, particularly good here.

Handbags: The simple black and brown tailored antelope bags with metal or bone decoration are always first-rate here. Newest idea is bags of stitched capeskin with wooden handles adorned with silver or copper; $4.95 to $10.

Gloves: White glacé kid, sixteen-button, $7.95; white pigskin, six-button length, $6.50; capeskin, with black and white stitching and widish cuffs, $5.

Clocks: Twin-bed clock, facing in two directions, simple and modern; $9.95. Electric clocks with chromium frames; $10.

Gadgets: Box of soap looking exactly like corsage of gardenias; $1. Little square enamelled flashlight; $1. Copies of Lanvin's necklaces, clips, and such, composed of coiled snails done in rhinestones; $2.95 for clips.

MACY:

Jewelry: Big assortment of cigarette cases, vanities, and lighters, of gold metal, crisscrossed, ribbed, and fixed up various ways to look darn expensive; around $18.74.

Enlarged copies of foreign coins,

containing watches that will stand up at the bedside; $34.50. Wooden wristwatches (copies of Worth's) with adjustable button closing; all gay colors; $23.48. Tiny watch with metal band sliding across to protect crystal; $79.50.

Negligees: Reversible dressing-gown of black velvet lined with colored crêpe; $17.74. Satin negligee, buttons from shoulders to wrists, raglan sleeves; $13.74. Satin Vionnet copy, buttoned way over with full sleeves and full skirt; $22.74. Hostess robes of velvet, with sashes, high necks, full sleeves, some with trains; $44.75 and $58.75. Also, the Lingerie Shop, on the second floor, has grand stuff, all the way from $3.69 to about $40 and $50 in price.

The Accessory Shop: There is practically nothing in this first-floor-balcony shop that the smartest woman wouldn't like. To mention a few things:

Scarf-and-hat sets, of diagonally striped wools, wool and suede, or suede banded with wool; $13.89 to $18.74. Also Chanel's hug-me-tight scarf and hat of striped wool, $13.89.

Suede vestees, sleeveless, round-necked, and zipped up the side; another with wooden buttons up each side to the neck; $16.89 to $18.74.

Sweaters: Agnès Irish-crochet silk sweater, $16.89; Schiaparelli's two-color sweater with cowl neck that ties, $16.89. Hand-made ones, Hermès type; $22.89. Hand-crocheted gilets; $10.89.

Clips, quantities of them; from $2.74 up.

Handkerchiefs, like the Molyneux kind; $1.84. All handkerchiefs good here, as are

Handbags.

McCreery:

Handbags: Tiny, fat, velvet evening bags, marcasite gadgets; $4.95. Pearls embroidered on net, with pearl-studded frames; $15. Pretty fancy pearls on organdie with Eugénie medallion; $16.50. Tailored bags, boroso shark and leather; $12.50. Suede with gold tag; $16.50.

Big, old-fashioned gold-hoop bracelets with etched tracery on them; $4.95 each.

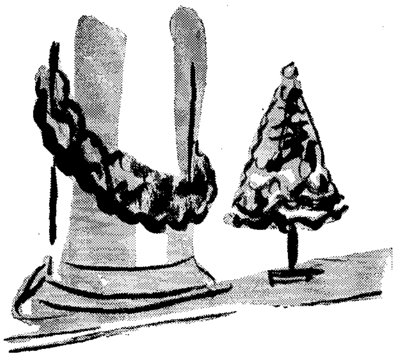
Nice, drippy, velvet negligees of the hostess-gown type, some with fur; around $19.75.

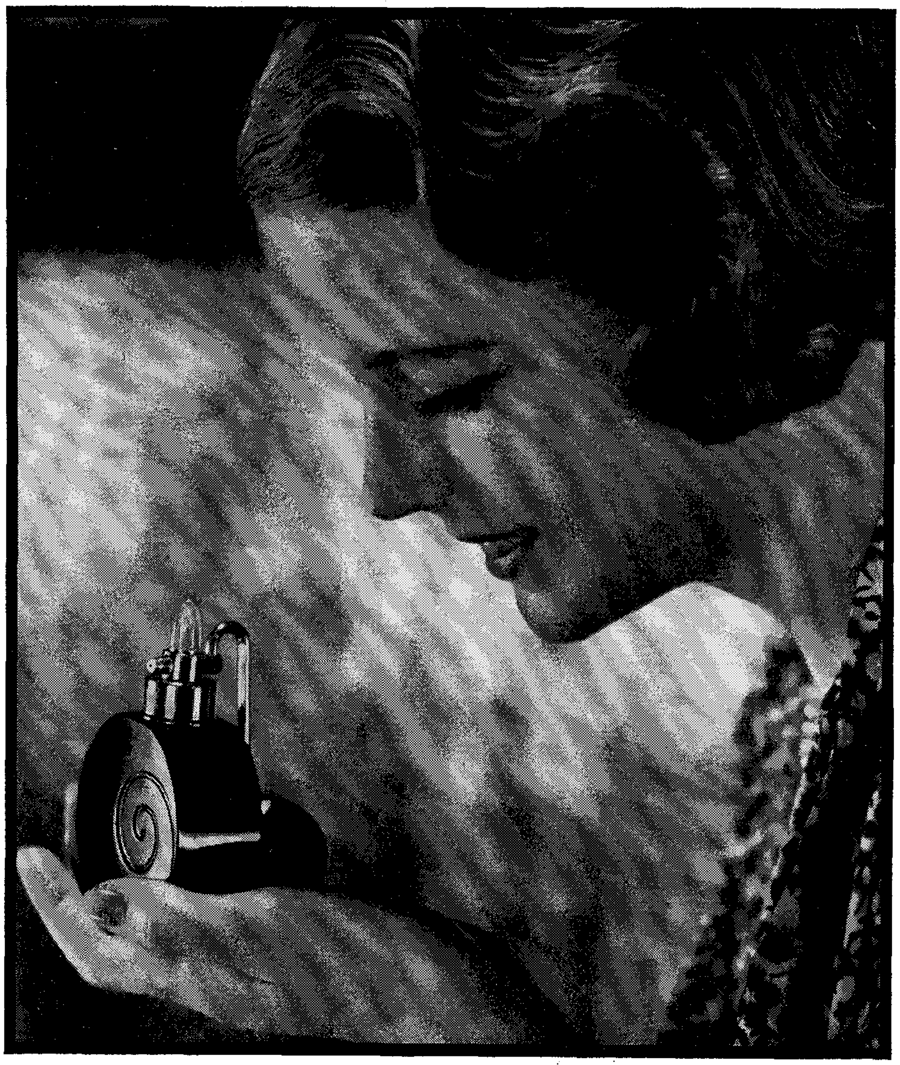
Stencilled-lapin jackets, like leopard; $49.75.

Peck & Peck:

Trinkets: Gold or silver chain bracelets with three dog charms; $1.75. Wooden hoop bracelets with band of color, and dog to match as pin for hat or dress; $3 a set.

Sweaters: Mariner's shirt, talon fastener to polo neck, striped, with knockabout brimmed hat to match; $5 each. Glorified sweatshirts of twine



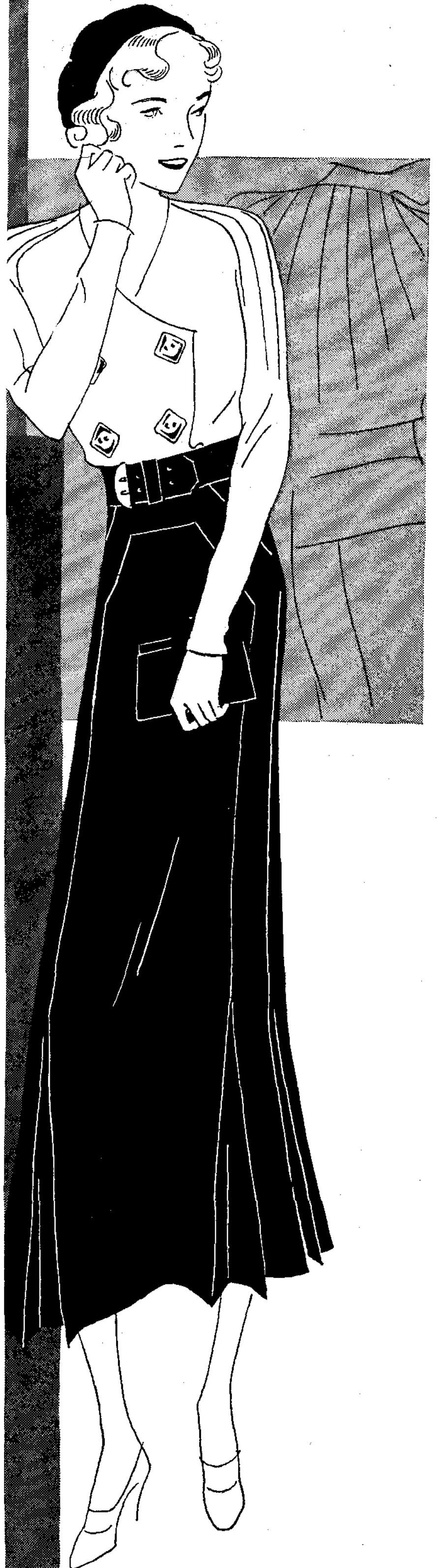


A GIFT TIMED TO THE RENAISSANCE OF FEMININITY

● With the use of more perfume accepted in the grooming of the well-bred woman, a DeVilbiss Atomizer this year will be not only a very welcome but a timely gift as well. Good taste demands a delicate aura of scent which only thorough atomization can produce. Thus, daubing with all its harsh over-emphasis is definitely out. The gentle cloud of perfume from DeVilbiss Atomizers weds true elegance with good taste. The new non-evaporating DeVilbiss Perfume Atomizers are shown by all the better stores.

★ DeVilbiss ★
Perfume Atomizers

Mainbocher inspired it
Biarritz crepe makes it
The Budget Shop features it at a new low price . . 16.75



12 to 20, in seven bright combinations
BUDGET DRESS SHOP, SECOND FLOOR
Lord & Taylor
FIFTH AVENUE

knit, lisle ribbing at bottom and two bright stripes on sleeve; $10. Chamois or corduroy windbreakers, fastened across the throat in double-breasted Schiaparelli effect; $17.50 and $25. Two-tone Angora sweaters (positively the cats), ribbing at bottom and all around the base of the throat; $17.50.

Towelling beach or bath robe, thin towelling lined with contrasting color; $17.50.

Stockings: Peck & Peck stockings are unsurpassed around town. Even people who ordinarily don't like fancy ones should love the Tango Lace stockings; $2.95. Clover Club, a sheer lace with four-leaf clovers scattered around; $5. Country Cousin, fine lisle for sports; $1.35.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE:

Collection of petit-point stuff, made by patient Viennese girls equipped with microscopes: handbags, cigarette-lighters, cigarette cases, everything. Even the frames are petit-point—something of an achievement. Cigarette cases, $15; bags, around $75.

Handbags: Angelskin evening bags, semiprecious clasps; $38.50. Lots of silk bags with gold and black enamel or carved semiprecious frames; around $15. Stitched felt bags for sports, with tortoise hoop closing; $15.

Sturdy sports umbrella, with long hooked handle and long point; $7.50. And don't forget the Brigg umbrellas of the same type. Lots of umbrellas with leather cases covering them; $18.50 up.

Wristwatch, half an inch wide, on link or pigskin band, a knockout; $85.

Clocks with tortoise-shell faces and gold or chromium fixings, all kinds, all sizes, all prices.

They do say we'll have hatpins again. Grand ones of rhinestones; $1.95.

Silver-gilt door key with cut-out monogram; $8.50. Key chain, same type; $18.50.

Sweaters: Collection of hand-knit short sweaters with yokes contrasting; $15.75 to $24.75. Many of the turtle-neck type for young people, with a loose and rippling neck to soften severity.

SAKS-THIRTY-FOURTH STREET:

White Angora scarf; $2.95. Also belts to match—to doll up a simple black dress; 95 cents.

Hand-loomed baby blankets; $1.95.

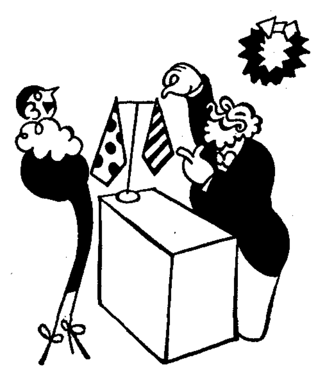
Worth's separate skirts with high waistline; wool, $7.95; velvet, $10.

Thin jersey one-piece pajamas, contrasting roll collar and Vionnet sleeves; $6.95.

Natural pigskin gloves like a man's, but without button; $1.95.

Joan felt hats for sports, brimmed, and of the Dobbs type; $3.95 in every conceivable color.

Lyolène coat, buttoned all the way up

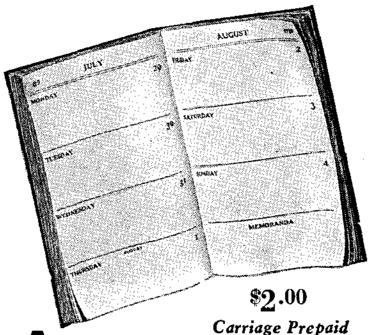


HANDKERCHIEFS OF VERSATILITY

Kargère's collection of colorful evening handkerchiefs from Paris is the most versatile in town. Some depict Mickey Mouse mischievously—some speak epithets such as "Cheri"—"Darling"—others say whole sentences in French—still others are bridge fans—and all are amusing. They make gifts of singular charm, as do all "Kargère, Paris" creations. They are 18" square and cost two dollars each.

KARGÈRE
636 Fifth Avenue, New York
39 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, Paris

Smythson's
WAFER DIARY
AMERICAN EDITION—1932



$2.00
Carriage Prepaid

A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1932 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

MM IMPORTING CO.
543 Madison Avenue : New York City

one side with bright scarf spilling out through the buttons, monotone or mixed tweed; $25. Perfect sports or town coat.

STERN:

Jewelled trifles: Small trick watch in a marcasite-and-black-enamel box; $59.75. All kinds of lighter, cigarette-case, and powder-box sets. Lots of long, drippy earrings; $4.95 to $7.50. Very convincing huge link bracelets; $4.95.

Evening bags: Large group at $7.50 of velvet with pearl bowknot decoration. Also, satin bag covered with cream lace and having a gold and pearl frame; the newest evening-bag wrinkle; $7.50.

Gloves: Short, white-suede, bracelet glove for evening with the bracelet rhinestone-studded; $6. Quantities of long evening gloves for $5.

Mules: Velvet and satin or velvet and metal kid, some with back straps and some without; $6.50 to $8.50.

For winter sports: Heavy-knit turtle-neck sweater, waist-length, all bright colors and white; $7.95. In brushed wool, with hat to match; $12.75. Separate ski pants; $7.95.

Three-quarter coats of white lapin, for youthful evening wraps; $39.50.

WANAMAKER:

Leather goods:

New airplane luggage, made of Rind leather: tough cowhide unlined, brown and black, making handbags, suitcases, belts, etc. Small suitcase; $9.95, guaranteed for a lifetime.

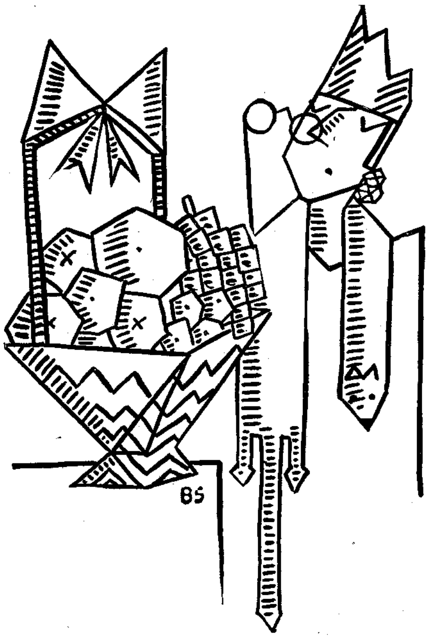
Cigarette cases, of black or brown shiny leather, made in Spain. One for ten cigarettes with cover sliding on; $3.95. For cigarette packs; $2.95. For travelling, one holds fifty cigarettes in three overlapping sections; $7.95. All hand-made.

Redleaf stuff: English writing case, includes calendar, paper, address books, everything; $3.95. All kinds of bill-folds with trick compartments, in pin seal, black crocodile, and so on; $2.95 to $25. Also tailored handbags for tailleurs.

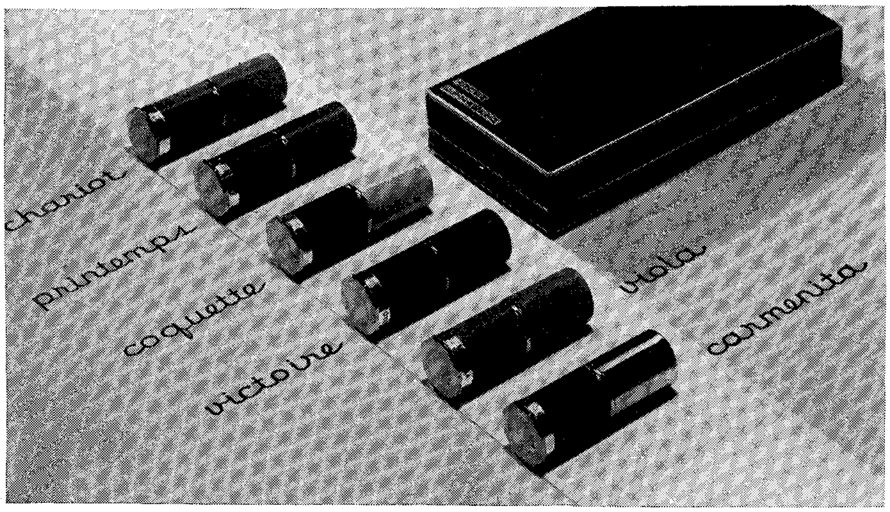
Men's handy boxes of leather; $5 and $6.95.

Soft glove leather called Nappa, fashioning red and white, green and white, and other gay handbags for Palm Beach; $7.50.

Motor Companion Case: Tiny fitted



ELIZABETH ARDEN
PRESENTS
a wardrobe for well-dressed lips



Flowers fascinate by their eternal variety. Woman's beauty, too, can vary! She can wear colors she never wore before... and wear them successfully, merely by changing her make-up to blend with her gown ● Miss Arden's new Lipstick Ensemble, with its six pencils in six charming shades, is of invaluable assistance in accomplishing this fascinating task ● The lipsticks themselves... petal-smooth, a delight to apply, *really* indelible, tinted to harmonize with every color gown and accent every mood... constitute one of Miss Arden's most important achievements ● You will adore the attractive box of six, because it is a complete wardrobe for your lips and will dress them to blend with every costume and occasion. You may buy the lipsticks individually, if you prefer.

These are the new Arden lipstick shades—and costume colors they enhance:

CHARIOT *(Lacquer red case)*—Rich flame... a very youthful color. Good with costumes of green, woodsy brown, black, and flame-color.

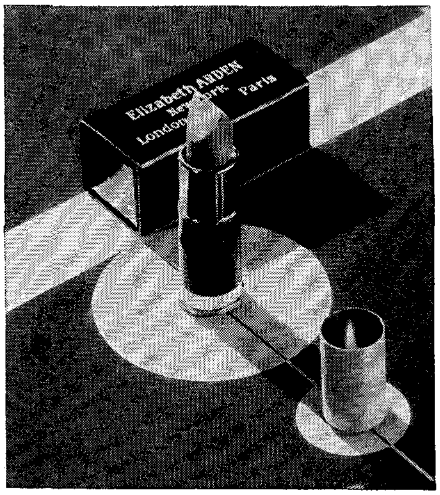
PRINTEMPS *(Fern-green case)*—Designed by Miss Arden to contribute to the success of pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens and blues. It can be worn with black and white as well as other shades.

VICTOIRE *(All black case)*—Triumphant with black! It is becoming to both blondes and brunettes.

COQUETTE *(Black case with oyster white top)*—A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up.

VIOLA *(Blue case)*—Perfect for wear with blue because there is a hint of violet in it. It seems to make the skin whiter and the eyes more shadowy.

CARMENITA *(Black case with silver top)*—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colors.



● Elizabeth Arden Lipstick Ensemble... six lipsticks in six different shades, $7.50... Each lipstick, $1.50.

● Would you like a color book that tells you exactly which lipstick to use and exactly what make-up accessories harmonize with each new autumn color? Write to Miss Arden, 691 Fifth Ave., New York, and the Color Harmony Book will be sent to you.

ELIZABETH
ARDEN
691 Fifth Avenue · New York

© Elizabeth Arden, 1931

JACK FROST *made by the new Cavart Process $10.*

DOBBS
HATS

324 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY
REPRESENTATIVES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Dobbs
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

S.S. Columbus

The swift and luxurious COLUMBUS, running mate of the world's two fastest liners, BREMEN and EUROPA, to the

West Indies

Sailing December 19, with Christmas at sea and New Year's in Havana. Second Cruise, January 9. 16 to 18 days. $220 up.

And on a de luxe Mediterranean Cruise, January 30. 67 days. 28 ports. $950 up.

Apply 57 Broadway, N.Y.C. Phone BOwling Green 9-6900, or your local agent.

North German Lloyd

case, all-chromium tops, of cowhide. Fittings liberal size; $19.50.

Brown crocodile handbags; $7.50, $10, and $15.

Handbags of black moire with silver lucky-elephant or lucky-dog design; around $12.50. Also powder cases and wallets to match.

The Tribout Shop has a grand collection of dainty imported lingerie, reasonably priced, very French, and all unusual.

FOR THE HOUSE

HERE is guidance for the tottering footsteps of you who haunt the shops and scour the town, hunting the perfect gift for your pal with the home-loving heart. Because we really mean guidance when we say guidance around here—only that and nothing more—you will find the ensuing list more of a skeleton outline than an inventory. We don't even claim to have included all the good shops in town in our little selected group.

Moreover, if you are thinking of making merry with gifts of museum antiques, priceless Orientals, and complete table services in old silver, we are no use to you at all, having decided—wisely, we think—to leave matters like these to connoisseurs, who should be the only people to buy them anyway.

There will, however, be a list about the more casual gifts of silver in next week's issue; later on there will be other lists involving equipment for home drinking, gaming, and smoking; and in the meantime we give you these:

ALTMAN: To help you find your way around here, this is our own Handy Guide:

First floor: Silver and pewter (good department, with lots of imported stuff). Bath and boudoir bottles. Cutlery. Clocks.

Fourth floor: Linens, laces, glass, and china. Bedding, lots of it pretty luxurious.

Fifth floor: Lamps.

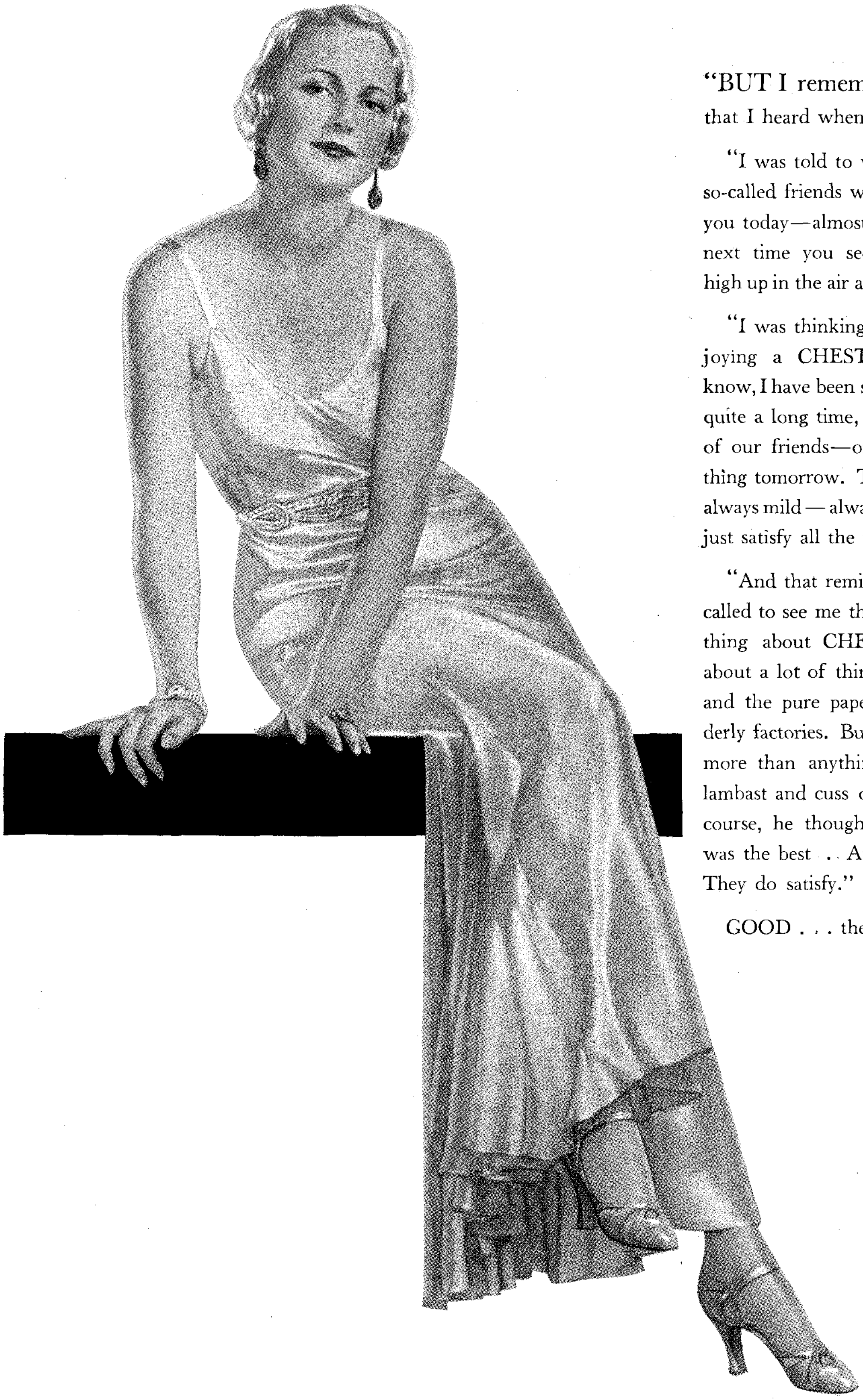
Seventh floor: Furniture. Exhibition rooms. Treasure Trove, a department full of objets d'art from all periods.

ARDEN STUDIOS, 460 Park Avenue: Several floors of new and different things for bored people, including bits for outdoor decoration—unseasonable, maybe, but a sensible enough thought if the gift is going to a family that's proud of its country place. Small garden sculpture and ceramics a specialty. Indoor decorations, too.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: The Antique Shop has its official headquarters on the street floor, behind the hats, but you will find decorative bits, all over the house, which are for sale to interested customers. Lots of white things. Small rugs of thick looped wool; $40. Pharmacy jars, for flowers or anything—Spanish faïence, two sizes, covered and uncovered; $10 and $15. Jars and bowls in Limoges and Blanc de Chine. Opaline vases, nice size for average flowers; $15 a pair. Cruet set, eighteenth-century French porcelain; $15. Also, little ring-stand for hanging up the jewels at night; $25. Pair of Directoire stools, perfectly useless but awfully nice; $25 each. Other agreeable nonsense.

BLOOMINGDALE: This rejuvenated old-timer

"I'm older than you think I am...



"BUT I remember some of the things that I heard when I was younger.

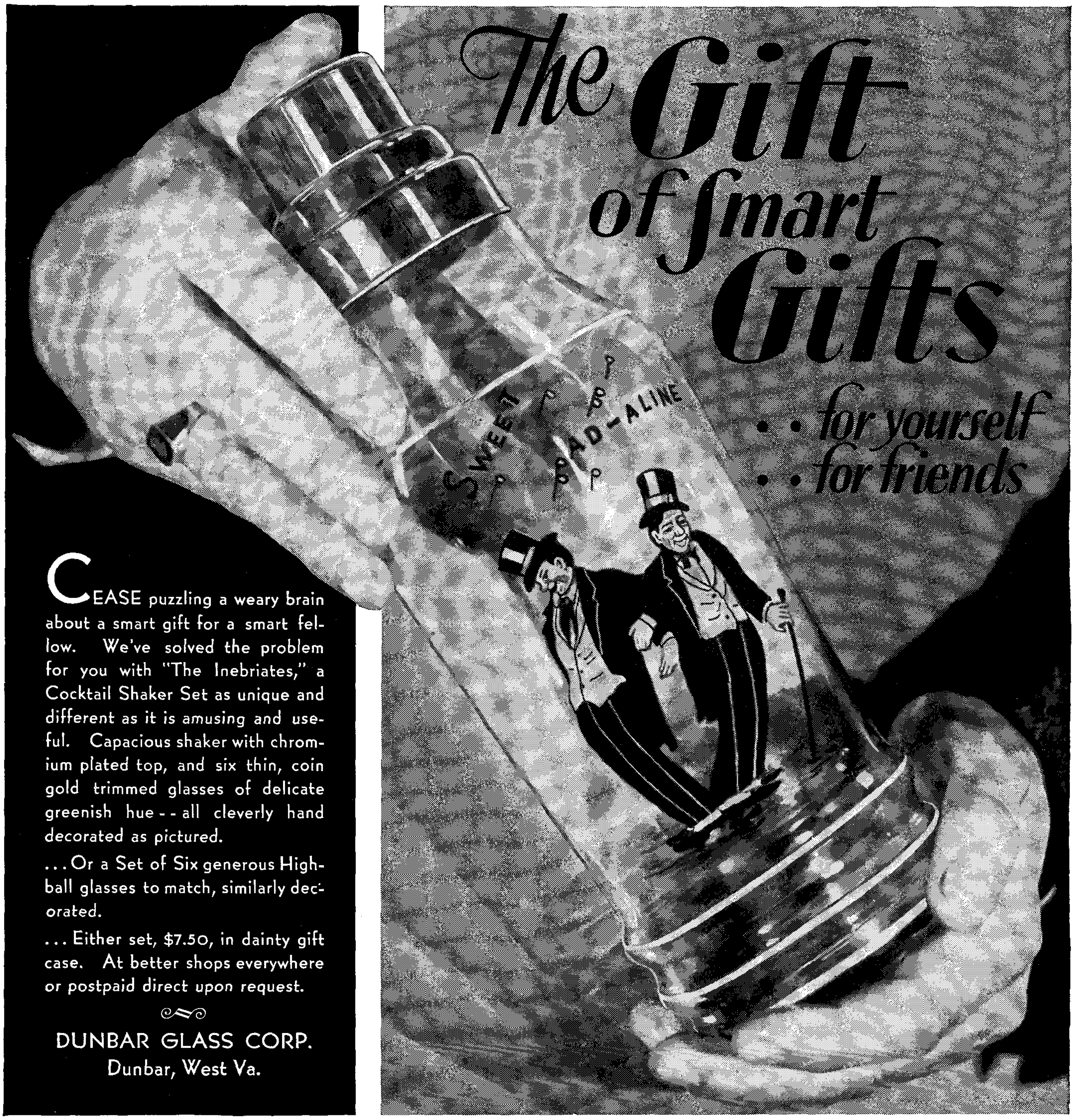
"I was told to watch out for one of those so-called friends who is so mighty glad to see you today—almost going to hug you; and the next time you see her, is holding her head high up in the air and won't even speak to you.

"I was thinking about this while I was enjoying a CHESTERFIELD cigarette. You know, I have been smoking CHESTERFIELDS quite a long time, and they are not like some of our friends—one thing today and another thing tomorrow. They are *always* the same—always mild — always so pleasing in taste. They just satisfy all the time.

"And that reminds me of a salesman who called to see me the other day to tell me something about CHESTERFIELD. He talked about a lot of things, about the pure tobacco and the pure paper and about the clean, orderly factories. But the thing that pleased me more than anything else was that he didn't lambast and cuss out any other cigarette. Of course, he thought that CHESTERFIELD was the best . . And I rather agree with him. They do satisfy."

GOOD . . . they've got to be good!

© 1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.


The Gift
of Smart
Gifts
. . for yourself
. . for friends
SWEET
AD-ALINE

CEASE puzzling a weary brain about a smart gift for a smart fellow. We've solved the problem for you with "The Inebriates," a Cocktail Shaker Set as unique and different as it is amusing and useful. Capacious shaker with chromium plated top, and six thin, coin gold trimmed glasses of delicate greenish hue - - all cleverly hand decorated as pictured.

. . . Or a Set of Six generous Highball glasses to match, similarly decorated.

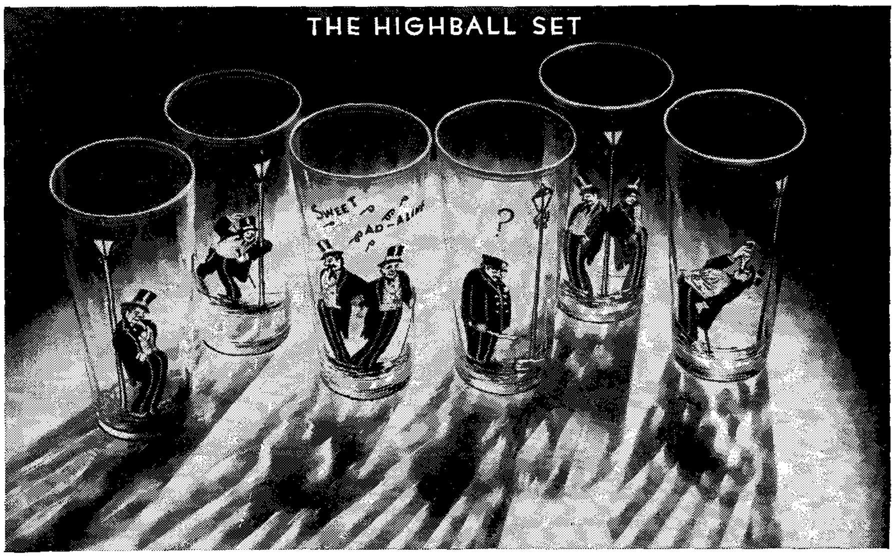
. . . Either set, $7.50, in dainty gift case. At better shops everywhere or postpaid direct upon request.

~

DUNBAR GLASS CORP.
Dunbar, West Va.

THE SHAKER SET

THE HIGHBALL SET


SWEET
AD-ALINE
?

has switched its for-the-house departments about until we are dizzy. The final settlement seems to go something like this:

First floor: Silver and pewter, including plenty of old Sheffield plate and Revolutionary pewter.

Fifth floor: The Connoisseur's Corner (old and reproduction period decorations, including Empire and Victorian) and the Modern Shop (engaging bits of *art moderne*, presented in an intimate, small-shop way).

Sixth floor: Housewares, and the Bright Idea Shop, which is full of time and labor-saving gadgets. Lots of fun.

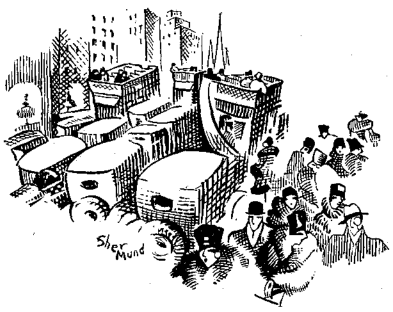
BROWNELL-LAMBERTSON GALLERIES, 106 East Fifty-seventh Street: Modern bibelots and furnishings of a superior order. The screens are particularly good, $250 up; grand ones by Katherine Sturges, $1000. All sorts of things in Orrefors glass, the new thick kind. Ashtrays ($1.50) and tableware in etched pewter, very lovely. Modern versions of leather-covered objects like boxes and bookends; $8 and up. Small furniture pieces: a nest of Harewood tables, for instance, an awfully good $50 gift. Much, much more, and all of it excellent.

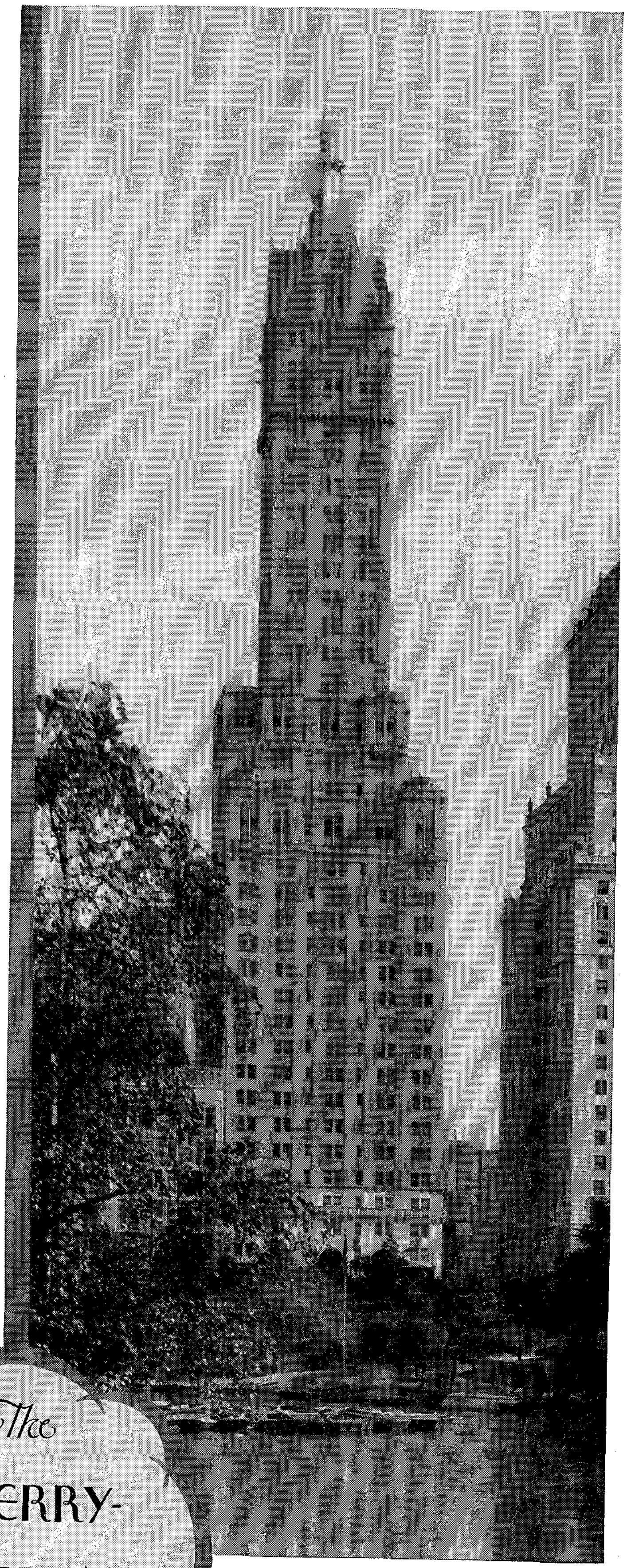
BRUCE BUTTFIELD, 21 West Eighth Street: Gifts for your mad, mad companions who have gone Victorian. Furniture and bibelots from the best part of the period: fat, puffy chairs with tufting and ruffles and fringes down to the ground; little tables incrusted with mother-of-pearl; hanging shelves in wood and metal, painted white or a color; bulbous lamps wearing pleated shades tied with a big bow of ribbon; big, imposing chandeliers; and shelf upon shelf of things in glass and china, some serious and some hilarious. Fun, with a lot of beauty thrown in. Or maybe it should be the other way around.

CARLIN COMFORTS, 536 Madison Avenue: Luxurious lamb's-wool comforters in satins, velvets, and a new fabric called Carlinese, stitched in really new designs; prices start at $23.50, and soar from there. Also down puffs. Lacy bedcovers. Chaise throws. Pillows. Boudoir luxuries.

THE CHINTZ SHOP, 443 Madison Avenue: Pleasant, tasteful accessories and small furniture pieces. Good lamps and shades. Unusual holdbacks. These on the street floor. Downstairs, a basement gameroom with all kinds of equipment for good clean fun at home.

CONTEMPORA, 509 Madison Avenue: Small treasures for connoisseurs of the modern, scattered about in a suite of rooms on the twelfth floor at this address. Besides being American headquarters for the inimitable Vally Wieselthier (whose ceramics are all over the place and whose porcelains will make you weep with joy if you have any emotion in you at all), the rooms are full of bits of art in the way of ashtrays, lamps, bottles, and boxes which you may buy and take away with you if they take your fancy. A prize among lamps: globe of brass set in a wood base; can be turned about at will to





The

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

SPACIOUS living, without household cares. Town-house nearness to theatres, shops. Wide outlook over park gardens, Plaza Square, and across to Hell Gate and New Jersey. Meticulous service by a Sherry-trained staff. Apartments by the day, week, or lease.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

Your Mr. Robert is very anti-d-pr-ss-n

. . . he not only feels

THAT WAY

. . . but he's Doing Something About it!

Those Hats of His . . that Cheer up a Girl like Nothing Else, will be, from this day forward . . designed and Made, just for you, on your own Particular Head, for as little as

12.75

Some of them can cost more, of course, if you like . . but there are some little dollinks at this bottom price.

Fourth Floor — Chez Robert

SAKS
34 STREET
AT BROADWAY

spotlight certain parts of the room, to pick out and dramatize a picture, etc. Finished to your order in silver, Monel metal, etc., or left in a natural state.

ROSE CUMMING, 489 Park Avenue: For that very special gift to a connoisseur. Room after room full of gorgeous things; bewildering to begin with, but the place grows on you. Each room completely furnished, and sometimes more than that, in an important period style, and everything for sale. Collections of Chinese bibelots; collections of animal figures (pug dogs, frogs, cats); collections of feather flowers; collections of modern glass nonsense for table decorations. We aren't even attempting to give details.

DARNLEY, 395 Madison Avenue: Wax flowers, for Victorian faddists; all the known blossoms, looking very real and alive and costing anywhere from fifty cents to dollars and dollars each. Wall brackets and hanging shelves. Small tables and things to put on them. Good taste and not too much expense.

OLIVETTE FALLS, 563 Madison Avenue: Practically unbelievable—a gift shop where you can't go wrong. Among those present: Small reproduction tables; $12 to $25; for all purposes. Pair of old wall brackets; look like wood carved in roses-and-grapes design, but are really leather; $50. Reflector lamps, disguised as everyday floor lamps with parchment shades; light diffused upward to ceiling, whence it circulates all over room in a gentle glow; $30. White figure lamps, with point-d'esprit shades; remarkably impressive at $15 a pair. And the realest-looking paper flowers you ever tried to smell; boxed like posies for gifts. So popular they can't keep them in stock.

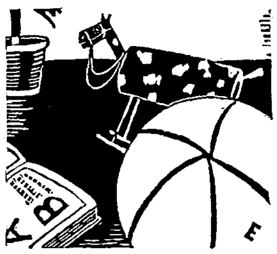
FRANKL GALLERIES, 509 Madison Avenue: Everything for the very modern home, from little gadgets like trick lighters to sectional skyscraper bookcases that reach across one whole wall of a room. Smart stuff of the black-and-chromium, black-and-white, metal-and-wood school. Prices of all sorts.

GIMBEL: The eighth floor here has a housewares department that's at least as much fun as a barrel of monkeys. It also has the Bulb and Plant Shop, where you can buy living floral tributes, bags of bulbs for gardeners, or made-to-your-order Japanese gardens, very neatly executed. Take the elevators; escalators here fool you by not going all the way up.

ANABEL HAAS, 806 Madison Avenue: A small shop holding large stocks of modern furniture and accessories. Principally metal things by Paul Lobel: fire irons, grilles, screens, etc. Viennese laces: really net, delicately embroidered, and made up into medallions and larger pieces, some large enough to be spreads or window panels. Bridge-table size costs about $14. Marianna von Allesch dolls and fantastic glass figures, too; from $1.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street:

Three New Yorkers Shop (second floor), for smart accessories and bathroom equipment. See chrome towelrack with lyre ends, just like Duncan Phyfe; $24. Also, a new combination magazine and bookrack; files magazines neatly and



PEARL·LOVERS must see IT!

RICHELIEU PEARLS from $5.00 up

Premier showing at the BETTER SHOPS

Recent discoveries now permit identical reproductions of fine oriental pearls.

This marked advance in technical science makes all previous imitations ridiculous.

JOS. H. MEYER BROS. ◦ 389-5th AVE. ◦ NEW YORK

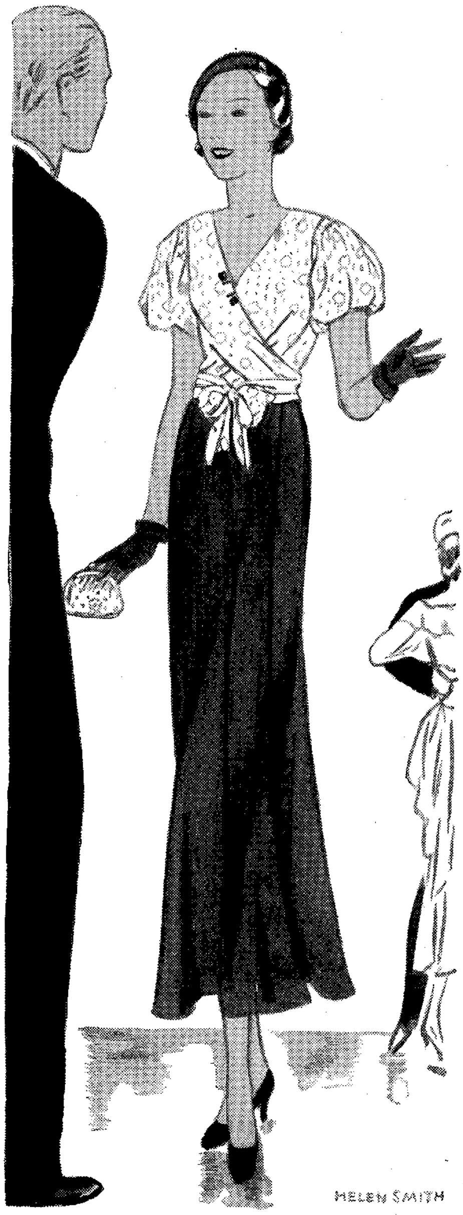
THE Andiron Shop INC.
FIRESETS
SCREENS
ANDIRONS
Clubs, Apartments, and Country Homes our specialty. Direct from factory.
370 Lexington Ave.
Room 200
New York
(Formerly 132 E. 58th St.)

Have you seen the new NASH?
FREE WHEELING
BY OGDEN NASH
author of HARD LINES
SIMON AND SCHUSTER $1.75

When he says—

"LET'S NOT DRESS!"

The wise young person knows it means this frock!



16^{75}
- *with a light top*
- *with tinsel stitching*
- *with "those" sleeves*

Black canton with pure dye jacquard tinsel bodice in white, ice blue, ice green, or brown with beige. 11 to 17.

● JUNIOR FASHION SHOP—
Fourth Floor

McCREERY
FIFTH AVENUE - 34th ST.

keeps library books out of the family shelves; $10.50.

The Closet Shop, for closet fixings of all kinds, separate or ensembled. The On-a-Door cabinet, which fits inside a closet door and holds shoes, sticks, umbrellas, or anything, is a swell gift for a young brother, whether he thinks so or not; $12.50.

The bar department, for trick bars to use at home. The Cheerio Bar is nice at $125; has extension flaps (for big parties) and a gay-nineties air. The various mantelbars (fake fireplaces that pull out and become bars), now obtainable in period designs, are much better bars than they are mantels; but maybe you don't care about that. Around $375, most of them.

Feature: A big collection of curtain holdbacks, with practically every period represented; sixty cents to $10 a pair. They even have coat-of-arms models, with handsome crests. Not to be missed.

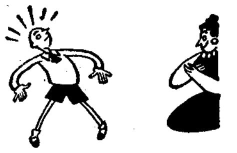
THE HOLIDAY SHOP (Marian Wright and Chiquita Marsching), 578 Madison Avenue: Gifts for drinkers and smokers exclusively, on the sixth floor of an office building. Nothing over $10. Shop closes December 24, so don't wait until Christmas Eve. When you go, look at: Generous quart-size wood bottles, charred inside, for aging things; $2. Agua Caliente wine and liqueur sets: thin bottles and glasses adorned with shellacked raffia, very handsome; $6.50 a set. Rum swizzle set in white china, decorated with eagle and flag and patriotic emblem; swizzle recipe thrown in; pieces sold separately in observance of no-more-than-$10 law.

JANET HURTER, 384 Park Avenue: Amusing paper cut-out decorations applied to screens and bars; Victorian lamps, bottles, and boxes for the boudoir; *chinoiserie* jars, vases, and *cache-pots.* A new shop with plenty of Christmas promise.

EDWIN JACKSON, 175 East Sixtieth Street: A shop full of mantel and fireplace accessories, some old and some excellent reproductions. Empire and Directoire periods well represented in gates, fire irons, fenders, and the like. Good screens. Fireplace equipment for the nursery, including animal andirons and a screen with a padlock, to keep the heirs out of the ashes. Good examples of everything that ever has been done to make fireplaces easier to look at.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON, 2 West Forty-seventh Street: Fireplace equipment again, with special attention to beautiful old mantels, many of them ripped out of mansions you have seen pulled down before your weeping eyes. For highly important gifts only.

JONES & ERWIN, 15 East Fifty-seventh Street: A big, beautiful storehouse of swell ideas for making modern life pleasant with trifles from the Victorian, the Biedermeier, the Empire, and the Directoire eras, to say nothing of the twentieth century. Examples: Apothecary glassware—simple forms in clear glass from which to make up a dressing-table set de luxe for a neat lady. Inexpensive. Fish-tank coffee table: aquarium below, plate glass above, supported on balls of glass at corners; $10; can be had square or round. Collection of weird sea shells, useful in several ways, and in any case beautiful to look at; $10 to $15 for aver-



FRANCONIA
WORLD CRUISE

An open road to the places of the earth once remote and celebrated only in sailor's yarn and poet's song . . . Bali, island home of the loveliest native women in the East Indies . . . Saigon, Canton, Korea, Nikko, Zamboanga . . . included without extra cost, as well as all the usual highlights of such a voyage.

Rates greatly reduced. $1750 and up. 140 delightful and instructive days; a cruise ship of supreme comfort, yet of a size as to permit deck-to-deck transportation in the majority of the ports. EASTBOUND FROM NEW YORK JAN. 9TH.

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LISTERINE
CIGARETTES
TWENTY
MADE OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS

What? you haven't tried a LISTERINE Cigarette?

YOU'VE GOT A TREAT COMING

About three years ago, several people with super-sensitive throats, and therefore cranky about their cigarettes, came to us with a suggestion.

It was that we manufacture a cigarette impregnated with some of the essences of Listerine. They had tried pouring Listerine on their favorite cigarette and said that the effect was simply astonishing, particularly the soothing action on the throat. Wouldn't we please make such a cigarette so that *others like themselves might be benefited?*

Frankly, we didn't want the job. Making cigarettes is not our line. We are kept pretty busy keeping up with the demand for Listerine and Listerine Tooth Paste.

These people were insistent, however, and finally prevailed upon us to produce a few hundred packages, "just to see how they'd go."

Maybe we were dumb, but our best opinion was that they wouldn't "go" at all well. *In fact, we hoped they wouldn't.* As we said before, cigarettes are not our line.

You can imagine our surprise when about six months later Listerine Cigarettes began to "go." They went so fast that we couldn't keep up with the demand. We can't keep up with it now.

These cigarettes impregnated with some of the Listerine essences, seem to have a quality and a soothing effect that no others have. Women particularly notice it.

If you wish to try a package you can probably buy them at your nearest druggist or tobacco dealer. If he hasn't got them in stock, he will be glad to order them for you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE Cigarettes

age sizes, which are pretty big. Also a grand collection of old coach lamps; $15 up, for your friends with country houses to hang in their doorways.

Hammond Kroll, Inc., 228 East Forty-fifth Street: Originally designed modern decorations. Superior cabinetwork, distinguished upholstered pieces, pleasant accessories, all peculiarly adapted to apartment living, because that's what they were designed for. A good place in which to shop for the gift intended to solve a problem in decoration.

L'Élan, Inc., 50 East Fifty-second Street: Modern decoration, done with elegance. Big, important-looking lamps of heavy clouded glass, cut in lumpy designs; composition shades carrying out same pattern. Collection of cut-crystal scent bottles, many sizes and shapes, all lovely; around $3. Lots of things in a new cloudy, opalescent glass: bookends, delicately sculptured animal and bird figures, etc.; really lovely, and not expensive. Picture frames, boxes, and engagement books, simply and beautifully covered with modern leathers. Address books in black calf, initialled in short order; $2.75 and $4.50. Cigarette boxes; around $10.

Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: An institution in this town. New this year: the Plantidor, glassed-in shelf and plant-box arrangement with special device to keep plants humid. Stands on window ledge or table and keeps pet plants blooming like everything; $12. Set of brass indoor gardening tools; miniature rake, hoe, and shovel; $1. Indoor-outdoor wall thermometer; tells temperature of both at once; $12. Handy step-stool in solid maple; $3.75. Small useful tip-top table; mahogany; only $7.50. Set of four triangular trays for food after bridge game; when put together they cover the top of the table; $4.50. Fireproof security box for jewels and papers; too heavy for present weakling generation of burglars; $10. Nice package of Ember Glow, colored powders for log fires; $2.50.

Lord & Taylor: Here are the spots to concentrate on:

Fifth floor: The usual Christmas gift shop with smoking things, bath bottles, etc.

Sixth floor: Lamps, linens, blankets, bathroom furnishings, general accessories, and a swell silver shop.

Seventh floor: Furniture ensembles, showing chair, table, and lamp arrangement; smoking groups, etc.; $3.95 to $195.

Eighth floor: Boudoir Exhibit. Chaises longues with matching curtains; large collection of slipper and boudoir chairs at $7.95 and $12.75.

Macy: This place was hard enough to keep up with before it started juggling the departments around. As it is, this is where things were when *we* were there last:

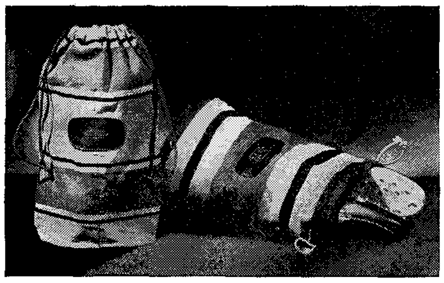
Basement: The famous Macy housewares; and fireplace fixtures.

First floor: Pewter. Silver (old Sheffield things that do tricks, among other wonders). Bathroom and boudoir bottles.

Fifth floor: Radios, all fitted into Early American highboys, Queen Anne secretaries, Chippendale cabinets, and Duncan Phyfe tables.

Seventh floor: Rugs (see reproduction

LOOK . . .



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Only $2.00 each—for men's and women's shoes. Send check or money order — or ask your shoe dealer. Give an Arnold Shu-Caddy to every golfer you know — and appropriate one for yourself. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co. Div. of The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

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MONSIEUR SEMON
the distinguished Parisian hair stylist is now at
Pierre
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where he is at the disposal of his extensive clientele for advice on new coiffures and permanent wave fashions. He invites you for a FREE consultation. For an appointment telephone PLaza 3-1362.

A GOOD MIXER
Use Abbott's Bitters To Flavor Beverages
50c Sample for 25c in Stamps
Address Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Md.

hooked group; one of the best around town). Lamps (lots of alabaster).

Eighth floor: Glass and china, nearly a square block of it. Oriental department. Art gallery.

Ninth floor: Furniture and the Corner Shop, which is just as good as ever in its new locale.

McCutcheon: The linens here are a tradition. Besides, if you are giving gifts to visiting English relatives, you can't possibly find anything that will make them happier than a bit from the Liberty Shop here, straight from dear old Liberty of London. Teapots and carafes and muffin dishes abound.

Modernage, 59 Fifth Avenue: Or how to go modern on a budget income. Everything from ashtrays to beds. Egmont Arens lamps for flippant people. Van Nessen lighting fixtures for the more serious. Special attention to the little modern conveniences for bachelor apartments. Special radio cabinets to harmonize sweetly with twentieth-century décor.

New York Galleries, 417 Madison Avenue: Miscellaneous decorations and furnishings from any number of periods, including all the Louis that ever were. If profusion doesn't scare you, you will probably find numbers of gifts here for Park Avenue apartments. They have good library pieces: pairs of old globes in standing frames, things like that.

Ovington, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street: You know all about the gifties at this house, but we like to remind you that most of their excellent glassware is open stock, which makes it a very sensible place to buy party equipment for your friends who are used to going through a dozen highball glasses before you can say Christmas.

The Pillow Shop, 522 Madison Avenue: All the new gags in pillows: ball-fringe, ruching, wool-fringe, and chenille edgings, very well done in a gay and colorful manner. Casual little objets d'art, besides: scent bottles, snuff boxes, ashtrays, and the like. But the pillows are the real attraction.

Playland, 686 Madison Avenue: Another gift shop that never has gone wrong on us. New items: Individual table ice bowls with three sets of cups for, respectively, sherbet, tomato-juice, and crab-flake cocktails; $25 a dozen with all three kinds of insets, or $17.50 with one. Can be monogrammed. Hot hors-d'oeuvre dish in Pyrex glass; has hinged cover; swell for serving hot dogs, hot cheese sandwiches, etc., at the home bar; $12.50. Big, flat cigar and cigarette trays, leather-covered; Royal Doulton animal figure on lid. Very sensible desk-telephone stand in metal, holding scratch pad, perpetual calendar, and a file drawer below for address cards; $5. Smoke-consumers: just etched-glass bottles, very decorative, filled with odorless liquid which can be perfumed to taste or left *au naturel,* which we, personally, would rather you'd do.

Rena Rosenthal, 520 Madison Avenue: Words generally fail us when we try to talk about this shop. A bare outline: Augarten porcelains, in white. The familiar Spanish riding-school figures on horseback, and other things in the Viennese manner; $42 to $75. Also, little fish and animals; from $1 up. Rubber-sponge animals, lots of fun; around $1.85. After-

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4½ CUBIC FEET CAPACITY

We thought it was about time somebody produced an electric refrigerator with *all* the good points people want. We accepted it as a challenge to our ingenuity. And here, it is, made by a long-established and excellent firm. We think it's fine! We'd like to hear what you think. Sizes for all sorts of families, large and small.

ONE OF MACY'S
FAMOUS HOUSEWARES

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

dinner coffee sets from Augarten, charming and delicate; $16. Small tables by Robert Heller, for modern rooms. Fanciful horse figures in wood, really swell; $25. Polished-wood ashtrays from Vienna. Metal things from the Wiener Werkstatte. Vally Wieselthier things in Italian glass. Lots more, but you'd better go and look.

Nancy Shostac, 820 Lexington Avenue: Antique and contemporary excitement, done with a laugh. Good Biedermeier things; lots of snuff boxes; Continental porcelains; elegant fruits and vegetables for table decoration; figures in red beeswax, the same as we have been telling you about for years. They are still worth anybody's time.

Stern:

First floor: Clocks, silver, smoking accessories.

Fourth floor: Linens and bed furnishings.

Fifth floor: The Gift Shop. A good little shop that always has something new, and decorative, and amusing to show. Also, lamps, radios (some in Orsenigo cabinets, well-made and authentic reproductions of good period pieces), glass, and china. Good group of decanters among the glassware; $5 to $15, approximately; cut-crystal and heavy-colored glass types.

Seventh floor: Furniture.

Blanche Storrs, 518 Madison Avenue: Amusing decorations from all sorts of periods. Big Staffordshire dog and cat for either side of fireplace; $75. Tiny Florentine wall brackets in gold leaf; $35. Ming horses on carved stands; little white ones, from $7.50; bigger blue ones, $25 a pair. Tortoise-shell cigarette boxes, with shell clasp, fine for difficult boy friends; $25. Lots of white, in glass, china, porcelain, etc. And exceptional lampshades in many styles.

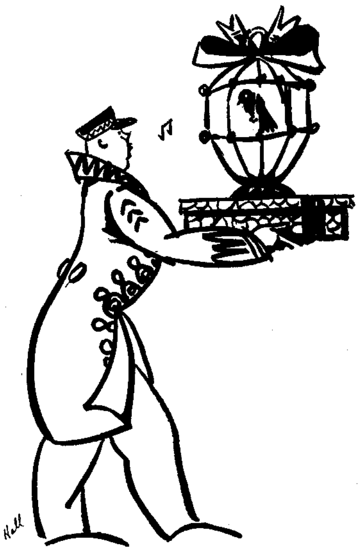
Wanamaker: First floor, North Building: The Paper Shop: desk things, wastebaskets, lampshades, and all the usuals, done in smart and unusual papers.

Second floor, South Building: China, glass, and lamps.

Au Quatrième: Ventura, one of the veteran modern shops in this town; Belmaison, the antique and reproduction-furniture department; the Far East Shop, for wonders from the Orient.

Seventh floor, South Building: Housewares. A large, overflowing department, with lots of good merchandise and good sense. Bathroom fixtures and fireplace accessories on this floor also.

Russel Wright, 165 East Thirty-fifth Street: All the familiar Russel Wright metal figures in his own showroom: the horses, the seals, the swan ashtrays, the



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BELLEVUE STRATFORD HOTEL

Claude H. Bennett, General Manager

RATES AS LOW AS $4.00 PER DAY

bulls, and the poodles. Also, newer and more serious pieces, like this: Smoking stands with automatic attachment that shoots stale ashes and butts down into the neck; in satin-finish aluminum, tarnish-proof; $14. Ice bucket and tongs; tongs work, bucket holds a lot; $4. All-aluminum indirect-lighting lamp; stands on floor and casts light at ceiling; $14. Pewter basket, broad handle; nice for flowers or for passing things around; $8. Pewter cigarette set; box with cedarwood insides, and a little cover for match box; $3. Four-star final: new flatware in silver, absolutely unembellished.

PETS

DOGS AND DOG EQUIPMENT

THINGS that dogs can wear and use are a godsend to the harried shopper. There are a million—accessories as well as shoppers. It would be silly for us to pick out the few we could list. You had best go and look. Abercrombie & Fitch have a very complete department, and so have the following stores: Altman, Macy, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Wanamaker.

In case you want to give accessories next year you may want to begin with a dog in person this year. Taking for granted that you are certain of the future recipient's desires in the matter and the breed he prefers, we list below a few kennels for your further guidance. There are many kennels to choose from, but these are within comfortable driving distance of New York:

Small Dogs

Astarte Kennels, 71-33 Seventieth Street, Glendale, Long Island: Dachshunds, down-to-earth pals.

Boglebrae Kennels, Sand Hill, Huntington, Long Island: Scottish terriers, all-around pets for town, but you know that.

Etty Haven Kennels, Larchmont Manor, New York: Chihuahuas, the tiniest of all dogs.

Mrs. V. Matta, 2618 Ditmars Boulevard, Astoria, Long Island: Pomeranians, if you are sure of the donee's tastes.

Mrs. M. C. McGlone, 1422 Pelham Parkway South, New York City: Boston terriers of the typically intelligent sort.

Meridale Pekinese Kennels, 254 Schenck Avenue, Great Neck, Long Island: Good Pekes, for chaises-longues.

Reverly Kennels, Noroton, Connecticut: Take your pick of the terriers: Scotties, Sealies, Cairns (also larger terriers: fox, Irish, Welsh, Airedales).

Sand Spring Farm Kennels, Morristown, New Jersey: Cocker spaniels, perfect pets for young children.

Tapscot Kennels, Wilton, Connecticut: Cairns, lively little friends.

Middle-Sized Dogs

Avondale Farms, Towaco, New Jersey: Doberman pinschers, slick and military, natural guardians.

Bronxboro Kennels, 2489 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx, New York: English bull terriers. Can be depended upon to rid owners of all pests, animal or human.

Marcus Bruckheimer, 2114 Third Ave-

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

When he says "I can't get away!"

Of course he *thinks* he can't get away —that the pressure is too great . . . BUT—it's right then that rest is imperative—before overwork and frayed nerves lead to something serious!

The new idea in WINTER CRUISES

The biggest step forward in cruise planning in years—a throughout-the-winter schedule to meet modern conditions—at prices to suit every purse. Not just one set cruise . . . which may or *may not* be just what you want—but a series of widely varied cruises—short—medium—and longer trips. Just pick out the cruise that suits *your own* convenience! Note the variety of places to go—note the wide choice of ships—and note particularly the rates, some as low as $9 a day. In every case the ship is your home throughout the trip at no extra cost.

Mediterranean Cruises

28-30 DAYS—$9 (up) Per Day (including complete shore program)

In the brief space of four weeks you really *see* the high spots of the Mediterranean—*twelve* colorful and picturesque points of tourist interest including Las Palmas (Canary Islands), Casablanca and Rabat, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples and Pompeii, Monte Carlo and Nice, Barcelona and Madeira.

BRITANNIC Sails Jan. 9
England's largest motor liner

HOMERIC Sails Jan. 23, Feb. 23
Ship of Splendor

West Indies

No matter when you want to go or how much time you can spare . . . here is the cruise for you. All rates quoted are First Class, entitling you to all facilities of the ship.

12-day "High Spot" Cruises to Havana, Nassau, Bermuda—M. V. Britannic, sailing Dec. 26 (New Year's Eve and Day in Havana), $135 (up)—S. S. Lapland, sailing Jan. 7, 21; Feb. 4, 18; Mar. 3 and 17, $125 (up).

16-day Caribbean Cruises including Panama Canal—S. S. Belgenland, Feb. 6, Feb. 24,—M. V. Britannic, Feb. 10, Feb. 26; Mar. 15, $190 (up).

10-day Triangle Cruises to Havana and Nassau or Bermuda—S. S. Belgenland, Mar. 12, Mar. 23*; Apr. 5, $110 (up)—S. S. Homeric, Mar. 24, Apr. 6, $125 (up).

*Havana, Nassau *and* Bermuda.

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE IMM

Let us, or our authorized travel agents in your community, give you the full details regarding the cruise or cruises in which you are interested. It will be good news.

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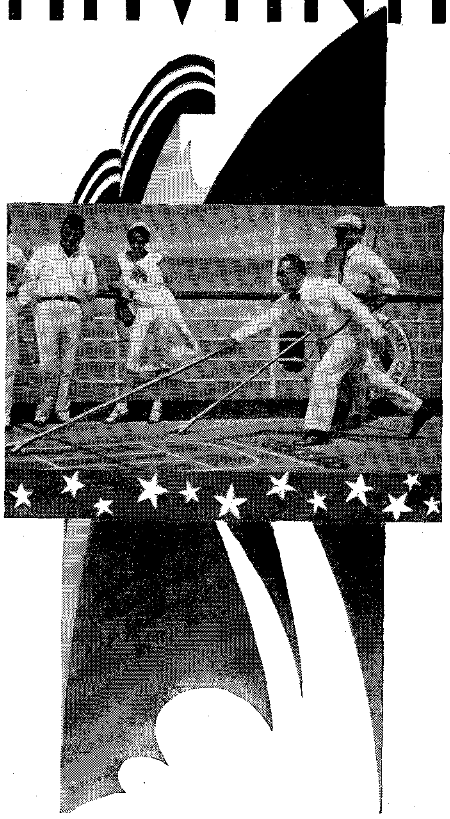
No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 687 Market Street, San Francisco, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

ALL EXPENSE CRUISES to HAVANA



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INCLUDING ALL EXPENSES
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from NEW YORK
Dec. 19, 11 Days, $110 up
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For Literature and Reservations address General Passenger Dept., Foot of Wall St. Uptown Ticket Office, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, or Authorized Tourist Agents

AGWI LINES
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nue, New York City: Good Irish terriers. Don't let the pawnshop scare you away, walk through it to the kennels.

LEDGELANDS KENNELS, Tuxedo Park, New York: Chows, ideal one-man dogs.

LIVESEY KENNELS, Kings Road, Madison, New Jersey: Airedales, for protection.

MAROBAR KENNELS, Wyandanch, Long Island: Springer spaniels, for your friends who hunt.

NORKA KENNELS, New Milford, Connecticut: Samoyedes, Arctic huskies, beautiful and friendly.

REUBETTE KENNELS, 169 Cottage Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York: Several types of poodles.

MRS. ALTHEA THURBER, Hotel Irving, 26 Gramercy Park, New York City. Black French poodles, among the brainiest dogs—and none more fashionable.

Big Dogs

GIRALDA FARMS, Madison, New Jersey. German shepherd dogs — commonly known as police dogs.

HALCYON KENNELS, Goshen, New York: Irish wolfhounds, if you have acres to spare.

MRS. W. K. HITCHCOCK, Pleasantville, New York: Old English sheepdogs, perfect companions for the countryside.

INGLEHURST KENNELS, Dunellen, New Jersey: Setters: English, Irish, and Gordon. For sheer beauty and grace.

JOHN J. MCDEVITT, Teaneck, New Jersey: Great Danes, grand animals for country estates, and especially gentle with children.

PERCHINO KENNELS, Hunter Brook Road, Peekskill, New York: Russian wolfhounds, for decoration.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, "Sunnybank," Pompton Lakes, New Jersey: Collies, the heroes of fiction.

IN case you want your own dog spruced up for the holiday festivities, we list a few shops where grooming is done with the utmost care and looked upon as an art:

CHARLES KLENKE, 2231 Eighth Avenue (beautifying poodles is a specialty here).

MEDOR KENNELS, 34 West Forty-seventh Street.

SILVER'S CANINE BEAUTY PARLOR, 507 Park Avenue.

OTHER PETS

IF it's other pets you have in mind (cats, birds, fish—that kind), there is an enormous variety right here in the city to choose from; and if, after visiting the following shops, you haven't found what you want, you may be sure the species is extinct:

HERRMANN'S, 140 East Thirty-fourth Street: A famous seed store now branching out into the aquarium business. Every kind of tropical fish: all the tiny Danios; the popular Guppy; and many very rare types. Be sure to look for the Gold Helleri, practically transparent, with a glaring gold stripe shimmering through him; the Rasbora Heteromorpha, from Singapore, looks all mother-of-pearl ($8.50 a pair). For gifts this shop is making up aquariums complete with plants, necessary scavengers, etc. ($2.50 to as high as $500), and will supply both prepared and live food for their upkeep.

HOLDEN, 516 Madison Avenue: Has very

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1511 Broadway
One of the Hotel Astor street front shops
VANDERBILT 3-5900

". . . But why didn't you get the tickets before dinner?"

"Didn't have time, my dear. Ten minutes—"

"That was plenty of time if you *knew* anything. You and your theatre ticket tours! *One* stop is enough when you go to Bascom."

Bascom branches at
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THE WASTELESS PACKAGE of
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GENUINE SMITHFIELD
HAM

THE unique flavor of these delicious hams is famous world-wide. Now packed in the wasteless package--cooked, ready to serve. Parcel Post Prepaid, $2.00. Order Now.

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Smart New Yorkers are learning if they are really "smart"

■ ■ ■ "GUESS!"

A GAME of popular quotations. A bound key book with 6 gaily covered score books, cellophane wrapt.

Great fun for young and old. $1.50 at leading stores or order from Mabel Hazlett Keep, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

nice pets. Almost every domestic bird, gossipy parrots, home-bred dogs, and good cats: Angora, black, blue, smoke, silver, or orange; and the intelligent Siamese, chocolate or *café au lait.*

ELSIE HYDEN, Bogata, New Jersey: Prize-winning Persian cats, blue, black, or white.

KINGYO PET SHOP, 1296 Sixth Avenue: Tropical fish, including the Danio Rario, that modernistic little fish with blue and silver stripes, and the angelfish, shaped like a kite. Exquisite wild birds from the tropics; the bluest of starlings and the reddest of scarlet tanagers; troopiers; canaries, of course; love birds. Also alligators, turtles, marmosets, and loads of other pets.

LONDON PET SHOP, 300 Fifth Avenue: Birds, birds, birds, from all over the world. Monkeys, tropical fish (weird ones from China), cats, dogs. Lots of one-of-a-kind creatures, but you'll have to hurry: a troopier ($150) with a repertoire of military calls; a Minor parrot from India, the most articulate of the species; a parrot with a Marlene Dietrich voice; a pair of Cockatilos, those aristocrats with high crests; a gray woolly monkey with a black head (his name is Amos, and he costs $150 too); and in the aquarium, a luxurious goldfish with a bushy head like a lion's and a huge fan tail. He's about $50.

VONDY'S, 226 Fifth Avenue: Parrots, parrakeets, canaries (that sing), and tropical fish, including Siamese fighting fish, harmless-looking beauties, each a gorgeous solid color, with fluffy tails and fins like plumes. They come in pink, bright-blue, and green. And right this way to see the smallest fish in captivity—the midget of fishdom—no bigger than one-fifth the length of its name: the Heterandria Formosa.

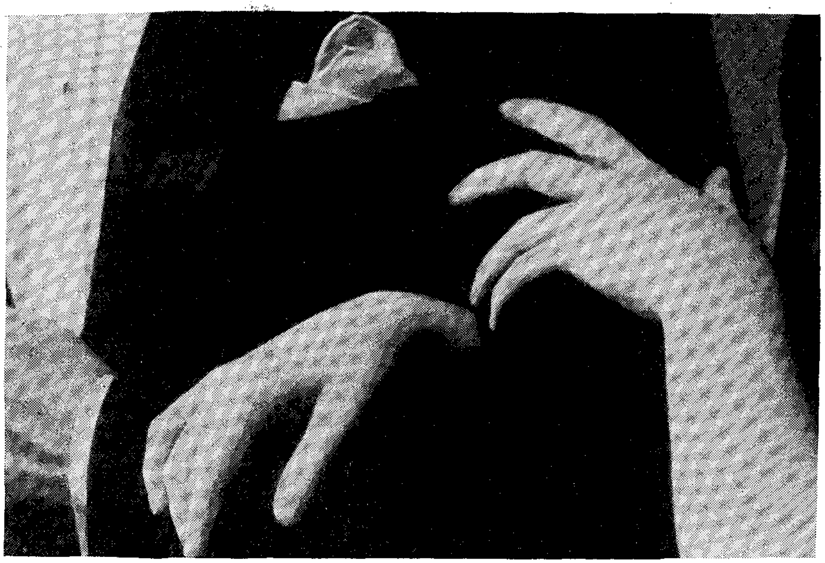
AS TO MEN

Thirty Days—Shotguns and Crossbows — The Collapsible Decoy

THE drought of the past few years is responsible for the curtailment of the local duck season from ninety to thirty days. There is plenty of duck along the Atlantic Coast, according to reports, but the breeding grounds in the West have been very sadly affected: some important lakes and swamps have dried up completely. The short season is a tough break for Eastern hunters and it's hard on the sporting-goods dealers, who ordinarily would be in the height of their big season for guns, duck-boats, calls, decoys, and such; but after all there is still trap and skeet-shooting, and there is no better thing to think of around Christmas time than a fine gun, whether you are planning to persuade somebody to give it to you or are toying with the idea of giving it to somebody else. Nothing is quite so much fun to shop for.

NOT many New Yorkers are aware that the largest gun store in America, if not in the world, is in

NOTHING SO CHARMING AS soft smooth HANDS



37* second beauty treatment will keep yours always well groomed

They are ever in the spotlight—your hands and arms. Always, they must be soft and smooth and alluring, no matter to what dangers their beauty is exposed through the day.

Here's the quickest, easiest way to reveal and protect the loveliness of your hands and arms . . . Apply just a few drops of Chamberlain's Lotion after exposure to weather, after the skin has been in contact with water, and always as the finishing touch to your toilette.

It takes but an instant. *Stop-watch tests show that the *average skin completely absorbs this clear liquid in only 37 seconds.* Chamberlain's Lotion is not sticky or greasy, and has a delightful fragrance of orange blossoms.

Regular use of Chamberlain's will keep your hands and arms always well groomed. You will find it a most satisfactory powder base and an excellent astringent. Buy Chamberlain's at drug stores and toilet goods counters, 50c and $1.

Chamberlain's LOTION "The Invisible Glove"

For a purse size trial flaconnette, enclose 10c with this coupon.

Chamberlain Laboratories,
Dept. 28, Des Moines, Iowa

Enclosed is 10c, Please send me the purse size flacon of Chamberlain's Lotion.

Name..

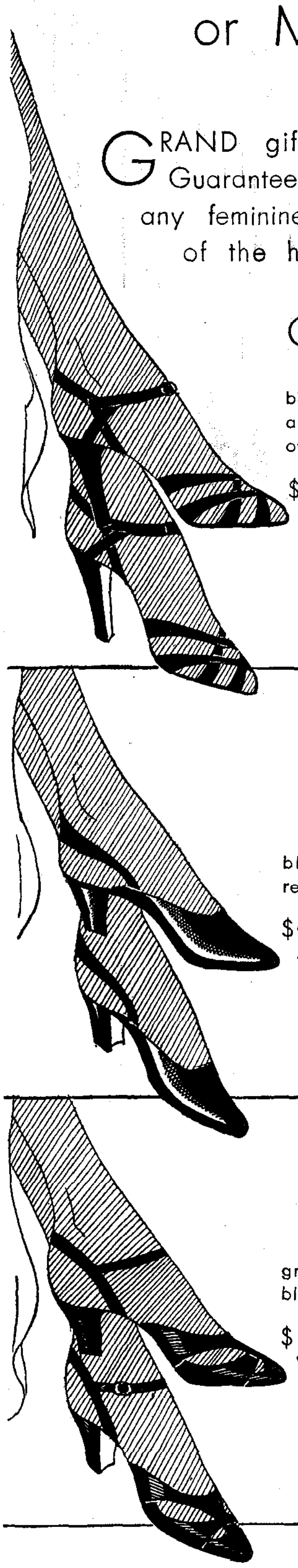
Address..

City.. State..............................

To the tips of her toes she'll be tickled . . . with

PYJAMA SANDALS or MULES

GRAND gifts, these. Guaranteed to please any feminine member of the household.



OPEN-TOE SANDAL
black, white, and dyed free of charge.
$5.94

LEATHER LINED MULE
black, blue, red or green.
$2.97

LEATHER SANDAL
green, red, blue or black.
$3.96

SECOND FLOOR
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

Fifth Avenue, not twenty paces off Forty-second Street. A. F. Stoeger, Inc., has only a paned niche within the entrance to 509 Fifth Avenue for a show window; but just go up to the eleventh floor and take a look at the mahogany racks. Here you begin to understand why a fine shooting piece, in which there is not an ounce of metal more precious than steel, may cost as much as $1,500. High-class gunmaking is one of the few branches of manufacture which have never yielded to quantity production. Every gun at Stoeger is hand-fitted; and it may take a skilled mechanic, working off and on, as long as a year to make one. Because of the medieval craftsman's spirit which still lingers in gunmaking, the best weapons come from Europe, where a trade is handed down from father to son—shotguns from England, rifles from Germany and Austria.

STOEGER does a good deal of restocking of rifles and shotguns in a workroom behind the shop. For a fine job, nothing but the best Circassian walnut is used. They buy blanks that have already been aged and weathered for twenty years, but it is nothing for Stoeger, which is a venerable house, to "hang" them for another twenty or thirty years. It takes an expert about two weeks to finish the stock. Every day the wood must be soaked to raise the sap streaks in the grain, and every day smoothed down with extraordinarily fine sandpaper. A job of this sort costs you $75, and more if the stock is for an expensive gun requiring elaborate fitting.

The pride of the Stoeger establishment is its Webley & Scott English shotguns, which young Lieutenant Stoeger regards as the finest in the world. The cheapest sells for $225, and the costliest for $1,200. Lieutenant Stoeger is an advocate of expensive guns as an investment, like diamonds or paintings. You can always sell one second-hand for approximately what you paid for it, and if you bequeath it to your grandson, he may sell it for more. For instance, a fine Joseph Manton muzzleloader, though only a century old, today brings much more than its original price—and Lieutenant Stoeger says it will shoot as straight and as far as any modern piece, too.

AS a novelty, Stoeger has imported a German crossbow this season. Crossbowing, it seems, has taken Mittel-Europa by storm, and the Stoeger people expect the craze to spread to the

A gracious home exclusively for women—sophisticated and thrifty. Lounges, reception rooms, roof garden and popular priced restaurant for use of guests. Special floors reserved for students. Single Rooms, weekly, from $12. Daily rates, $2 to $2.50.

Telephone PLaza 3-8841

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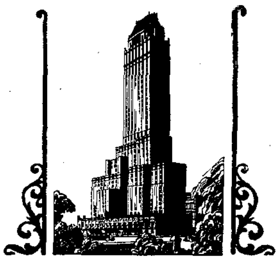
ALLERTON HOUSE



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Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
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Juice of 2 oranges and ½ lemon
The white of an egg.

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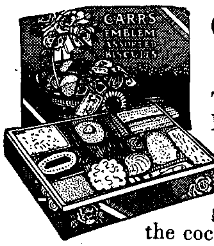

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BAUSCH & LOMB
Rochester, N. Y.

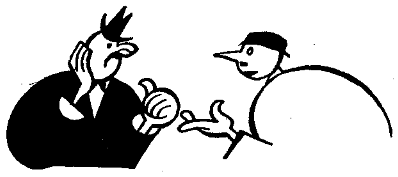
United States. Their heavy crossbow, for which you have to carry a special wooden cocking lever, weighs about as much as a shotgun. When you touch the hair trigger, the bowstring snaps with a crack as loud as a pistol shot, and the steel-pointed dart will transfix a deer at a hundred and fifty feet. This businesslike weapon costs $45 with three darts; extra darts, fifty cents apiece.

OVER in Abercrombie & Fitch's gun department, they are excited about recent developments in the improvement of the "over-and-under" shotgun, which they believe is the coming arm for sportsmen. Ideal as the over-and-under gun is for close marksmanship, it has suffered from two disadvantages: the angle at which it had to be broken for loading, and the fact that firing tended to loosen the mechanism. Now Purdey, the great English makers, have come out with a new model which exhaustive firing tests have shown will not shoot loose. It costs $1,516.25—and according to Abercrombie & Fitch is worth it, up to that odd quarter.

A NEW thing for the cartridge belt this year is a tracer shell for shotguns which will show the path of a shot-stream. They have just come from England, and all the gun stores are carrying them. Primarily, of course, they are for shooting in traps; but a duck-hunter who is having a run of bad luck can use one occasionally to see what's the matter. They're not for upland shooting, however, since they set fires; and the tracer projectile taints any meat it hits.

There are also a number of new things for hunters in the way of clothing and appurtenances. Witness the split-palm duck-shooting mitts, either right or left-handed, fleece-lined, and with a flap over the split to keep out the cold air. Price, $4. Witness also the knee-length shearling moccasins with the wool turned in, for wearing inside of hip wading-boots. Boots and moccasins, $15. Both at Abercrombie & Fitch.

CONSIDERING the length of time it has been on the market, it is strange how few huntsmen know of



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A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

The Latest Fashionable Game for Young and Old

IN the homes of wide-awake people, you will find Camelot played. No other game of skill compares with Camelot in activity of movement, in the fascination of its plays, or the thrill of its problems. Camelot may be played for points—furnishing a new form of excitement. Play three games, and you'll become an "addict!"

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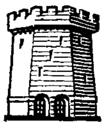

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Milton C. Work writes—"In Camelot, Mr. Parker has originated a new and brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Easily learned, its liveliness of action opens the field for adroitness and strategy of the highest type. **Camelot is one of the few really great games.**"

E. V. Shepard calls Camelot "A masterpiece in games—a new **delight!**"

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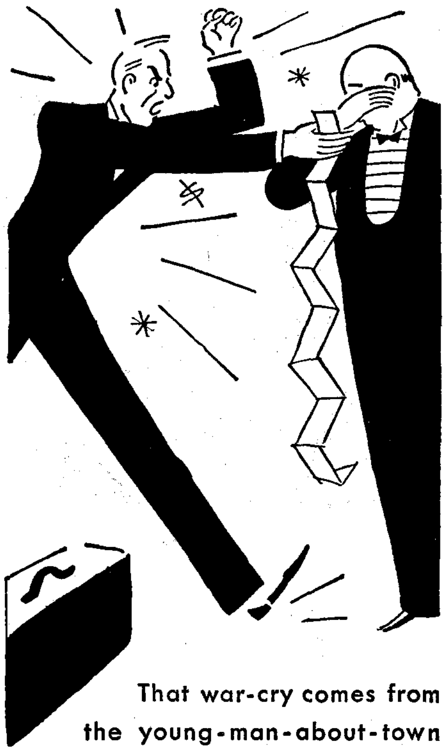

That war-cry comes from the young-man-about-town whose valet wasn't "in-the-know!" Don't worry, fair readers, Parker may have been inexcusably dumb, but the young man is smart! A quick telephone call to the Santa Fe agent . . . a reservation changed to the Chief . . . and everything'll be all right. Tomorrow our smart young man will be rolling merrily Westward-Ho . . . discovering how well a Talkie Star talks . . . solving depression with a well-known banker . . . waiting impatiently for the next dining car summons . . . in short, enjoying himself thoroughly! Everybody does, as a matter of fact . . . that's why they always go on the

CHIEF

This winter your Santa Fe ticket to California will take you through Phoenix . . . and the Chief will carry a special Phoenix Pullman daily.

Check those wanted. Your name and address on the margin. Send to Santa Fe Sys. Lines, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
California . . . Arizona . . . Death Valley . . . Indian-detours . . . Grand Canyon . . .

GIVE A WHOOP

Santa Fe

THE CHIEF IS STILL CHIEF
. . . the fastest, most exclusive and only extra-fare train to California

the existence of the folding, waxed fibreboard decoy, which floats on a little raft and which most sporting-goods stores carry at fifty-five cents. It is merely a printed representation of a mallard, canvasback, or pintail, and so on, folded over its float so that its back is as sharp as a ridgepole. It seems to be as seductive, however, as any other inanimate decoy, probably on the principle that we see nature only as artists have taught us to see it. Apparently wild ducks react the same way. The advantage of pasteboard decoys is that a hundred of them fold into a package weighing only nineteen pounds.

—F. W.

•

TO OUR GREAT ECONOMISTS

Now the ribs of our depression
Have begun to put some flesh on
And the panic isn't manic
Any more,
And the dropsical impurities
Have been squeezed from our securities,
I've a snooty little duty
Here in store.

I believe I'll be of use if I
Excoriate and crucify
The sages of all stages
Of finance,
For each seer in economics
Stands among our greatest comics,
And a bootful would be fruitful
In his pants.

And every fiscal Solomon,
Who filled a solemn column on
The history and mystery
Of Money,
Is a joke; so's each agronomist;
But it took a great economist
To be seriously, deliriously
Funny.

And financial statisticians
Who are such superb magicians,
With their skin disease of indices
And graphs,
Are (with all their computations
On the cycles of deflations,
And progressions from depressions)
Simply laughs!

So it pleases me to pan seers
Who pretend to be financiers,
And to hate them and berate them
Without bonhomie.
The prediction of a prophet?
I am definitely off it!
I am critical of P'litical
Economy.

—RALPH PULITZER

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One of the Hotel Astor street front shops
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"He said the taxi game isn't what it used to be."

"How peculiar. . . ."

"Said that so many folks have given up shopping tours for theatre tickets.

"They've discovered Bascom and snap 'em up at the first stop. . . ."

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THE CLIPPING BUREAU

ABOUT a year ago I subscribed to a clipping bureau. I had written a book of verses and I was anxious that none of the encomiums that inevitably would be showered upon it should escape me. So for the absurdly low sum of six dollars I contracted with a local agency to furnish me with one hundred assorted bouquets culled from the delighted press of the nation.

My book, which duly appeared, was and still is a tender secret between my publishers and me. The less said about that the better. As time passed I began to hope wistfully that it might even make the cut-rate counters in Liggett's. But that belongs to a later chapter. In the first glow of authorship I bought a new scrapbook and waited expectant, shears and paste pot in hand, for the avalanche of laudatory reviews that was about to descend.

THE first to arrive, as I recall now, came from a literary periodical entitled the *Publishers' Weekly*. Its comment was restrained but eminently fair. It said "Paradise Lost by Newman Levy, pub. Higginbotham & Jones Inc. 120 pp. $1.35." Although I might have hoped for a more rapturous note, I felt that there was nothing in this with which I could quarrel.

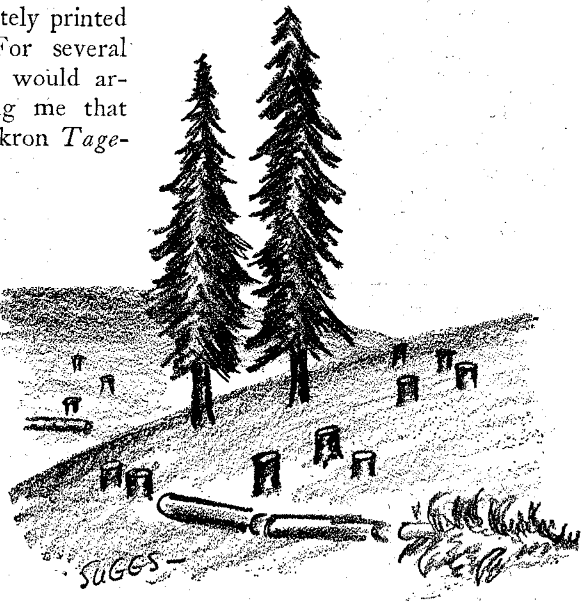
A few other reviews drifted in intermittently. I remember one critic particularly—Irving T. Brown was his name—who conducted an extensively syndicated column of literary chat. Brown's comments upon my book were extremely enthusiastic; they were lifted verbatim from the blurb my publisher had considerately printed upon the dust jacket. For several weeks batches of clippings would arrive in the mail informing me that Irving T. Brown in the Akron *Tageblatt*, the Los Angeles *Zeitung*, the New Orleans *Double Dealer*, and the Minneapolis *Gazette* had hailed me as the American Gilbert and my book as a masterpiece of contemporary wit.

Then the reviews trickled off into nothing, leaving the clipping bureau with some fifty or sixty clippings to go. Something had to be done about it; I even contemplated with much reluctance the thought of writing another book. But I did not reckon with the resourcefulness as well as the commercial probity of the party of the second part. I had contracted for a hundred clippings, and I was going to get a hundred.

THE familiar yellow envelope came one morning a month or so later, stuffed presumably with clippings. Things, I reflected, are picking up. Perhaps these are the praises of foreign critics. After all, wasn't Walt Whitman acclaimed in Europe long before he was recognized in his own country? With trembling fingers I opened the envelope, read—and staggered back limp into my chair.

"Borah Denounces Levy in Senate" was the first startling headline that greeted me. I looked again to be sure I had read it aright. I had never met the Senator, and I felt that he had taken an unpardonable liberty. It is true I had spoken critically, even disparagingly, of Senator Borah on one or two occasions, but that had been in the privacy of my intimate circle. It seemed to me that for him to denounce me on the floor of the Senate was hardly sporting. But that was just the beginning. Quickly I glanced over the remaining clippings. In a screaming headline, taken from one of New York's less diffident tabloids, I read: "Federal Authorities Urge Levy Against Bootleggers."

Now I happen to be the sort of fellow to whom an urge is as good as a hint; but like Cousin Egbert of blessed memory I can be pushed just so



"At last I have you alone."

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BRILLIANCY

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CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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are listed Alphabetically and Classified
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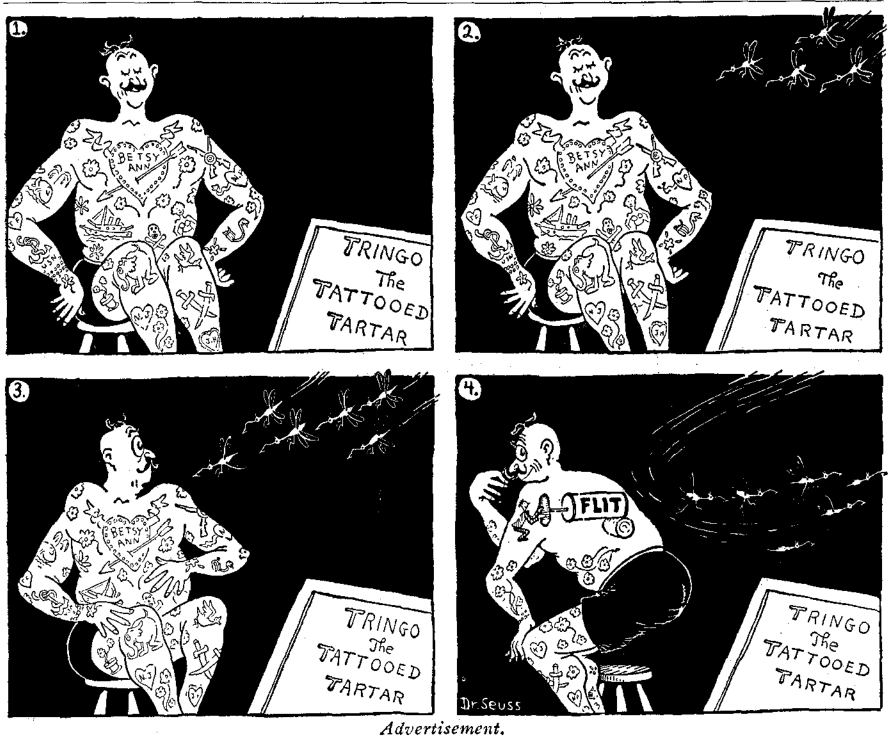
1.
BETSY ANN
TRINGO The TATTOOED TARTAR
2.
BETSY ANN
TRINGO The TATTOOED TARTAR
3.
BETSY ANN
TRINGO The TATTOOED TARTAR
4.
FLIT
TRINGO The TATTOOED TARTAR
Dr. Seuss

Advertisement.

far. After all, some of my best friends are bootleggers. You may say what you like about them, but their home life is beautiful and they certainly take care of their own poor. So I felt, with considerable indignation, that the federal authorities were carrying their urging a bit too far.

I continued to read the clippings with mingled feelings. "Mayor Walker and Comptroller Berry Fight Over Levy" gave me a momentary feeling of embarrassment. I felt like saying: "Now boys, boys, after all you really *shouldn't*—" Still, I was gratified to learn that Mayor Walker had enlisted himself as my champion. "Mayor Defends Levy at Board Meeting" was the headline in one of the other papers. I have not the pleasure of knowing the Mayor personally, but he is apparently a man of discernment despite the fact that he wears a beret with a visor.

The clipping bureau had come through beautifully, withal a trifle painfully. There were but a bare half-dozen clippings to go, and I was through. At least I thought I was until this one turned up three or four weeks later: "King George to Have Levee at Buckingham Palace." They had my name spelled wrong, but still —well, perhaps I shall try another six dollars' worth. —NEWMAN LEVY

•

ANTICLIMAX

She saw him
Toss her trinket,
That blithe lad,
Gaily in the grasses—
The only heart she had.

She cried "Alas!" to see it
So lightly tossed,
"Alas!" she sighed
And "Woe is me"
And "All is lost."

Swift she ran
And stooping
To lift the token,
Cried again "Alas!" to find
It wasn't broken.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

The S 4-H club held their meeting at the Shirkshire School, Conway, Mass. All of our members were present but Harry Stafursky. The girls worked on doilies, slips, aprons, and dresses. The boys made pig troths.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

And helped the pigs plight them?

HOCKEY

A Judge's Life—Mr. Acker Calls a Goal —Cheering Section

THE goal judges at hockey games receive no pay. This, for us, would dispose of all attractions which the job might otherwise have offered, since it is neither easy nor, at most times, rewarded by public approbation. Nevertheless, the Rangers and the Americans receive a number of applications each year from persons who wish to act as goal judges. They select two of the applicants and assign each to a seat behind one goal or the other, which he occupies for the duration of the season. His function, of course, is to switch on the red light at the top of the backstop whenever the puck goes into the goal.

Goal judges are at a disadvantage to begin with, since they sit, necessarily, behind the goal rather than in front of it or beside it, where they might be in a better position to see what is going on. The responsibilities connected with the position might give it dignity if it were not for the fact that the decision of a goal judge is never final. Since he has been selected by the home team, his verdicts are regarded as less likely to be impartial than those of the referee, who can overrule him on any occasion. Altogether, the one tangible advantage of the job, so far as we can see, lies in the fact that the goal judge has a high barrier of chicken wire between himself and the players. Even this is not enough to insure him against violence at all times, though incidents like the one which occurred in the Americans' second game at the Garden—against Detroit—are rare enough to attract attention.

THE Americans' goal judge at the west end of the arena—Harry Acker—had comported himself to the satisfaction of almost everyone up to the middle of the third period, when one of Normie Himes' shots from the blue line whizzed toward the Detroit net and then bounced back into the middle of the rink. Acker, thinking the puck had been deflected by the cross bar in the goal, flashed on the light. The referee, George Mallinson, who saw the shot from another angle, decided that the puck had bounced off

When the polka was daring (and the two-step—oh, my dear!)

TO-DAY unmentionables are mentioned freely. Women wear less on the street than they used to on the beach. Permanents rule the waves that once were puffed by "rats". Many are the changes since the '90's.

Even dinners are different. Like chorus girls, they have shrunk from Herculean size to svelte proportions. But for the best foods that are served at dinner, we have the '90's to thank. They taught us the magic of the chafing-dish, and the zest of witty sauces. They gave us the sparkling joy of Military Brand Camembert.

In the days of handle-bar mustaches, men called for this toothsome delicacy with pardonable ostentation. To know it stamped them as epicures. And though the circle of the initiated has widened tremendously since then, people order this famous cheese just as proudly to-day. They know, wise eaters do, that no other Camembert can match the ripe, creamy richness and vivacious flavor of Military Brand.

As a lover of good food, you probably know all this. But if you have never tasted Military Brand, be good to yourself and try it at once. Eat it, crust and all, on toasted crackers, or French-wise, on slices of apple or pear. Eat it and give three cheers for one of the grandest gifts of the '90's.

Military Brand Camembert

One of *Borden's* Fine Cheeses

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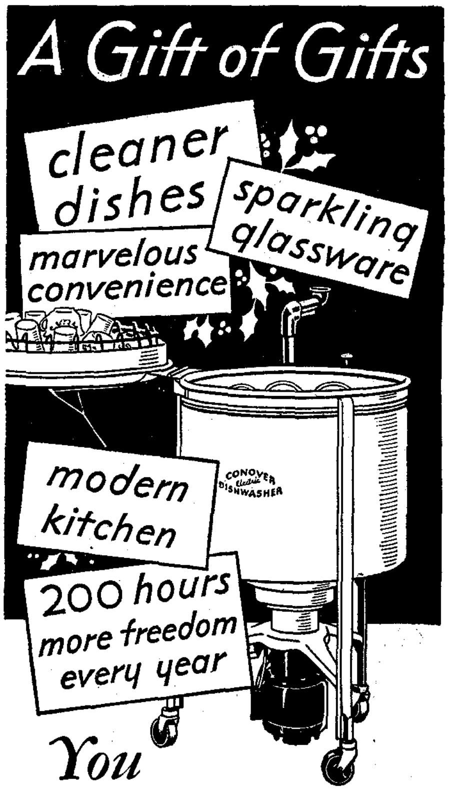

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WASHES · RINSES · DRIES
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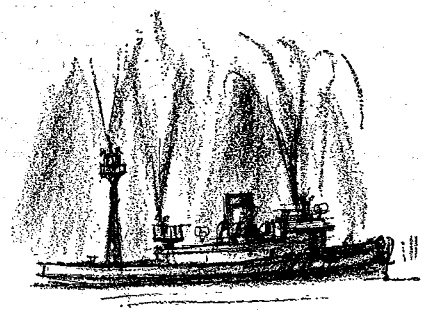
Alec Connell, the Detroit goalie. He accordingly disallowed the goal, but not without precipitating the liveliest riot of the year.

All the players of both teams swarmed around the net, shouting at Acker. Both teams were angry; the Falcons because he had called the goal against them, the Americans because he had been overruled. Acker attempted to justify his action, getting up from his chair to gesticulate behind the wire, against which the players were banging their sticks. He must have been aware that his predicament was precarious, but he failed to foresee what happened a moment later. Connell—an Irish-Canadian, who acts as assistant to the chief of the Ottawa Fire Department when not playing hockey—reached through the wire with the straight end of his stick and pushed it hard against Acker's nose. Acker sat down for a second, but the next instant he had jumped to his feet and was running around the wire enclosure, to get at Connell on the ice. Before he could get there, the special policemen reached the Ninth Avenue end of the arena and restored some sort of order. As the game turned out, the Americans did not need the disputed goal. The two scores made earlier by the reserve line, after the heavy first string had worn down the Falcons' defence, were just enough to win.

IT was a rough game all the way through, and among other things it gave Irving Beck a fine chance to show the crowd that he still constitutes a dreary and disorderly private cheering section for the Americans. When the Americans played the Rangers for the first time, there was too much noise for Beck to make himself heard above the crowd; the game against Detroit suited him better. Beck and his two companions—known as Big Harry and Pete Shapiro—were thrown into an ecstasy of approval when Normie Himes accidentally jabbed Hector Kilrea in the eye so hard that Kilrea was taken from the ice unconscious. They took exception when Himes was given the major penalty, which is



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of heavy, gay striped crash; 2 large pockets; snap-hooks for scissors and gloves; large water-proof kneeling pad sewn in. $10.50, $11.50. With all 'round skirt, zipper fastening at sides, $20.

FLORIS' BURNING ESSENCE
This ladle, heated, and sprinkled with a few drops of the essence overcomes cooking smells. Ladle and essence $6.50. Copper ladle and large bottle $11.00.

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Celebrated
SOAPS, SCENTS
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J. FLORIS
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This handy nickel plated bottle cap keeps gin and other liquors securely sealed. Eliminates broken corks, fussy stoppers. A twist puts it on and takes it off. $1.25.

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Specially prepared chamois resists soiling. Splendid for women who drive. English made. $4.25.

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any name $1.00 each
Entirely handmade of sheerest white linens. Any name or three initials. Mail orders promptly filled. Men's size $1.50.
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obligatory after a serious injury. During the Acker-Connell controversy, all three of them were massed behind the Falcons' goal, advising Referee Mallinson that he was a robber and a thief.

Beck may have been mentioned in these pages before. He deserves mention because he is a unique character, as extraordinary in his way as One-Eye Connelly or President Hoover. He has devoted himself faithfully and over a long period of years to the task of making too much noise in places of public entertainment. For a long time he shouted at the Polo Grounds and at the Yankee Stadium, from which he was finally ejected at the request of other patrons. An ardent admirer of William Dwyer, who owns the club, he has since made it his duty to encourage the Americans in all their games, a duty which he discharges by abusing their opponents as loudly as possible and reiterating his contempt for the referees. Though the majority of spectators at Garden hockey games endure Beck rather than encourage him, his behavior has brought him several friends who pay him the compliment of imitation. One of these, Big Harry, who used to be the doorman at the Chateau Madrid and who has an even louder voice than Beck, is now the leader of the group. Another is Pete Shapiro, a former taxi-driver, who brings his black dog, dressed in a red coat to show that he is a mascot, to all the games. When Roy Worters comes out on the ice leading the team—like Bun Cook, who is always the first of the Rangers to appear from the runway—it is the signal for Shapiro to push his mascot out upon the ice. The dog scrambles back, as quickly as possible, into his owner's lap.

BECK, Shapiro, Harry, and any intimate who was permitted to join their group for an evening, used, last year, to sit just behind the penalty box, near the microphone from which the games are broadcast. Their outcries annoyed the radio audience and this year they have been required to choose other locations. They are not even allowed to sit together any more and never have an opportunity to coöperate as they used to—except in moments like the one in last week's game, when the disturbance becomes general.

—CROSSCHECK

•

KING GEORGE'S THIRD SON CATCHES COLD
—*Headline in the Los Angeles Herald.*

England certainly has her hands full!

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

"The best way to remove cold cream I ever found"

says— **MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE**

LUXURIOUSLY *softer*, Pond's Tissues are better for removing cold cream than towels, "rags" or any ordinary tissues . . . their swan's-down softness protects the beauty of your skin. And their absorbency is 52% greater by laboratory test than that of ordinary tissues . . . Hence they *blot up* all cream and dirt instantly and completely—no danger of clogged pores to disfigure the skin! "Nothing ever removed cold cream so perfectly," leading society women agree.

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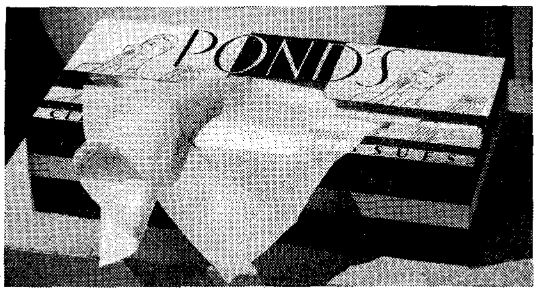

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Dec. 22

"*Christmas-Party*"

WEST INDIES CRUISE

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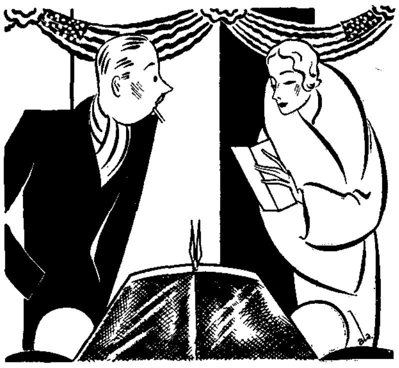
THE AUTOMOBILE SALON

More Foreign Motors — Mr. Ford's Surprise—A Dressing-Room on Wheels

IF you haven't visited the Automobile Salon in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore (it opened last Sunday evening and will close this Saturday) be sure to go, for here are cars you should see. There is a bit more room at the Salon this year, owing to a few absences (Packard is holding its own exhibition at its two showrooms), but also there are more foreign cars. You can compare Rolls-Royce, Minerva, Lancia, Delage, and the newcomer, Maybach-Zeppelin, with Chrysler, Duesenberg, Franklin, Lincoln, Marmon, Pierce-Arrow, and Stutz; and coachwork by Castagna, Brewster, Fernandez, and Spohn with bodies by Brunn, Dietrich, Hayes, Judkins, Le Baron, Murphy, Rollston, Walker, Waterhouse, Weymann, and Willoughby.



We are always just a bit dazzled by the Salon; the polished duco and the new rubber and the bright metal seem to have a hypnotic effect, making everything appear to be pure gold—or platinum. (We would like a car that kept its complexion after being out in the rain.) But really, this is a much brighter Salon than some in the past; it has more interesting models, more color, and a deal more glitter, thanks to the passion for chromium-plating. The change in radiator shells is more noticeable—gone are the old familiar flat faces; by next season we probably will see nothing but pointed noses.

THE jack-in-the-box of the Salon was the new twelve-cylinder Lincoln. Mr. Ford has a way of springing his surprises so casually that they are ever so much more dramatic. Until the exhibits began to be lowered down the stairs into the lobby of the Commodore last Saturday night, few outside the inner circle of what they call "the trade" knew of its existence. The new Ford probably will be announced as casually.

The Lincoln, in addition to the improvements under the hood and floor—the engine is V-type, rated at 150 brake horsepower; the transmission has helical gears in constant mesh; free-wheeling on all speeds forward (the control is on the instrument-board); a heavier frame and better springing—is smarter than its predecessor. The radiator is a pronounced V-type, more reminiscent of the Bentley than of the Duesenberg, and the body line is downswept, gaining an effect of grace and length.

Looking over the stands, we thought nearly a third of the cars at the Commodore had whippets on their radiator caps; the whippets have grown, too. The body types shown include a cabriolet, an all-weather brougham, a sport phaëton, and a double-entry sport sedan by Brunn; a coupé and berline by Judkins; a limousine and brougham by Willoughby; a cabriolet and convertible roadster by Le Baron; a coupé, a convertible sedan, and a berline by Dietrich; a roadster by Murphy; a victoria by Waterhouse; and a town car by Rollston.

PIERCE-ARROW also is showing its new straight-eights and V-twelves (some of the latter are rated at 150 brake horsepower) with coachwork by Le Baron and Brunn. The new Pierce-Arrows, which came out several weeks ago, are lower, longer, and wider than last season's models, and very gorgeous with their new big V-type chromium-plated radiators. Both types have synchro-mesh transmission, free-wheeling, and a ride control that is said to make all roads seem as smooth as the newest Westchester parkway.

THEY'LL tell you that one Salon is just like another and that there never are more than two cars worth looking at. Don't believe it. There's a Duesenberg sedan by Judkins. The rear compartment is done in rose-tan broadcloth with a band of black-satin embroidery running around it, and the seats are black broadcloth. But you haven't seen anything yet! In the dividing panel above the occasional seat is a tray for an umbrella, and on the other side of the panel is a jewel case, and below it a complete makeup case, which opens out into a dressing-table and mirror. Elizabeth Arden furnished the fittings: all sorts of bottles, half a dozen shades of lipstick, ivory-handled brushes, gold tweezers. Mr. Judkins had hoped to have the companion car ready for the Salon—this has a complete bar: ice-container, cocktail-shaker, bottle locker, and three kinds of glasses—but it will not be finished before the Chicago Salon.

Another Duesenberg that caught our eye was a four-seater convertible sedan in canary and black, the interior done in patent leather with the same colors.

SOMETHING very much out of the ordinary has come to us from across the Atlantic in the Delage, which has been one of the top-class cars in France since the days when one entered the tonneau from a little step in the rear. Unless we are much mistaken, the new models will appeal to everyone interested in smart sporting cars, high speed, and great comfort. One of them is a remarkable Continental-type, four-seater convertible, with no running-board, fairings instead of fenders in front, and hood louvers that are continued back on the cowl. The coachwork is by Fernandez of Paris, who also has done the body for the Delage *coupé de ville*, ultra-formal and French, with the steering-wheel cleverly concealed.

The same stand shows a duplicate of the Maybach-Zeppelin we discussed in detail some weeks ago, and a Maybach-Zeppelin town car—also with the automatic gearshift—that is the last word in spacious elegance.

THE car that will catch the eye of the undergraduates is the Stutz Super Bearcat. It is a cabriolet done in Hyannis blue with vermilion leather upholstery and chromium-plated wire wheels. The guaranteed speed is 100 M.P.H. Stutz also is showing a Prince of Wales brougham by Le Baron, painted wine-red with cream lock panels; a club coupé by Brunn—quite patrician as to nose, for the motor hood extends from the radiator shell to the windshield without a break in the line; and a four-seater sport sedan by Rollston that has a secret compartment with the conventional fittings.

IT has been said, and not without reason, that leather upholstery in motor cars is the tailor's best friend, for it makes your clothes shiny. The convertible sport sedan by Le Baron on a Chrysler Imperial chassis has seats of tan Bedford cord, although maroon leather is used on the door panels.

—SPEED

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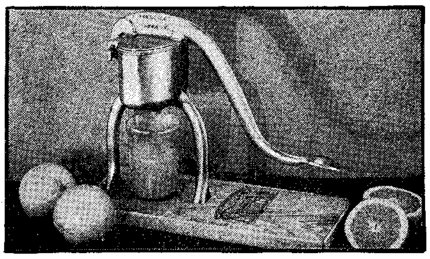

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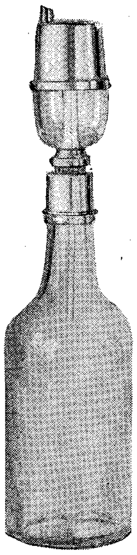

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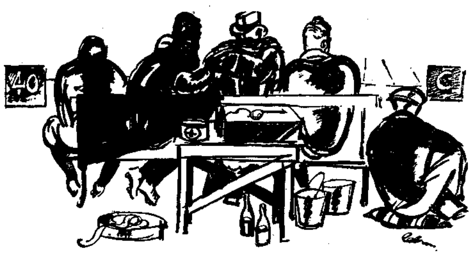
FOOTBALL

*Fiasco—The Viviano Formula—
Smaller Squads and the Kickoff*

BEFORE the game at New Haven last week, you heard people confidently expressing the hope that this year, as in other years when Princeton has been on the short side of the odds, the team would show something new against Yale. We kept on expecting something of the sort almost till the end of the first period. The first Yale touchdown proved nothing—any team is likely to suffer from a blocked punt—and Princeton had taken the ball on downs once, completed a pass for eighteen yards, run back a kickoff nearly to midfield, and gained on an exchange of kicks. It was not till after Yale's second score—on a march so quick that it could hardly be called a march at all—that the character of the game changed completely. The landslide that followed was embarrassing to watch and a needless humiliation to a team which had neither power, strategy, nor confidence.

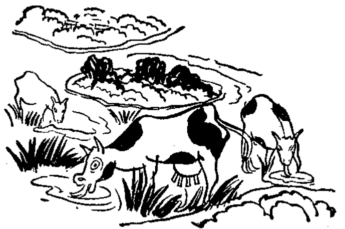
WITH Booth out, Yale was obviously not at full strength. At the end of the season, with a game easier than the engagements against Maine or Alfred which usually start it, it made no difference. Toward the middle of the last quarter, after the regular corps of Yale substitutes had been sent in and then withdrawn, it was possible to watch a Yale team which spectators rarely see in the Bowl, a team which does most of its playing on the practice field next to the one on which the scrubs and the varsity hold week-day scrimmages. People were looking up on their programs names which had never been noticed before, except by the assistant manager who wrote them on the locker-room weight chart. Even the substitutions made very little difference. Princeton's two touchdowns were of no consequence at that stage of the proceedings, and most of the time the Williamson brothers and Sandberg did just about what Lassiter and Parker had been doing before. We saw Sandberg in practice one afternoon early in the season. All we noticed about him, we are forced to admit, was the fact that he was the only member of the squad who didn't stop to buy an apple from the vendor who supplied his confrères from a tray at the fieldhouse door.



OUR notion that Princeton-Yale would be closer than Army-Notre Dame (which we suggested Notre Dame would win) was based mainly on a belief that football is the most illogical of games. Our guess was bad, but the premise is still sound. It is not true that in football the unexpected always happens; but it is just as likely to happen as anything else. The Cornell-Penn game—solid, competent football, without flukes or accidents—was a case in point. It left you wondering why a team capable of an eighty-yard advance in the first ten minutes should be utterly incapable of making any sort of consistent gain in the fifty minutes that followed.

Bart Viviano made most of the yardage in that first long sweep. Every time he took the ball, you knew there would be a gain and you knew just how he would make it. He would begin running toward the line of scrimmage with his head low and his knees coming up toward his chin, gathering speed till he bunted into a tangle of players at the contact point of the two lines. For an instant he would become invisible in a wriggling, scrambling heap of linemen. Then his headguard would emerge, travelling slowly, from the other side of the mass, and someone in the Penn secondary defence would run over and sit on it. It appeared to be an unbeatable, if arduous, formula for first downs, but it never worked steadily after that first advance. Not because Viviano grew tired of having Penn halfbacks plant themselves on his head. Ferraro went on calling the same play, but, unexpectedly now, it had stopped gaining ground.

Penn used every trick in the bag before the game ended and it seemed to us that Cornell had had just barely enough power to stand off Kellett and Ford and Perina. That they succeeded made the last quarter a fitting finish for a fine season. Cornell has gone through its schedule with a ridiculously small squad, compared to the armies which most coaches have taken to using



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since Notre Dame started the fashion a few years ago. Dobie made four substitutions last week to Penn's seventeen.

SMALLER squads won't be a fashion till the Rules Committee sees fit to make a move in this direction, but one thing you are sure to notice next year will be the increased importance of the kickoff as an offensive play for the receiving side. Yale's play, which worked for touchdowns against Dartmouth, Army, and Princeton, will be partly responsible. In it, the interference makes a flying wedge for the receiver, who runs up the middle of the field instead of cutting to the sidelines, thus outdistancing both flanks of the opposition and overpowering the weaker middle. At Cambridge, of course, it was Harvard's kickoff stunt which took everyone by surprise. Theirs was not a new trick by any means—Army did almost exactly the same thing against Stanford a season or two ago, with Cagle taking the lateral—but it happened so abruptly that it functioned almost to perfection. The advantages of a tricky kickoff play are obvious enough; the circumstances surrounding it are always much the same and it has had, this season, the additional merit of happening at a time when the other team was under the impression that the game was just about to begin.

Harvard's other trick—the quick kick, with Crickard holding the ball for Wood—was clever and useful, but it was also a symptom of the over-anxiety to get the last possible yard of distance which characterized Wood's kicking game. Wood's punt in the last quarter—the one which Jack Wilbur blocked and recovered for Yale, just before Booth scored his historic and decisive three points—showed the same thing. Wood, still actuated by a penny-wise insistence on saving space, stood closer to his line than usual, closer than was necessary, and closer, as it later proved, than was wise. —R. L. T.

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ALIBI

"Breathes there the man
With soul so dead
Who never to himself
Hath said:
'Of all the human beings
That live
I'm doubtless
The most sensitive!' "

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Voices—The Culture of Turpitude—With Pathos by Dickens

IT'S a dreary lot of pictures that this week has harvested. It would almost drive one away from the pursuit of entertainment to a wonder what philosophy could do for one, and to a query as to whether an hour with Hegel, an evening with Kant, might not be after all some solace. I did, I know, after hearing so many people's voices come to me through the talkies, incline to a bit of sordid, though vague, reflection of a metaphysical character on the general trend of this machine age, which valuable, if amateurish, speculation led to the concrete notion that all the voices on the screen sound exactly alike, granted the arbitrary distinction between the feminine piping and the masculine bellowing. It is curious, certainly, how few voices there are in the movie world of any personal quality. Those good people who have dedicated their intellectual life to a close study of screen folk, and who could identify a Leila Hyams or a Dorothy Lee by brow or ankle anywhere, could not tell a Joan Crawford, I am sure, or a Constance Bennett by the voice alone. Suddenly, though, I was reminded that this was not a fault of the machinery, the mechanism of the talkies, for there came back to me my memory of "The Guardsman"—and a comfort it was this week to recall that comedy—and I realized that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne had managed to speak as nobody else speaks, as you can hear them on the stage now in their new play, and that no mechanism destroys the easy meanings of their language and their intonation, or obscures whatever lightness or underlying significance they wish to give their lines. We cannot blame the machines of the age for everything, perhaps, much as we should like to do so.

IT was the Hearst Metrotone News, I think, that led me first to think of the matter of the voice in general. I am not one with the sensitive musical ear either, and the way I behave at concerts has led to litters and strait-jackets being run down the aisle for me

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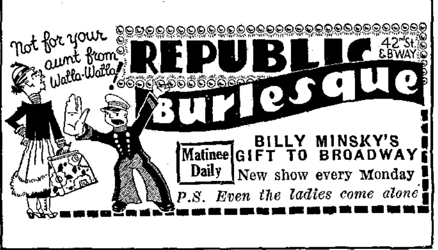

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in the midst of a cadenza. Yet these voices that inform us of the facts of the world—where are they found? The general effort in these affairs has been for the magnificent sonorous voice, that voice found elsewhere only in the more frantic pulpits, a voice which makes the spine creep, I fear, afar from piety. On this occasion the news views were elucidated for us with an easy colloquialism—"whoopee syrup" for alcoholics, and a genial comment about the Kaiser, who "lost his throne but found a wife"—in a voice directly from the villages. Perhaps the movie people have scouts out for those lads from the lanes coming to town to seek their fortunes, and the voice familiar to the corner store becomes the one to interpret world events to the great public.

THAT week's lot of pictures must not, though, be entirely slighted. One of them may well be a great success in this world of ours. "Possessed," with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, will, I think, entertain a great many people these forthcoming days, for in whatever they do these young stars are a delight to a great following. I might say that it rather entertained me now and then, although I couldn't quite cope with the grand finale, which I shall have to comment on in a minute. The story in general is about the little country girl, a wan worker in a provincial box factory, who comes to the great city to seek her man with a fortune. She lands him—without matrimony, for the movie morals are relaxing a bit and ladies now sin without rebuke or censorship—and within three years she is singing French songs and ordering Chablis with the sole, in so short a time having acquired all the culture of turpitude. That grand finale, though! It's a political rally, for her man is running for nothing less than the governorship of the state, and at a cue, up she pops and informs

P. T. P. S. B.*

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THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM
Postal Telegraph

MEET ROLLO
—the boy who made good!

They laughed when he suggested going places and doing things. Night life to him was a lecture at the S. P. C. A. and a soda at Liggett's. But now all is changed. The cause of the miracle? He bought NIGHTLIFE. If you would be in the know, if you would be both worldly and wise, if you would be on speaking terms with nightclubs, roadhouses, Harlem, shooting galleries, open-air bowling, the flea circus, turkish baths and all night druggists, etc., etc., etc. . . . read

NIGHTLIFE
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Vanity Fair's Intimate Guide to New York After Dark. $2.50

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A very high hat book for your rather low-brow friends..

Here is the gift book of the year—bar none! Illustrations galore: 16 pages in 4 colors, 16 pages in 2 colors and 48 pages in black and white—plus page upon page of wit and wisdom by wits and savants ranging from Bobby Jones and Corey Ford to André Maurois and Ferenc Molnar. *Size thirteen" by ten"* $3.00

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DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
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Over 500 pages. —*Christopher Morley.*

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S
own journal, now published in a new edition, fetching in format. "The most various and volatile anthology ever collected: a carton of all-wheat crisps from the granaries of literature." "Just the right book for Christmas."—*Good Housekeeping.*
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A BOOK OF DAYS

★

and of course...
Rian James' DINING IN NEW YORK ($2.50), now a metropolitan sine qua non . . . Rian's ALL ABOUT NEW YORK ($2.50), the guide book glorified . . . and John Drury's DINING IN CHICAGO ($2.50), for every young man (or woman) who would dine west.

John Day

the amazed voters that the candidate "loved a woman and that she loved him." We are led to believe that he loses the nomination.

"RICH MAN'S FOLLY," with George Bancroft, is announced as something suggested by "Dombey and Son." The only point of similarity with the Dickens novel is the concern with a great shipping house and with the little heir to it all, who dies with Dickens pathos. There is a good deal of talk, very machine-made talk too, about money. Money? What is it? It's no year to ask that question. The film is certainly dullish, and Mr. Bancroft's intrinsically kindly face, his human, generous countenance, is not suited to the rôle of the ruthless parent and proud shipbuilder.

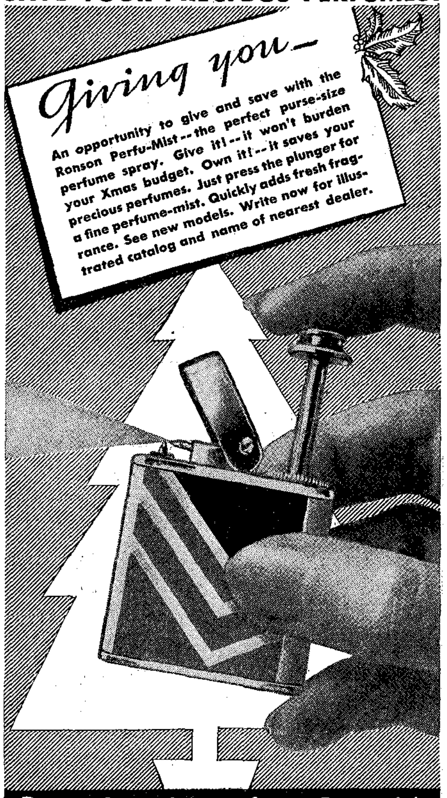
THEN the other pictures—how they go on! There is the one ("Surrender") about the Austrian lady who loves a French prisoner, and a long time it seems to take before we reach the Armistice and they may enjoy raptures uncomplicated by a sense of treason. Incidentally, Mr. S. N. Behrman had something to do with the script and I caught such lines, in the clear voices we have been discussing this week, as "What's Beethoven after the Big Berthas?" and "You can't shut me up; I got an all-night license." The wits give the movies their best?

Then there's the picture about the buddies in the war, a navy picture; "Suicide Fleet" it's called, and shows us how a few stalwart Americans withstand the attack of a bevy of U-boats. And there's Marilyn Miller, also, in "Her Majesty, Love." There is talent in this picture, and in the case of W. C. Fields it is even occasionally allowed some display. Otherwise it is all completely submerged. "Sporting Chance" is another jockey picture, padded and overstuffed with comedy that fails to make it funny or bright. In "Local Boy Makes Good," there is that Mr. Joe E. Brown I have once or twice had occasion to mention before. I was astounded by this picture because Mr. Brown was suddenly subdued. He was actually temperate with his humor, and for the first time I felt almost kindly toward his art. —J. C. M.

•

ADVISES THAT 'FOOLING'
AT BEDTIME BE STOPPED
—*Headline of parental-education article in Wisconsin State Journal.*

Kitchy kitchy kitchy.



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JEW-BOY

"IT'S not so crowded on Eight' Avenoo," said my taxi-driver, explaining the sudden turn. He was a cockeyed liar. At Thirty-eighth Street we paused for about ten minutes because of the traffic.

I looked idly out of the window and saw hundreds of people rushing by. I also saw groups of men standing still, and yet not still, for they were arguing violently and their hands beat an accompaniment to their speech.

As I looked away I suddenly saw a cart with a number of sample dresses hanging on a rack. It wasn't the cart or the dresses which arrested my attention, but the man pushing that cart. Someone had put a hand in the grab-bag of time and from the bottom of that bag had fished out my childhood companion, Sammy Tishler. I recognized Sammy instantly. Before I had time to call to him, my taxi moved on and I lost him completely.

SAMMY and I lived in the same block and went to the same Hebrew school when we were kids. Sammy was a bright boy. He learned his Hebrew lessons faster than any of the other kids in Rabbi Weinstein's class. In fact, so well was he able to read his Hebrew, so well did he perform at the synagogue on the Sabbath, that his parents had long ago decided on a career as rabbi for Sammy.

His father and mother were orthodox Jews. They kept a dry-goods store. This was always closed on Saturdays. When they wanted the stove lit on the Sabbath they called in one of the Wops, and paid him a cent to perform this duty because lighting matches on *Shabbas* was considered a sin.

Sammy was an ideal child. He accompanied his father on weekly visits downtown to the wholesale houses. The two returned to the store at night laden with packages. As a rule these consisted of boxes of bicycle stockings, balbriggan underwear, notions, and remnants. Occasionally I would loiter behind the counter to watch Mrs. Tishler make sales. There was a great demand for tape, hairnets, hairpins, spools of cotton (graded by numbers), and elastic for garters.

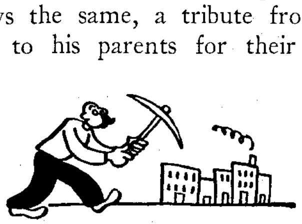
Whenever a housewife wanted stockings for her son and didn't know the size, Mrs. Tishler would have the child make a fist and wrap the sole of the stocking around the fist to see if the heel and toe touched. If they met, then that was the proper size. Whenever Mrs. Tishler lacked a yardstick to measure her madras or her poplin shirtings, she would spread the material arm's-length and that made a full yard.

SAMMY took his religion very seriously. His parents filled him with stories about the Jews and their persecutions. Sammy carried his race and its woes with considerable dignity. Whenever the rest of us were captured by the Micks or the Guineas and asked what we were, our answer was always the same: "Germans!" Not so with Sammy. "I'm a Jew," he'd say very proudly. "Oh, so you're a Jew-boy!" He then waited for the beating that inevitably followed. This occurred frequently.

In order to get to our Hebrew school we'd have to pass Hogan's Alley, the toughest street in Harlem. True, by taking a long and circuitous route, that particular neighborhood could be avoided. There were times, however, when we were late and a detour was out of the question. It was a chance: escaping the Hogan's Alley Micks or coming late and getting Rabbi Weinstein's ruler across your open palm.

Sammy would pass Hogan's Alley at a swift trot: a sure way of arousing the suspicions of our attackers. Somehow they always managed to appear—and he always managed to be beaten. Sammy never resorted to the ruse that the other fellows used when passing this street. We would limp pitifully along, dragging a game leg helplessly behind us. The Micks wouldn't think of attacking a cripple. The moment we'd reach Lexington Avenue and were out of the tough territory, our recovery was positively miraculous. That game leg would suddenly assume life as we'd dash furiously toward the Hebrew school.

THE one high moment in the life of the Tishlers was at Sammy's *bar mitsvah*—his confirmation. It was considered swank on the part of parents to have their child make a *bar mitsvah* speech at the confirmation ceremonies. These speeches were usually rehearsed several weeks before the event and the parents had to pay for this extra bit of service. The tenor of the speech was always the same, a tribute from the child to his parents for their long-suffering and care. These recitations were in Hebrew, in Jewish, and sometimes in English.



The Tishlers were so proud of Sammy and his progress at the Hebrew school that they paid for both a Hebrew and an English speech. I watched Mrs. Tishler closely the Saturday Sammy was confirmed. When he faced the congregation and gave the long-rehearsed Hebrew recitation, Mrs. Tishler, seated in the women's section, started to cry. Like the average member of her race, Mrs. Tishler didn't understand a word of Hebrew—but there, on the platform, was her thirteen-year-old Sammy addressing the congregation. Mrs. Tishler didn't understand much of the English speech either. And yet, when Sammy embarked on: "To you, dear Mother, for your countless nights of unrest, for your unceasing care, for your patience and devotion," she took the cue from the upturned eyes to break into a heart-rending sob. She was so proud of Sammy.

AS I said, Sammy took his religion seriously. Even later, when he went to public school, he asserted himself. When Miss Turner, in charge of the singing at the morning assembly, asked us to chant "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Sammy rebelled. While the other pupils sang the printed lyric, Sammy paraphrased it this way:

> Onward, Jewish soldiers,
> Marching as to war,
> With the star of Zion
> Going on before.
>
> Dave, our royal master,
> Leads against the foe . . .

"Dave" referred to King David. This informal touch was a concession to the rhythm of the music.

Sammy had a beautiful soprano voice which he capitalized on the High Holidays. He was a member of the synagogue choir. During the holidays the cantor and the choir received a large sum for their services. In fact, Sammy's share the first year was ten dollars. Subsequently he became a soloist, was the head choirboy, and earned as much as fifty dollars.

At that time there was an outdoor theatre at 110th Street and Fifth Avenue, where a Jewish stock company gave weekly thrillers. One day Sammy's choirmaster received a call from this company for his boys. The piece being played was called "Troubles from Children." It had to do with a Jewess who jilts an upstanding Jewish

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WHEN you sign our register, we'd like to have you feel as if you were writing your names in a Guest Book in a friend's home. You tell us, so to speak, that you've come to stay a while with us; that it will be our pleasant, privileged duty to play host to you. We'll escort you to your room to let you "freshen up." A little later in the day, if you like, we'll show you around our little estate, and you'll forgive—won't you?—a host's natural pride in his belongings. And when we ask you to tell us if there's *anything* we can do to make your visit happier, please remember that we mean it. Because, when you finally take your leave of us, we hope you'll want to accept our invitation to "come again."

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The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

HOTELS

boy to marry a Christian, only to suffer because of it. The Christian becomes a drunkard, treats his wife abominably, and dies a melodramatic death as the second-act curtain falls. In the last act the repentant Jewess returns to the open arms of the upstanding Jewish boy.

The choirboys, led by Sammy, appeared in the last act. Dressed in sailor uniforms and waving the flag of Zion, they marched down the aisles singing "Hatikvah," the Hebrew national anthem, just as the heroine fell into the hero's arms. I was there the opening night and once more I saw Mrs. Tishler—who was there, like myself, on a pass—cry because she was so proud.

SO, Sammy Tishler today pushes a cart holding a number of sample dresses on a rack. Well, I guess he won't become a rabbi after all.

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

TO SAD YOUNG WOMEN WHO BEWAIL IN VERSE THE SAMENESS OF THE MALE

Ladies of the acrid pen,
Celebrants of bored intriguing,
Having found the race of men
Flat, identical, fatiguing—
We admit that you describe us
Neatly when you diatribe us.

Apt, yet wistful, you bemoan
Masculine similitudeness,
Panning the male monotone
Bluntly, or with expert shrewdness;
Yet with all your repertory
You've omitted half the story.

Men, by cavalier tradition,
Can't express tart, similar woes;
Still, we have a mild suspicion
Every rose is—every rose;
Or, as Pat once said to Mike:
"All canaries sound alike."

Let us not anatomize
How and where you gals resemble
One another: swimming eyes,
Cheeks a-pale, and lips a-tremble;
But you must have heard the crack:
In the dark all cats are black!

When you swing upon your gate
Seeking love's next interview,
Pick a guy your size and weight,
Dry your eyes and see it through,
Remembering—for all its staleness—
Love knows just one kind of maleness!

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

WHY BE BLUE?

Ever Notice a Blue Tinge to Your Lipstick?

Probably every lipstick you have ever used develops a bluish tinge on your lips, sooner or later. Looks splendid on some people, excellent with **some** gowns, but ghastly with others.

Now—Christy creates two stunning new shades without the usual blue undertone—a vivid orange to wear with Hallowe'en colors—a glorious berry red to wear with rusts and browns and greens.

Costume Harmony Chart

Run down to your favorite toilet goods counter. See the new Christy Costume Chart—match your gown with exquisite lasting Christy Lipstick and rouge.

These smart New York Shops feature the amazingly permanent Christy Lipstick in its smart case of black and silver—in seven glorious colors, with rouge to match:

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Also at leading toilet goods counters throughout the country.

Christy

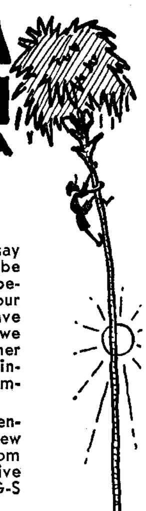
CHECK YOUR CHRISTY LIPSTICK WITH THE CHRISTY COSTUME CHART

DAYTONA BEACH
FLORIDA

Cocoanuts? Guess again
Golf ball? RIGHT!

Believe it or not. No we don't say it has *been* made. But it *could* be made at Daytona Beach. First, because we have the courses, four fine ones; second, because we have the palms; and third, because we have the warm, sunny weather which makes palm trees and winter golf possible; and other summer sports.

And so accessible and inexpensive, a few hours by plane, a few more by train, three days (from New York) by boat; three to five by motor. For booklet address G-S Chamber of Commerce.



Gordon

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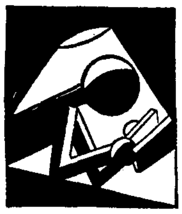
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

Two Poets



YOU certainly do run across some funny ones, reading books. Take the case of Benjamin De Casseres, for example. One morning in November, 1902, he wandered into the dining-room of the rooming house at which he lived, and saw a beautiful dark-haired lady sitting by a window, and wearing a bright-red jacket. His reactions to this encounter were rapid and bewildering. "Something like an arrow passed right through me," he reports. "I rushed up to my room and took down my volume of Byron." Returning, he found the lady waiting where he had left her. "I sat down beside her and read Manfred's address to the Sun."

The lady seemed not to be surprised by his little impromptu excursion into English literature. "At the conclusion of my reading, the beautiful unknown said slowly, 'Beau-ti-ful!' " Then she, in her turn, arose and went to her room —-not, it turned out later, to read a poem but to write one, on the subject of Mr. De Casseres. Shortly afterward, she removed to Tonopah, Nevada. All the poetry in the world can't get around a husband, and hers was a mining engineer.

For the next sixteen years (until, in 1919, when everyone had had what would seem ample time for reflection, a divorce was arranged) Mr. De Casseres didn't once see her again. Then, at last, they met and were married. You have to know all these facts about the gentleman's private life because they form, in a sense, the plot of his new book; and, anyway, we haven't even started in on Mr. De Casseres' private life yet. For all that time he was writing letters to her—sometimes as many as two or three a day, he tells us—and it is these letters which he and his publishers, the new firm of Long & Smith, now offer us. The book is called, and I won't blame you if you don't believe me: "The Love Letters of a Living Poet." How is that for stealing a march on posterity?

BUT though future historians are going to be pretty sore at Mr. De Casseres for having beaten them at their own game in collecting his own "Collected Letters" so far in advance, they will find plenty of material for study of his complicated mentality nevertheless.

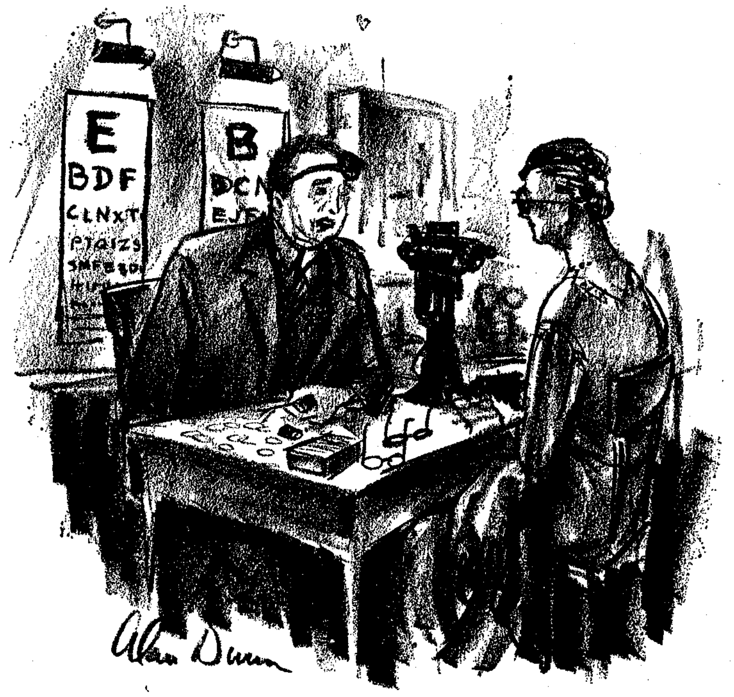
Everywhere, the poet in him is evident. "Sometimes I am like March—all hail and sleet," he tells her. "Then like April, tears and shadow and birth-burgeonings; then like October, melancholy, dark . . ." Or again: "Some days, the savage breaks forth in me—the primal savage, hungry for his rights —and I drink wine, wine, wine, go from café to café, drink, drink, till I am *exalté* . . ." The Dionysian mood comes often: "I am half Greek, half Buddhist. Ages ago I was an Athenian —I lived for beauty and the senses, and the red clayey earth. . . . That was twenty-five hundred years ago," he adds, so there'll be no mistake about the date.

There are the idylls, which I suppose his biographers will refer to as the "Park Series," beginning "Dear Heart One: I am writing from Fort Washington Park," and in subsequent letters continuing through Bronx Park and Central Park ("Your soul seems to me to be a Brazilian forest . . .").

INEVITABLY, then, the poet turns to the sea. "I turned to the sea, which calms and appeases." The next letter, besides informing us that "I am here by the sea, writing you; between Coney Island and Brighton," is particularly valuable in that it affords us an all too brief, but never to be forgotten, picture of the poet himself: "I have with me a bag of peanuts, the same book I had yesterday, and my cane . . ."

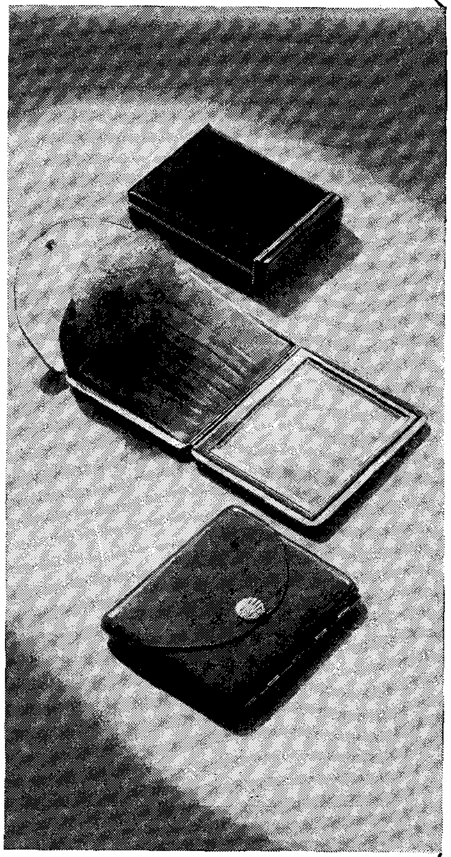
Abruptly, however, comes the change. Page 29, following immediately on the simple loveliness of Coney Island, ushers in the "Farewell Series," so-called because now he inscribes a number of letters, each one informing the lady that he will write no more. "Farewell. . . . You are a part of me," he cries in splendid renunciation, and in another: "I will not be snared. . . . It is final." The last of the series concludes: "I will write you no more." He does, however. Soon we find him confessing: "Am I a wild one? Well, I am. Love me for that. Little Dream Pal! Come to me!"

I HAVE, of course, only scotched the surface of this amazing collection. There are passages ripe for quotation everywhere. We shall permit ourselves but one more. "Just filled out my draft questionnaire," he writes. "I waived, after consulting my heart and conscience to their depths, all claim of exemption and deferred classification, and signified, if they want me, the medical or quartermaster's corps. I could have claimed exemption on the ground that being on a newspaper I am in an enterprise that 'maintains the national interest,' also that my eyes are



"How do I look to you now—fuzzy?"

MACY'S
34th St. and B'way, New York
SMART GIFTS
THE ACCESSORY SHOP



Down puff
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shown open and closed
$2.74
Black
White
Gold
Red

$4.64
isn't much for this trick
ENAMELLED CIGARETTE CASE
copied from an expensive original

STREET FLOOR, BALCONY

not good for fighting, that I have written patriotic poems and epigrams, etc., from the first; but to think that I had slacked in my heart would have hung over me all my life, and I could never have looked a French flag in the face again." Let later generations see, and marvel, how a poet leaps to battle, when a culture is at stake.

The question, baffling as it is, of how a man could write all this pales beside the positive riddle of why, once having written it, he should publish it. There's a still further problem, of course: whether or not, even after the book had been written and published, it wouldn't have been better for everyone just to say nothing about it. But I did want you to know of it, for you may be interested in literary curiosities of this nature. And after all, the book was written, and published—but here I am getting mixed up in that riddle again.

THERE are some others I'd like to mention briefly. I think you'd enjoy reading "Only Yesterday," by Frederick Lewis Allen, published by Harper. Its subtitle is: "An informal history of the Nineteen-Twenties," which describes it and points its interest about as well as possible. Though the great events of that period are not overlooked (indeed, Mr. Allen judges them, it seems to me, with a very sound sense of their importance), the book is principally concerned with the trivialities of everyday life, and here it seems to me he reveals himself as a very charming chronicler indeed. Beginning with a description of a day in the life of an average couple in May, 1919, he continues through all the fads, fashions, and follies that have engaged us from then until now. It's a curious patchwork he presents us: our past—a mingling of mah jong, Coué, Floyd Collins, the Pig Woman, psychoanalysis, Red Grange, companionate marriage, and crossword puzzles; and though I say you'll enjoy reading it, I think there'll be a little melancholy in the pleasure, because he makes this age we live in (familiarly known as the Apex of Civilization) seem pretty absurd. But there! I've no doubt that even the noble Romans were pretty nonsensical, too.

THERE'S also "Mr. Fothergill's Plot," published by the Oxford University Press, a collection of some twenty short stories by such dissimilar writers as Sheila Kaye-Smith and Margaret Kennedy, G. K. Chesterton and Thomas Burke, all having the same plot-situation as basis. This plot is the invention of a Mr. Fothergill, who conducts a famous inn near Oxford, and it runs as follows: A man, after writing to an unknown woman for years, finds that his correspondent is none other than his wife. Most of the contributors, I'm sorry to say, take a rather gloomy view of the situation, at least one of them seeing only suicide as a possible outcome of the discovery. But it's rather amusing seeing how differently they all manage to treat it.

I MUST just have room to take a crack at Max Eastman, whose book, "The Literary Mind," has recently been published by Scribner. In this he develops the argument (perhaps "plays with the idea" would be a better description) that science has abolished the artist, or at least that the artist had better act pretty humble until he's read up on the discoveries of modern physics. I realize that I am slightly burlesquing Mr. Eastman's teaching, but then he burlesques his opponents', so it's only turn about.

Now, this is no new theory, and we've all heard a great deal about it lately. The critics love to discuss it; for one thing, since it favors the deductive approach as against the inductive, it helps justify the pleasant picture they've been forming of themselves as little scientists too, working serenely away in the great laboratory of words. And since a critic writes ten times as much as an artist, and is ten times as willing to do so, it is easy to understand why the thing has been so constantly dinned into our ears.

Mr. Eastman's development of the argument is so densely woven, and is advanced with so suave a wit, that it would be quite invincible if it were not apparent that the whole structure rests on a false hypothesis. Moreover, a good many artists themselves have been so beguiled by the science-worship of our time that they've made brash and

untenable assertions, most of them as silly as such statements usually are, on the subject of why they write or paint, and how, and so on. Mr. Eastman has a fine time, and provides some really amusing passages for the reader, demolishing as many of these remarks as he can find.

All this helps establish his own plausibility, but his false hypothesis still stands, and it consists in his assumption that the artist has the same aim as the scientist: empirical knowledge. The truth is that the two are diametrically opposed, and I have too much regard for Mr. Eastman's perceptions not to believe he understands that fact (indeed, in various places throughout the book, he seems to hint at it, though he never quite admits it). The scientist's business, obviously, is to know; the artist's, equally definitely and positively, is *not* to know. He is, in short, the inspired ignoramus, and his whole purpose is to pit his intuitive beliefs against logical conclusions—to try, by cajolery or eloquence, to make his audience accept the unprovable.

Well, I'm sorry to have gone on at such length, especially as all this has so much less the tone of critical consideration than that of an open letter to the great art-loving public. But there has been so much talk going on about this matter that I thought I'd better clear it up, once and for all. Meantime, Mr. Eastman, in conclusion let me say that you, a poet—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. —R. M. C.

THE NEW YORKER calls attention to the appearance of two other volumes this week: Horace Liveright has brought out "Broccoli and Old Lace," a volume of articles by Frank Sullivan, many of which originally appeared in this magazine; and Doubleday, Doran have published "The New Yorker Scrapbook," a selection from the prose pieces printed in these pages during the past few years.

•

CIVIC PRIDE AT THIRTY-FOURTH

The Bowery Bank has plump green trees
Abreast of its new Fifth Avenue stoop,
A whole quartet of them if you please,
Which makes a very attractive group.

O Empire State, incline your head,
O Altman's, listen: why not compete?
A window box or a modest bed
Of juniper would improve the street.
—MARGARET FISHBACK

4 Hilarious Christmas Gift Ideas

The most fun for your money in any picture book published. $2.50
THE 4TH NEW YORKER ALBUM

New! And the Album's amusing twin — first "Scrapbook" of those pieces which give The New Yorker half its charm. $2.50
THE NEW YORKER SCRAPBOOK

Remember... Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives? Here's a new book by Russel Crouse — a national family album of disappearing types. $5
IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY

And here... are the yesterdays of the tight little isle in its first picture book history, with text from contemporary papers, by Alan Bott. $3.50
THIS WAS ENGLAND

This year give books... Consult your bookseller
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Here's an idea: Instead of cards this Christmas, why not send your friends:
THE SHEPPER-NEWFOUNDER by Stewart Edward White. Illus. $1
DON'T OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS by Christopher Morley. Illus. $1

"EAT DRINK and BE MERRY"

TRAY-TABLE

$6.94

First, a handy coffee table —then touch a spring and the legs snap under, and there you have a serving tray! Green, orange, red, maple or walnut. (Neither boiling water nor alcohol will harm the surface).

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Goblets, each .	1.49
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HOW TO OPEN A SPEAKEASY

[FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY A FRIEND IN THE PROFESSION]

THE process of opening a speakeasy is singularly like opening a sandwich shop, a dry-goods store, or a drugstore. We are outlining herewith our recommendations of how and where, as a guide to our readers.

First decide if you wish a combination speakeasy and table-d'hôte restaurant, or simply a bar. We recommend the former. You acquire a better class of clientele. The investment is slightly more, but so are the profits.

Let us assume that you wish to open a speakeasy. The first prerequisite is, of course, a location. Do not try to find a new location. Leave the pioneering to someone else. Go to a good speakeasy neighborhood—the Fifties, east of Fifth Avenue, is a good district. So are the Teens, west of Sixth Avenue. Exclude both Fifty-seventh and Fourteenth Streets; they are not particularly suitable. Our choice would be Fifteenth Street between Sixth and Seventh. The traffic is in your favor coming from the east. You will want a basement and first floor with "garden" privileges. The regular cost of such an apartment is about two thousand dollars per annum. You will have to pay the landlord about thirty-six hundred as soon as he finds out you are going to open a speakeasy. Don't try to conceal it—it won't work.

AS far as capital is concerned, you should have at least seventy-five hundred in cash available, although ten thousand is better. The fall is obviously the best time to start. Tables, chairs, plates, glasses, silverware, and linens will cost you about twenty-seven hundred dollars. Your kitchen will cost half of that amount, with a good icebox, ranges, kitchen utensils, etc. These can be furnished by any good hotel-supply house. The Albert Pick-Barth Company is one of the largest supply houses. There are no bar manufacturers listed in Donnelly's Red Book. Lohmann, however, will sell you an excellent new one. Do not pay over five hundred dollars for the bar complete. That's enough.

Your liquor supply should cost about two thousand dollars, and as you get going you will want to increase that amount. You have a full thirty-days' credit. There are three excellent wholesalers to buy from in that district. They'll "solicit" you, don't worry. We recommend G—— W——. His merchandise is a little higher, but it's uniform. You will pay about sixty to seventy per cent of the retail case price.

Waiters, barmen, chefs you will get from a regular employment agency. Your waiters you pay twenty dollars a month. They get the rest in tips and their food as they want it. Your hat-check girl can be your doorman if she's smart and can remember faces. She receives no pay at all. Your chef will get seventy to eighty dollars a week, depending on how good he is. Your barmen—there should be two besides yourself who can tend the bar—will get forty dollars a week plus their tips.

Your menu should be conventional —hors d'œuvre or clams, choice of soups, ravioli or spaghetti (few eat it), choice of six entrées, spumoni or tortoni, and coffee. The price is two dollars in the evening and one dollar at lunch. Your food will cost you one-ten in the evening, at lunch ninety cents. The menu is the same, but people eat more for dinner.

YOUR bar is your profit. Do not have beer! Ale is more acceptable and you sell it for seventy-five cents instead of twenty-five cents. The beer game is entirely different too. Do not cater to the quarter customer. Have a nice supply of wines instead—sauterne, chablis, chianti, and some champagne. There's a good profit in them.

Your mixed drinks, highballs, and liqueurs sell for seventy-five cents. Charge at least one dollar for nuisance drinks like mint juleps. Out of a quart of rye you serve eighteen drinks

Crystal Liszt

at seventy-five cents, or thirteen-fifty. The rye will cost you three-fifty to four dollars. Gin drinks and liqueurs are even more profitable.

The average dinner for two will run a check of about nine-eighty, only six-forty for lunch. A check that averages five dollars per head should get "one on the house." Discourage women without escorts. They seldom spend real money. Do not allow women to bring other men, unless the original escort has okayed the proposition. That may lead to fights.

You will have to cash cheques for comparative strangers. You will be stung occasionally, but most of them that go wrong are only "insufficient funds." They'll be made good.

YOUR chief difficulty will be getting your clientele. You need friends, lots of them, and a jovial barkeeper. It will start slowly. A speakeasy which will average three thousand gross receipts a week will start at five hundred. Try and get a certain crowd in your place. Have it a literary hangout—they have more money than you think—or a theatrical group, or a real-estate mart.

Your protection will come naturally and high. If you have any drag, use it. Otherwise, it will cost about two thousand dollars a year, but they won't bother you until you get pretty well established. On such a layout you can make about nine thousand dollars the first year, and about twenty thousand after you're established. The hours are long, but people will generally like you. But always remember, even if Joe Smith comes and drinks at your bar three hundred nights a year and you know all the intimate details of his wife and life, you must never call him Joe. That's the penalty for running a speakeasy—but that's not so serious.

—THOMAS L. STIX

•

EDGEWATER, COLO.—I have just finished "The Voice" by Inez Haynes Irwin. I think it is the most human story I have ever read and I have read lots. Just ask anyone that knows me.—PEARL LANCASTER.—*Letter in Liberty.*

Do you know Eddie Brumbage?

•

Although none of the spectators appeared in the conventional evening attire for "Homecoming," a few utilized the dinner intermission for changing into clothes.—*The World-Telegram.*

The evenings are cool, now.

ELIZABETH

I FOUND Pamela lying on the couch, wearing a very charming negligee suitable to young motherhood, but when I inquired about Elizabeth's welfare she looked bored.

"My daughter," she said, "is a grub. A nice, fat, healthy grub, and very dull. Sit down and tell me what you've been doing."

Startled but relieved, I sat down and for some time we chatted very pleasantly. A little before ten I saw her glance at the clock and rose at once, remembering that her health demanded consideration.

"You must be tired," I said. "Perhaps I'd better—"

"Oh, heavens no!" she said. "I shan't go to sleep for hours yet. I just thought it must be almost time for Elizabeth's feeding."

I went on talking. I mentioned the latest book on Mexico and a rather amusing play I'd seen, but Pamela's attention wandered. At ten the nurse tiptoed across the hall in the direction of the kitchen and a few minutes later she paused significantly in the doorway. Pamela rose, trailing pastel draperies.

"I always go to see my child fed," she observed in a careless tone. "Don't come if you don't want to. It's not interesting."

Charmed by such consideration, I smiled courteously and picked up a book. It was one I'd been wanting to read for a long time and I had finished the third page when Pamela returned.

"You'd better come now," she said, "if you want to see Elizabeth wake up. She yawns and stretches."

I WENT almost at once into the nursery. Elizabeth had been moved from her bassinet to a sort of table and the nurse was washing her face in cold water, but she continued to sleep with passionate concentration.

"She's nothing but a lump," Pamela sighed. "A fat lump. Did you ever see such enormous hands?"

"Well—" I said. The nurse looked indignant.

"I expect she'll be the large, burly type," Pamela said. "A fine girl on the hockey field."

Pamela, who is small and fragile, has never admired athletic women and I was vaguely embarrassed. Her daughter opened one eye, closed it again, and began mouthing like a goldfish. The nurse immediately picked her up and offered her the bottle, which she seized with astounding energy, considering that she was still asleep. Pamela leaned forward in tranced silence until she caught my eye and hurriedly relaxed.

"Have you ever noticed," she murmured after a slight pause, "that new babies look exactly like little apes?"

The nurse, normally a gentle soul, turned at bay and I tried to think of something soothing.

"Her head," I suggested timidly, "is a beautiful shape."

"It's all right," Pamela agreed. "Only it's flat. I hope the poor little thing won't grow up flat-headed." Reaching over, she stroked her daughter's scalp thoughtfully with the tips of two fingers and added: "Have you noticed her hair?"

"Why—uh—yes," I lied. "Yes, it's lovely."

"It's red," she said, "and it's beginning to curl. *I* should have a child with blue eyes and curly red hair!"

I was about to suggest tritely that with that start a girl would scarcely need any further equipment when, in portentous silence the nurse handed Pamela the half-empty bottle and draped Elizabeth over her right shoulder.

"Do you think she has a bubble?" Pamela inquired anxiously.

The nurse nodded and there was a tense pause, broken only when Elizabeth uttered a deplorable gulping sound.

"There!" the nurse and Pamela said together in identical tones of profound gratification. "There!"

THE meal ended when Elizabeth made it perfectly clear that she preferred untroubled sleep to the last half-ounce of milk. I went back to the living-room, where Pamela joined me a few minutes later. She sank exhausted on the couch.

"I don't suppose," she said wearily, "that there's anything in the world much less interesting than a new baby. I'm afraid you were frightfully bored."

"Oh, no," I said.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

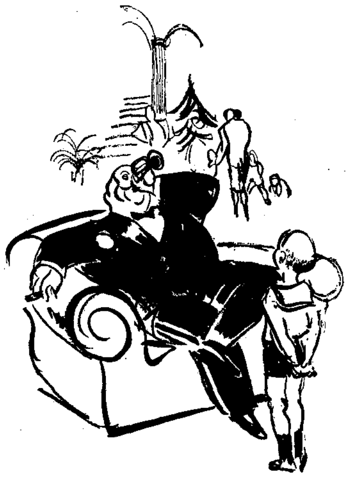
•

Q. Where is Radcliffe college?
A. It is a woman's college located at Cambridge, Mass.

* * * *

If you want a copy of the new bulletin on POTATOES AND POTATO SUBSTITUTES, write to our Washington Bureau, enclosing five cents in postage stamps.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

Would five ones be all right?



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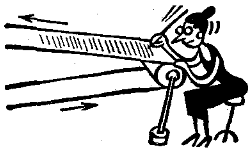

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